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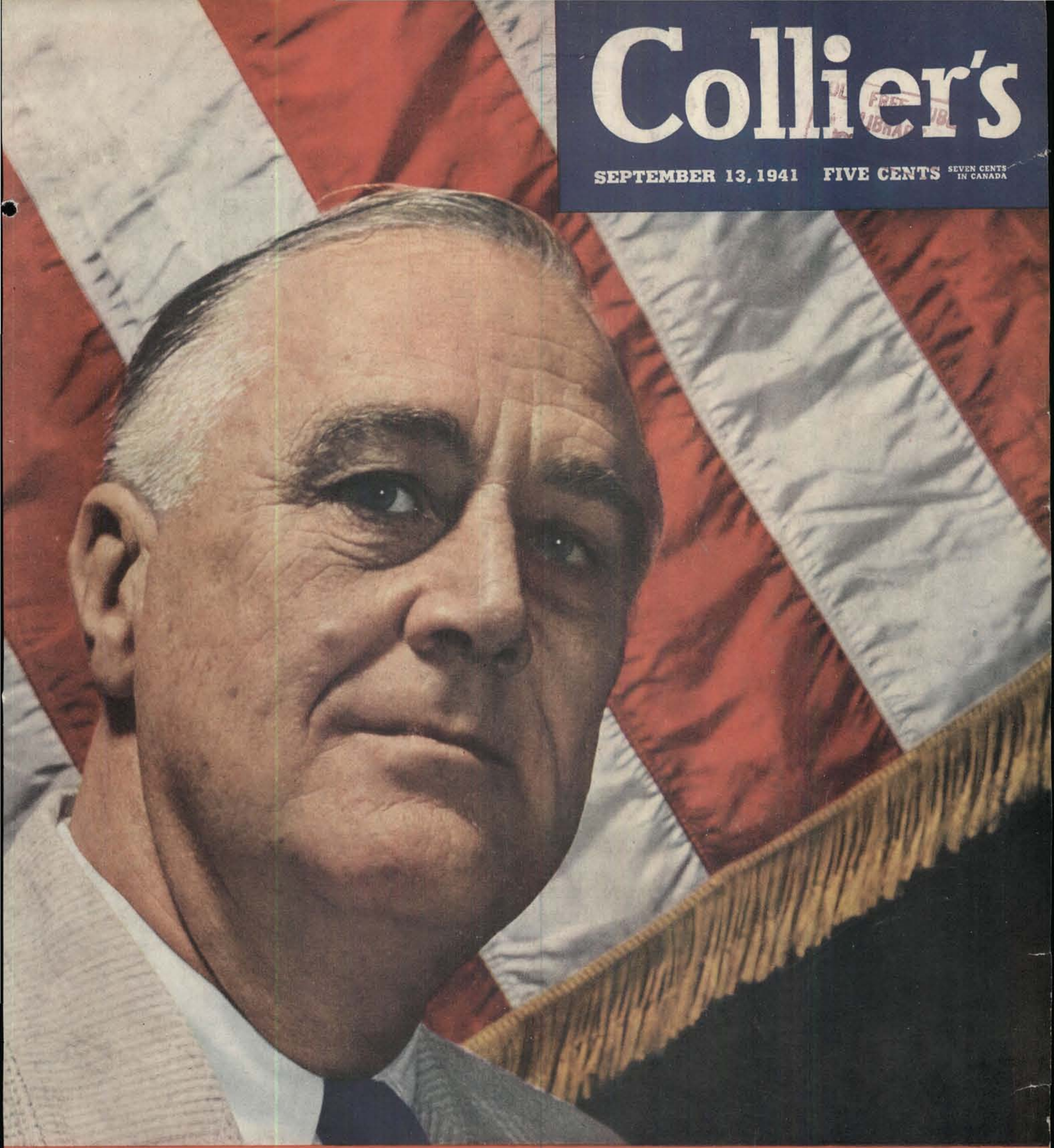

THE FIGHT GOES ON

THE FIRST OF A SERIES BY

Franklin Delano Roo

FROM HIS FORTHCOMING "PUBLIC PAPERS"

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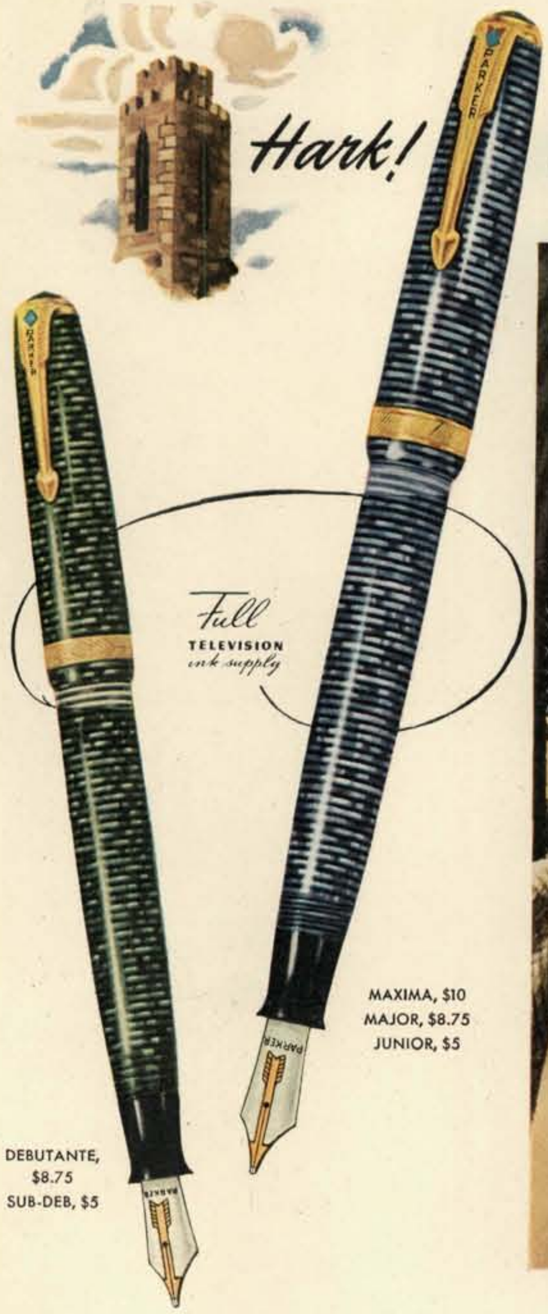
Sept. 13, '41

Hark! the Old Bells chime again, "Don't Forget Your Parker"



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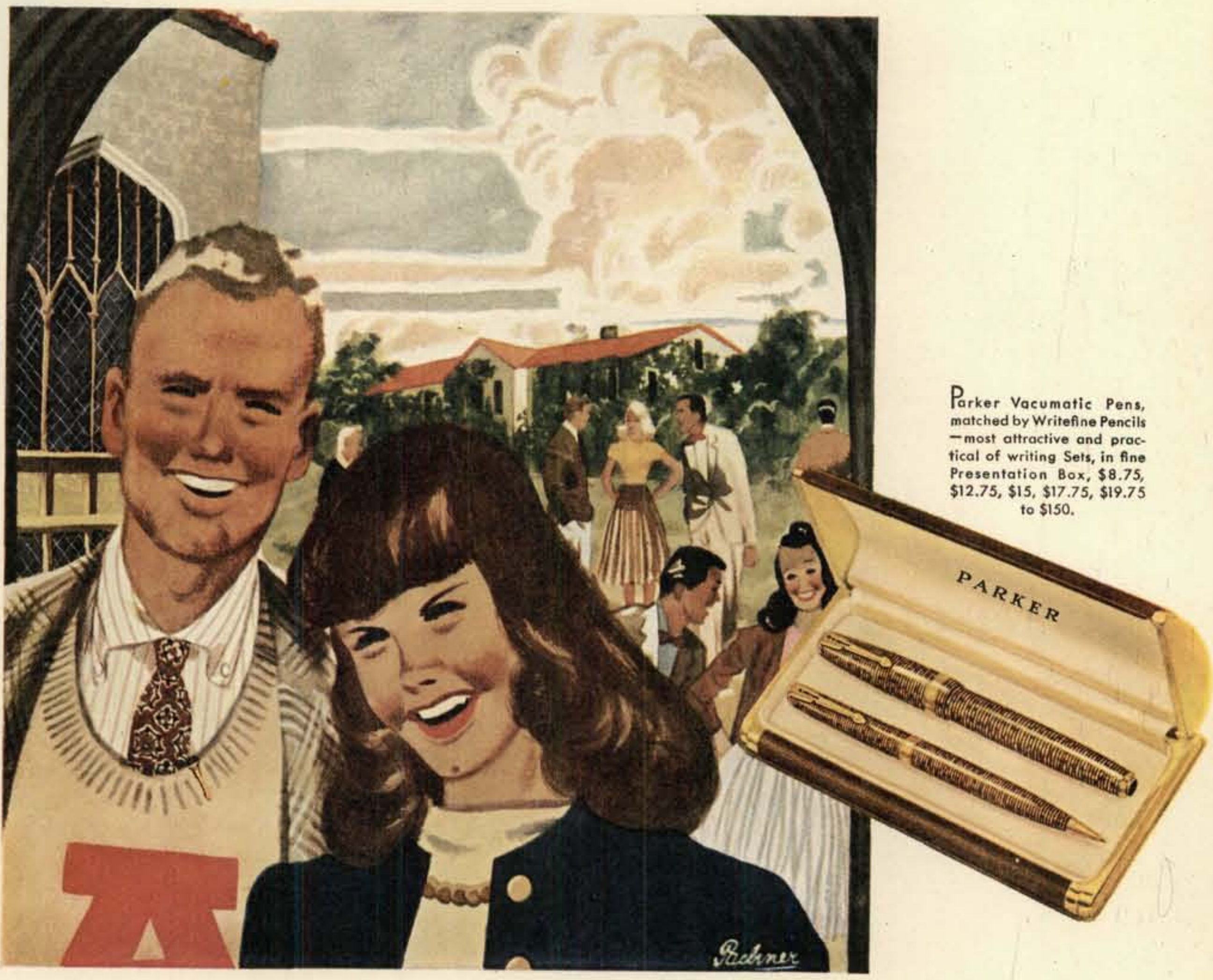

Parker Vacumatic Pens, matched by Writefine Pencils—most attractive and practical of writing Sets, in fine Presentation Box, $8.75, $12.75, $15, $17.75, $19.75 to $150.

For School – the SUPER-CHARGED Pen

—More Room for ink because NO rubber sac, hence the Parker Vacumatic won't run dry in lectures, tests, exams!

1. **Super-charged**—with ink to carry over.
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3. **Television Barrel**—shows when to refill.
4. **Lubricated Writing**—Non-brittle, 14 K Gold Point tipped with oil-smooth Osmiridium that won't wear scratchy in a lifetime.
5. **Exclusive Style**—streamlined, Pearl and Jet RINGS.
6. **Costs Less** than even the poorest, due to our Blue Diamond Life Guarantee.

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◆ GUARANTEED *by* LIFE CONTRACT

Toting books around won't get you anywhere if your pen runs dry in the classroom. So look before you leap to some problem-child pen—don't frustrate your I.Q. by working your head off only to have such a pen let you down on Test-day.

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Today, the Good Neighbor policy is to carry a Pen you can "lend-lease" without a tremor—and the Parker Vacumatic, being Guaranteed for Life, *is built like a power house all the way through.*

So now with serious work ahead, it's time to come of age and get down to business in earnest—time to get the *Super-charged* Parker—the pen that gives that extra "carry" along life's whole career.

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The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories at Janesville, Wis. and Toronto, Can.

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"One-Hand" Sacless Filler
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FREE: QUICK-DRYING INK—Parker Q*uink*—postpaid, if you send your address for Introductory Bottle. Cleans a Pen as it writes. Address Parker Q*uink*, Dept. C9, Janesville, Wis., or get 2 oz. size, at retailer's for 15¢.

Do You See a Little Girl?
No. I See a Future Queen of the Ice.

Is She the Darling of the Crowd?
Yes! Her Loveliness wins Every Heart.

Her Smile is so Warm and Appealing . . . a Smile That Owes so Much to Her Lifelong Use of Ipana and Massage.

MASSAGE THE GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
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NET WT. 2.4 OZ.
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A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

Let yours be the Smile of Beauty! . . . Help keep your gums healthier, your teeth brighter with Ipana and Massage.

Q. *Does the condition of the gums have any effect on the brightness of the teeth?*

A. Yes, indeed! Unless the gums are firm and strong, teeth tend to become dull and dingy! In fact, sparkling teeth *depend* largely on healthy gums! That is why so many dentists everywhere are urging regular, daily gum massage.

Q. *What happens if gums are neglected?*

A. Neglected gums are apt to lose healthy firmness, become tender. For today's soft foods do not give gums sufficient work and exercise. As a result, gums often flash that tell-tale sign of weakness . . . a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. *What to do about "Pink Tooth Brush"?*

A. The first thing to do is to see your dentist right away. "Pink tooth brush" may or may not mean serious trouble—but that's for your dentist to say. He'll probably say your "lazy" gums need extra work. And, like thousands of dentists these days, he may very well suggest that you make a daily habit of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Q. *Why is Ipana and massage so helpful?*

A. Because Ipana is a unique dentifrice that (1) cleans teeth to brilliant, natural lustre; (2) with massage, is specially designed to aid the gums to become firmer and healthier. That's why you'll find Ipana Tooth Paste and massage so effective in helping you to have firmer gums and brighter teeth—a lovelier, more attractive smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

Collier's

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SEPTEMBER 13, 1941

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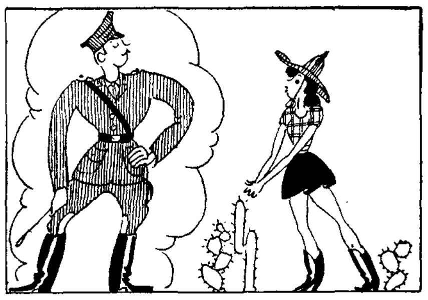
Photograph by ROBERT LEAVITT.

ANY WEEK

WE SUSPECT that we erred a couple of weeks ago when we wrote that paragraph about the desire of English soldiers to correspond with American girls. It's all very discouraging. We wrote that paragraph merely because we wondered what had happened to English girls; what dismal things had happened to them to drive Englishmen to look abroad. Anyway we'll give you a few samples of the letters our maundering provoked, withholding names. All the girls insist on that. An Omaha young lady asks for several names and addresses that she might "make a choice after receiving their replies and photos." She thinks she "may meet some of their requirements." From Buffalo, New York, a girl informs us that she'd like "A mixture of officers and noncoms including aviators, as my hobby is collecting interesting men." A Philadelphia girl would like several names "of educated, refined boys" and furthermore releases us from any responsibility should matters turn out badly. "I will always remember your kindness for the information but will not blame you for anything that happens." And here's one from Little Rock, Arkansas, which asks us "to please make all necessary arrangements as soon as possible for me to correspond with a British soldier able to support a family after the war." We rather like that one.



Some of the girls give specifications, that the soldier may have some idea what he's getting. From Hollywood we have an application from a young lady who is "frequently mistaken by autograph hunters as well as prominent movie people for Ginger Rogers." She prefers a couple of aviators. Austin, Minnesota, offers a girl who is "twenty-five years old, reddish-blond hair, five feet three and one hundred and fifty-seven pounds but can reduce as I am very handy on a farm." One more and we shall pass on to something less important. From Dallas, Texas, a particularly delectable one informs us that she is "nineteen years old, five feet ten, one hundred and twenty pounds, thirty-five-inch chest, twenty-two-inch waist, thirty-inch hips, slim, blond, blue eyes, can't cook, but educated in the school of hard knocks." Nevertheless she "came in a good third in an all-Texas beauty contest and would have won it if it wasn't that her family was Republican." The man must be "well over six feet and powerful as I have five brothers who are very particular."

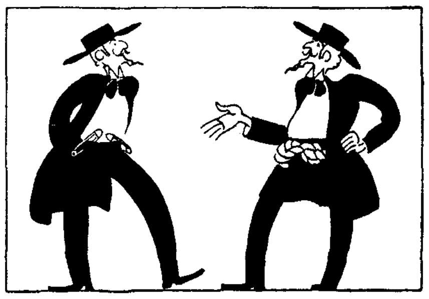
WE'RE thinking of taking all these letters to Circe, whose business card we have just received via Roark Bradford. "In rummaging through an old file tonight," writes Mr. Bradford, "I came across the attached business card. How I came into possession of it, or when, I do not remember. I probably filed it against some future unhappy eventuality; but whatever the reason it is valueless to me now as it does not carry the lady's address. Do you suppose she has been working in Europe the past few years?" The card reads: "Circe. Spells cast cheap. Enchantress extraordinary. Men turned to swine while you wait. Charms of all kinds."

A YOUNG friend of ours reports that there's a hotel in Washington, D. C., which has spent a great deal of time and money weaving tradition around itself. Gradually it has come to be known as "The Residence of Presidents." Its promoters, making obeisance to the dear dead days when such as Hitler would have got no farther in this world than the county insane asylum, like to call it Host to All the World's Great. And so on and so on. But the other day our young friend paused as he passed this famous inn. He paused because a tourist guide, with a covey of beautiful young ladies, was telling his charges what they were looking at. Said he: "This is the hotel where Max Baer met his wife." And he let it go at that.

WHICH reminds us that we were recently invited by a group of soldiers to sit in with them and settle a few important world problems. Naturally Hitler's name wriggled into the talk. It was generally agreed that Mr. Hitler was a screwball, and one of the lads allowed that no such variety of insanity could possibly come out of Britain. "Lots of Limies are nuts," he said, "but they ain't that kind of nuts." Whereat another soldier said: "Well, they better be. The only way to lick Adolf is to be screwier than he is. Maybe England ain't got such a crackpot but we have and Hitler knows it. You ought to hear our new major."

OUR recent comments on the political unwisdom of wearing neckties in Kansas and other parts have moved Mr. Bill Clugston of Topeka to recall the Honorable Polk Kline of Larned, Kansas. Mr. Kline was an able lawyer and a fearless man. He dressed as he pleased—usually a stovepipe hat and a spade-tail coat but rarely if ever a necktie. Furthermore, he often went barefooted even in court. "One day," says Mr. Clugston, "Mr. Kline appeared in Topeka to argue before the Supreme Court. He wore shoes but no necktie. 'Polk,' said one of his friends, 'you can't go before the Supreme Court without a necktie on. They'll resent it so much they'll be sure to decide against you.' But Mr. Kline made his cravatless argument. And the court did decide against him. Soon thereafter Mr. Kline called on Chief Justice William A. Johnston. 'Say, Judge,' said Mr. Kline, 'is it a fact that the court decided against me because I didn't have a necktie on?' The Chief Justice said that the idea was absurd, adding: 'Where did you ever get such an idea?' Said Mr. Kline: 'Well, I heard it. And I want to say that it would have been a damn' sight better reason than any you write in your opinion.' "

A SCHOOLTEACHER we know has just sent us a copy of a little essay written by one of her twelve-year-old pupils. The theme given the kids was: What is President Roosevelt Doing for Us These Days? Perhaps the theme was a bit biggish for most of the children but not for the girl whose opinion has just reached us. After fifty words of generalities, she wrote: "The President has supper with his wife and telephones to his Cabinet so that they can decide what the people cannot do to win the war."



IT IS not true of course that Governor Gene Talmadge of Georgia is determined to dismiss from all that state's educational institutions all teachers able to read and write. We don't like cracks like that about our statesmen and shall always hasten to denounce them. But we have it on the authority of Captain Arlie Bledsoe of Atlanta that Governor Talmadge does wear red suspenders. A Georgian who was pretty important in a past state administration spoke to Mr. Talmadge about his braces not long ago. "Yep," said Mr. Talmadge, "they're red and they're paid for and I paid for them myself. Some folks may call that nonsense but I aim to give Georgia an honest administration." The ex-public servant protested that many of Mr. Talmadge's predecessors bought their own suspenders. He said too that he knew a number of former officeholders who did not wear suspenders. "Those rascals," snorted Mr. Talmadge. "He[illegible] they held up their pants with rope and safety pins—bought by the state."

W. D.

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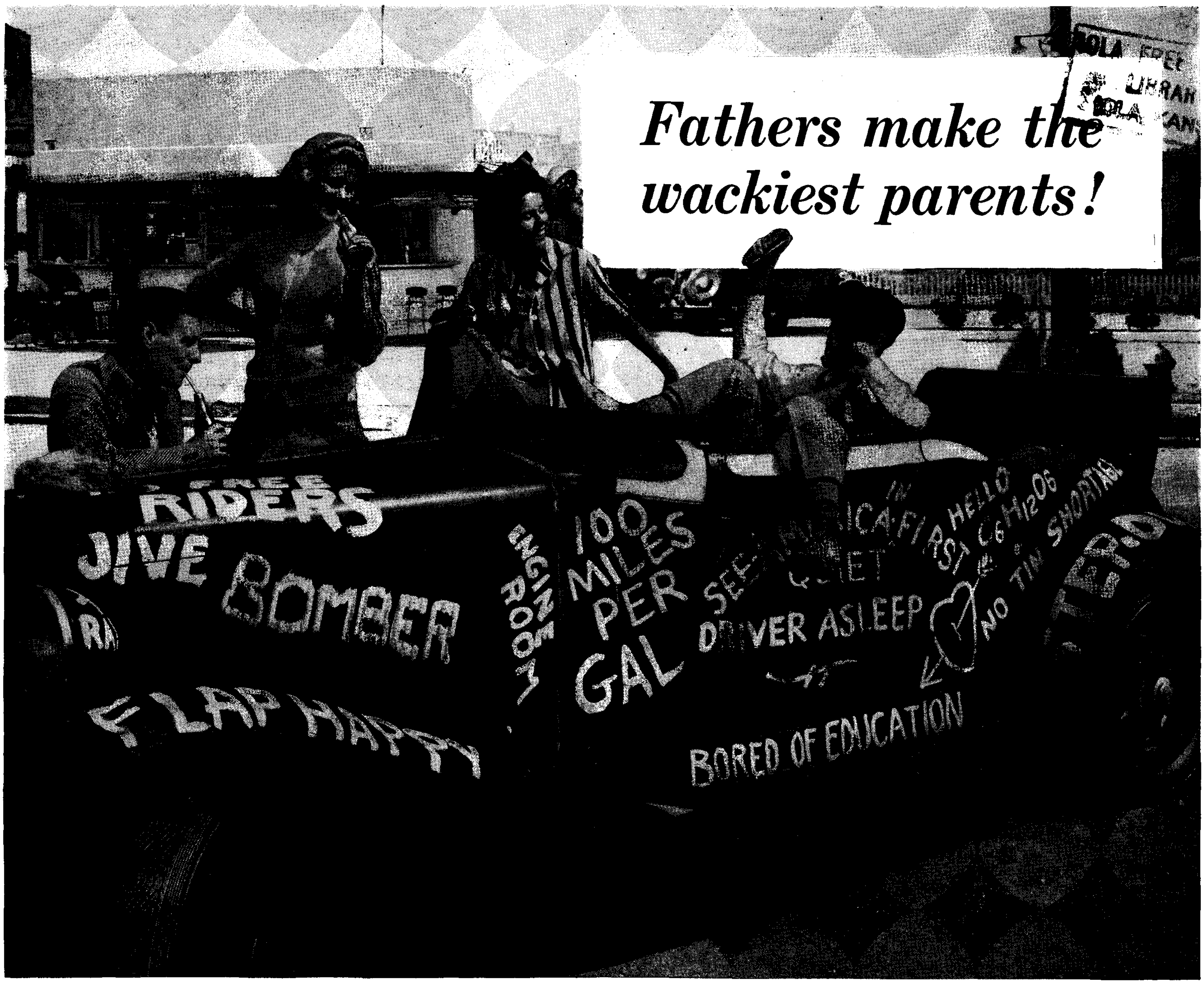
Fathers make the wackiest parents!



JUDY: *What's wrong this time, Bill?*

BILL: *Look! I pay $25 for this crate. Then Dad plunks out* more *than that to put a new set of Silvertowns on it.*

JUDY: *Sounds funny. What did he say?*

BILL: *Nothing—except "Switch to B. F. Goodrich," and "Better be safe than sorry." He's sure a hard man to understand!*

* * *

NO CAR is safer than its weakest tire. That's why it's smart to put Silvertowns all around. They'll stand between you and the danger of blowouts and skids. And they'll turn in plenty of extra miles, too.

That's because every Silvertown is made with Duramin—the "tire vitamin"—the amazing combination of chemicals that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer. You get more *safe* miles with Silvertowns.

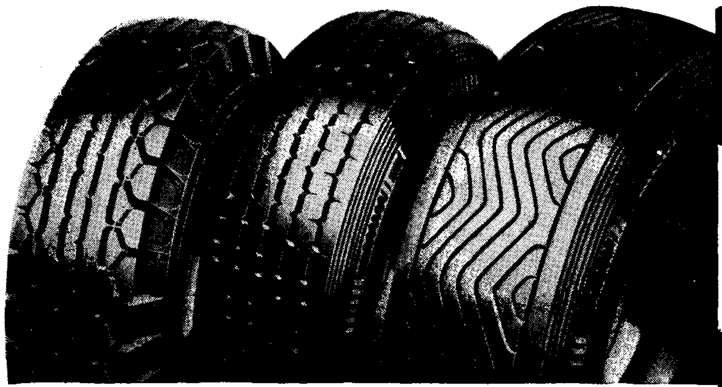
Old tires spell t-r-o-u-b-l-e, every time. Why take chances with them? Trade your old tires in for Silvertowns, and then you'll *know* you're safe. You'll feel better, drive better. You'll have real peace of mind. Trade-in allowances are high today. Cash prices are low. And—if you prefer to buy on time — many B. F. Goodrich Dealers and all Goodrich Silvertown Stores offer the Budget Plan.

See the new
SILVERTOWNS

(Left)
SAFETY SILVERTOWN. Duramin gives it longer wear, and top quality. Hi-Flex cords make it stronger than ever.

(Center)
DELUXE SILVERTOWN. Duramin-made. Gives the best combination of mileage, safety, comfort, and quiet running.

(Right)
LIFE-SAVER SILVERTOWN. No tire can stop you quicker, or keep you safer from skids. 20% more miles than the *original* Life-Saver tire. Duramin-made.



Switch to

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

SOME B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY

AMERIPOL, *the first synthetic rubber used in automobile tires sold to the American public.*

CARBON BLACK TREAD, *a B. F. Goodrich development that more than doubled tire mileage.*

DURAMIN, *the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.*

U.S. DEFENSE BOND
SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS
ROBERT O. REID

"You were right, dear. Installing Sealed Power Rings in our car has saved so much gas and oil that I was able to buy this Defense Bond."

but saving, too!

...so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

GET the utmost in pep and mileage from every drop of gas and oil—both so vital to defense. And save money at the same time! *How?* By installing Sealed Power Piston Rings in any car that's using too much gas or oil. These top quality rings (the same brand used as original equipment in 12 of the 18 American makes of cars) are now available in packaged sets, engineered for each popular make of automobile. Ask for them by name. They cost no more! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario. *Piston Rings for all types of Automotive, Diesel, Stationary and Marine Engines!*

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Best in new cars! Best in old cars!

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Wing Talk

WE'VE never had an enthusiastic long-range policy for training Latin-American army and navy officers to fly the American way. Now it is apparent that it is a bright move to train, up here, as many Latin Americans as possible, and so we are under way with a plan. More will come up this one year and be turned out than have been trained by us throughout the past.

Unless you've been in Latin America, you don't know the value of such training. Your reporter once was buttonholed in a hangar of the Peruvian air force at Ancon by an earnest lad who had graduated from Kelly Field. He was filled with pride and prestige. He was as good a pilot as any officer in the Army Air Corps. Yet he was hopping mad at the action of his government in closing a deal with the Italians whereby the Peruvian air force would have to take the entire output of an Italian-built factory in Peru for the next ten years.

"Look at that junk," he said in broken English with a Texas accent, pointing to one of Mussolini's castoffs. "We were never allowed to fly anything like that at Kelly Field. American planes are safe, strong, reliable. Yet we've got to go out and get killed in these because the politicos who don't have to fly them made a good deal with the Italians." (Deal subsequently revoked by a new administration.)

And over in Venezuela another Kelly Field graduate, upon coming into power as chief of aviation, threw out a whole batch of foreign deals for foreign aircraft and stocked up his air force with American planes.

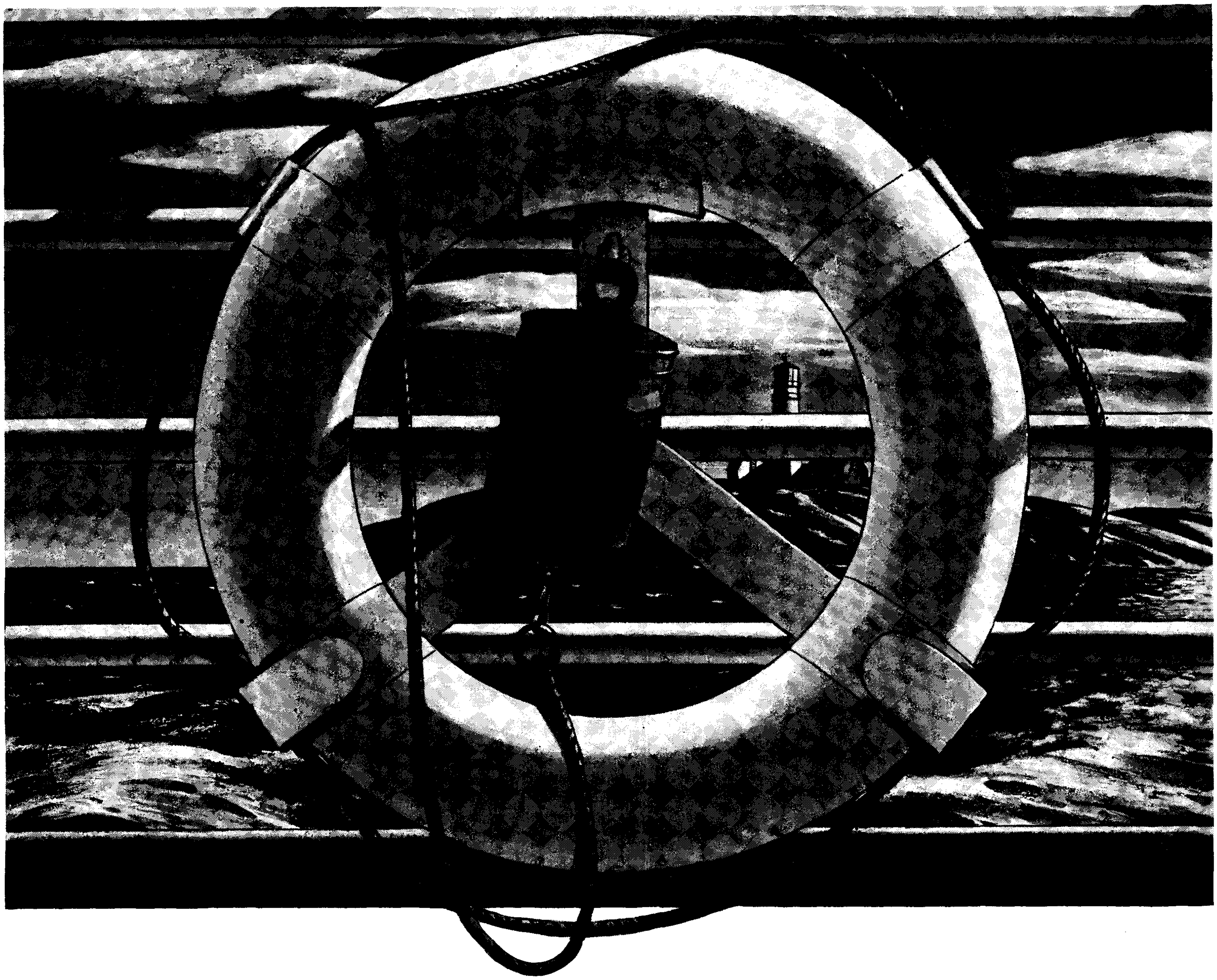
FROM an experimental idea five years ago and a handful of boys, the model-building division of the highly scientific National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, which has its laboratory at Langley Field, Va., has grown to half a hundred youngsters—who are on the government pay roll as model-builders. The N.A.C.A. needs models, particularly the kind that fly. The kids, 18 to 20 and a little older, reproduce the actual military or commercial type. Then tiny engines with robot pilots are mounted therein and the models are actually flown in the vertical spin tunnel and the free-flight tunnel. They are so skillfully and accurately made that engineers studying their performance do not hesitate to recommend changes in tail surfaces, wing locations, fuselage length and other factors of importance to the full-scale model. The kids are taken off the Civil Service rolls as needed, so it will do no good to write to the N.A.C.A. for a job.

ONE of our readers out in China writes about something that couldn't happen and did. A DC-3 was bombed on a field at Suifu and one wing was badly damaged. There was no way of calling up the Douglas people and asking them to deliver one the next day. But China National Aviation Corporation, owners of the plane, had a spare wing for a DC-2. Now a DC-2 carries 14 passengers while the DC-3 holds 21, to give you an idea of the difference. Anyway, back in Hong Kong they lashed this spare DC-2 wing to the belly of a DC-2 and American Pilot Harold Sweet, of C.N.A.C., flew it 800 miles up to Suifu. With that load and drag, he averaged only 115 miles per hour, whereas, without it he could have made 180.

At Suifu, the DC-2 wing was attached to the center section of the DC-3 and resourceful Mr. Sweet flew the plane all the way back to Hong Kong. While of the same airfoil, the two wings differ in area, aileron area and wing-tip design. The combination would not be permitted on our transcontinental airline runs, but as our reader says, "It is one of those things that the boys are forced to do because it is the only thing to be done and Lady Luck rides with them."

Venezuelan army fliers who have come to Randolph Field for a refresher course with the U. S. Army Air Corps

ACME



Something secure to cling to

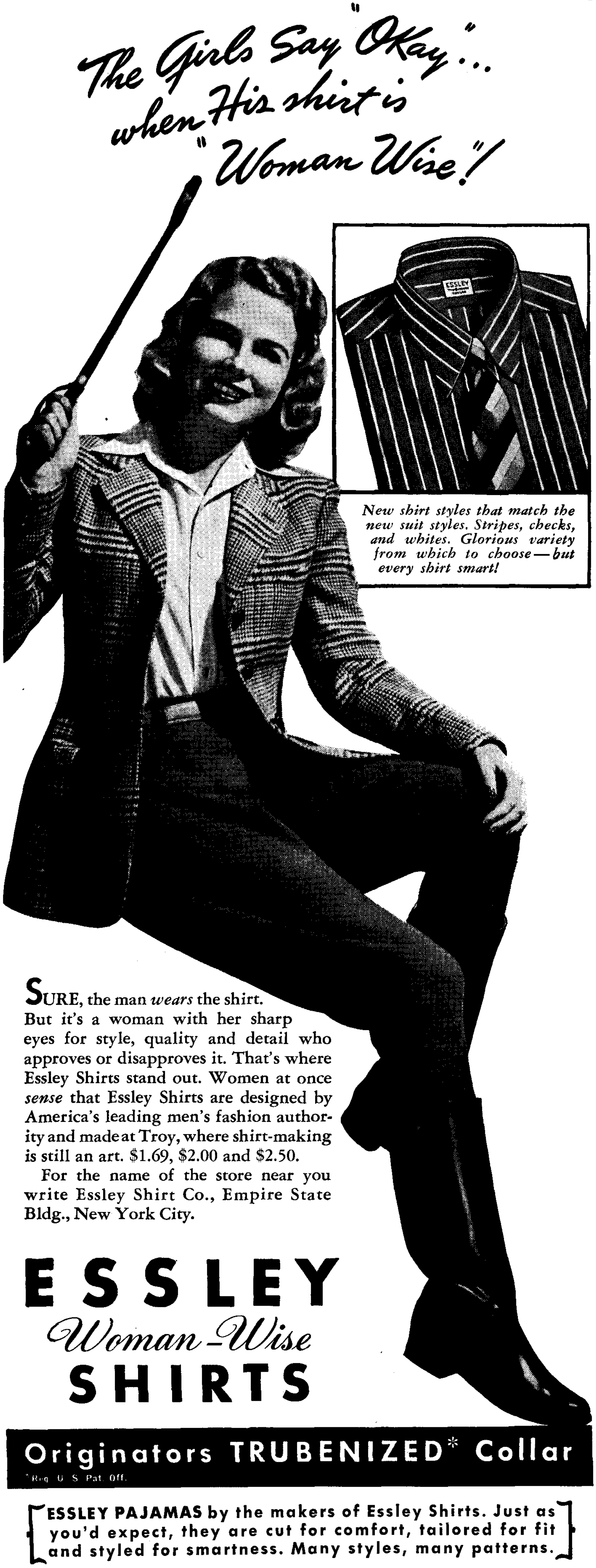
MAN OVERBOARD!

Suddenly . . . unexpectedly . . . a cry breaks the silence of the sea. Immediately a life preserver is hurled over the ship's side to keep the victim's head above water while a rescue is made.

As sudden and as unexpected is the plight of a family following the death of their provider. Like a "man overboard" they need something secure to cling to in a sea of financial problems. That's why a husband and father carries life insurance, just as a ship carries life preservers. . . . Both are necessary safeguards which cannot be obtained when the need becomes most urgent.

Arranged under a John Hancock Readjustment Income Plan, life insurance can supply income in prearranged amounts to cover a family's living expenses during the difficult days of readjustment. Applied to your present program, this first-aid measure will add little to its expense and much to its effectiveness. We should like to mail you a copy of a booklet which describes how a typical American family have solved their readjustment problem. Write for "A Talking Picture" to Department C-6, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, 197 Clarendon St., Boston, Massachusetts.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President



"The Girls Say 'Okay'... when His shirt is "Woman Wise"!

New shirt styles that match the new suit styles. Stripes, checks, and whites. Glorious variety from which to choose—but every shirt smart!

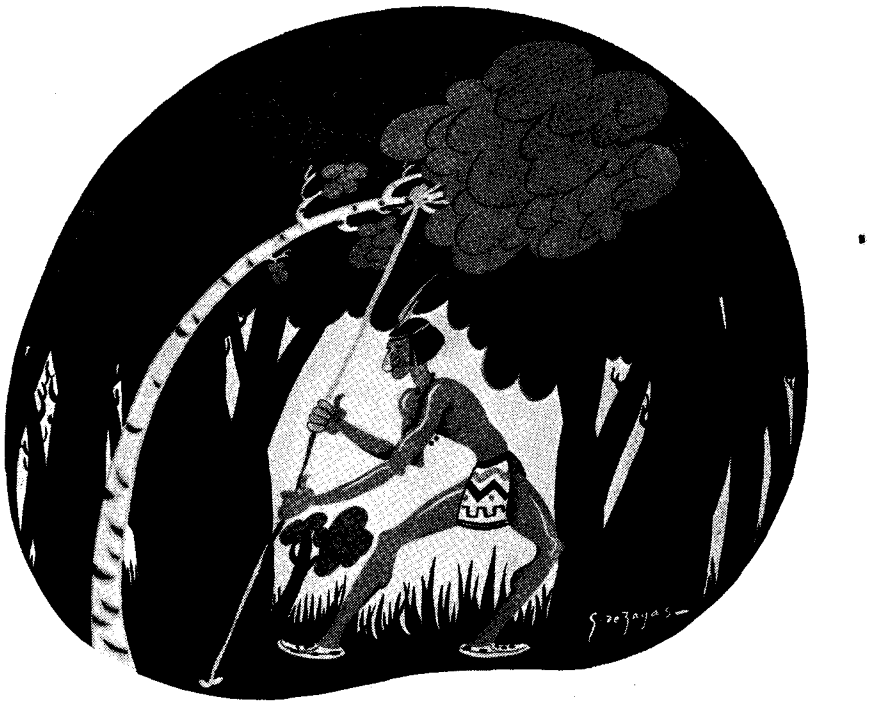
SURE, the man *wears* the shirt. But it's a woman with her sharp eyes for style, quality and detail who approves or disapproves it. That's where Essley Shirts stand out. Women at once *sense* that Essley Shirts are designed by America's leading men's fashion authority and made at Troy, where shirt-making is still an art. $1.69, $2.00 and $2.50.

For the name of the store near you write Essley Shirt Co., Empire State Bldg., New York City.

ESSLEY
Woman-Wise
SHIRTS

Originators TRUBENIZED* Collar
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ESSLEY PAJAMAS by the makers of Essley Shirts. Just as you'd expect, they are cut for comfort, tailored for fit and styled for smartness. Many styles, many patterns.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

American Indians used to make their trails by bending saplings with rawhide. Today hundreds of these deformed trees, all with their main trunks bent at a right angle about three or four feet from the ground, still stand, especially in the Middle West, where they are found, in some places, less than two hundred feet apart.

After a great earthquake, the ground near the epicenter may be in almost incessant motion for days, and numerous aftershocks of varying intensity may be recorded for weeks, even months. For example, the Tokyo earthquake on September 1, 1923, was followed by 1,256 of these aftershocks within thirty days.

There are at least 10,000 books on the life of Napoleon that are worthy of inclusion in a first-class Napoleonic library. Thus, a book about Napoleon has been published on an average of every 105 hours since his death in 1821.—*By Evelyn Kudlich, Union City, New Jersey.*

Strong musk odor can cause nosebleed, intense fear can cause gastric ulcers, excess wax in the ears can cause a chronic cough, bright sunlight can cause sneezing and a severe thunderstorm can bring on an attack of asthma, even when the person is in an air-conditioned room.—*By Ruth Creighton, Hastings, Nebraska.*

As canaries are no longer imported into this country, owing to the war, and domestic breeders cannot meet the demand for them, many other beautiful singing birds are now taking their place, among them being the bulbul, the shama thrush and the Chinese nightingale.

New York City has a hotel that pays an annual water tax of $41,000, an airlines terminal that has four of its seven stories underground, and a church that receives an annual income of about a million dollars from its real-estate holdings alone.

A new cyclotron, now under construction at the University of California, will cost $1,400,000 and weigh 4,900 tons, or twenty times as much as the largest of the thirty-odd atom smashers now in existence. After trying for eleven years, scientists believe that with it they will finally be able to smash the core of the atom, which is smaller in comparison with the inch than is the inch with the sun.

Glenville, West Virginia, with a population of only 799, has more air mail, per person, than New York City. Glenville's mail is transported by the "small-town pickup mail service," whose planes drop the incoming mail and snatch up the outgoing bags without landing.

Although the English language contains more than 550,000 live words, forty-three words comprise at least one half of all those spoken or written.—*By Barbara Rae, New York, New York.*

Sometimes deer grow antlers so heavy that they cannot be lifted from the ground for any length of time and, consequently, the animals eventually die of starvation. One such buck, found recently at Medicine Lake, California, had to be shot because it could not lift its head into a position to be fed and its great antlers could not be sawed off because they were in the velvet or growing stage and still filled with live blood vessels.

Since the founding of the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, in 1802, no more than 23,032 cadets, including foreigners, have been admitted and 12,661 of them graduated. Today fewer than 7,000 of the 90,000 officers in the U. S. Army are West Pointers.

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The first basic improvement in record reproduction since the phonograph was invented. Instead of the pointed steel needle, a rounded jewel that never needs changing floats over the record and *reflects* the music on a beam of light from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell. This new principle releases overtones of beauty long hidden in your records. Surface noise and record wear are reduced by 10 to 1. *Only Philco has it!*

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For the first time, Philco engineers have applied the sensational Stroboscopic principle to the phonograph. Now you can hear your records with absolute fidelity of pitch, just as the artists recorded them in the studio. And, with the new Philco Automatic Record Changer, your valuable records are *safe* . . . nothing to chip or damage them. Operation is simpler, quicker, gentler and more reliable. *Only Philco has it!*

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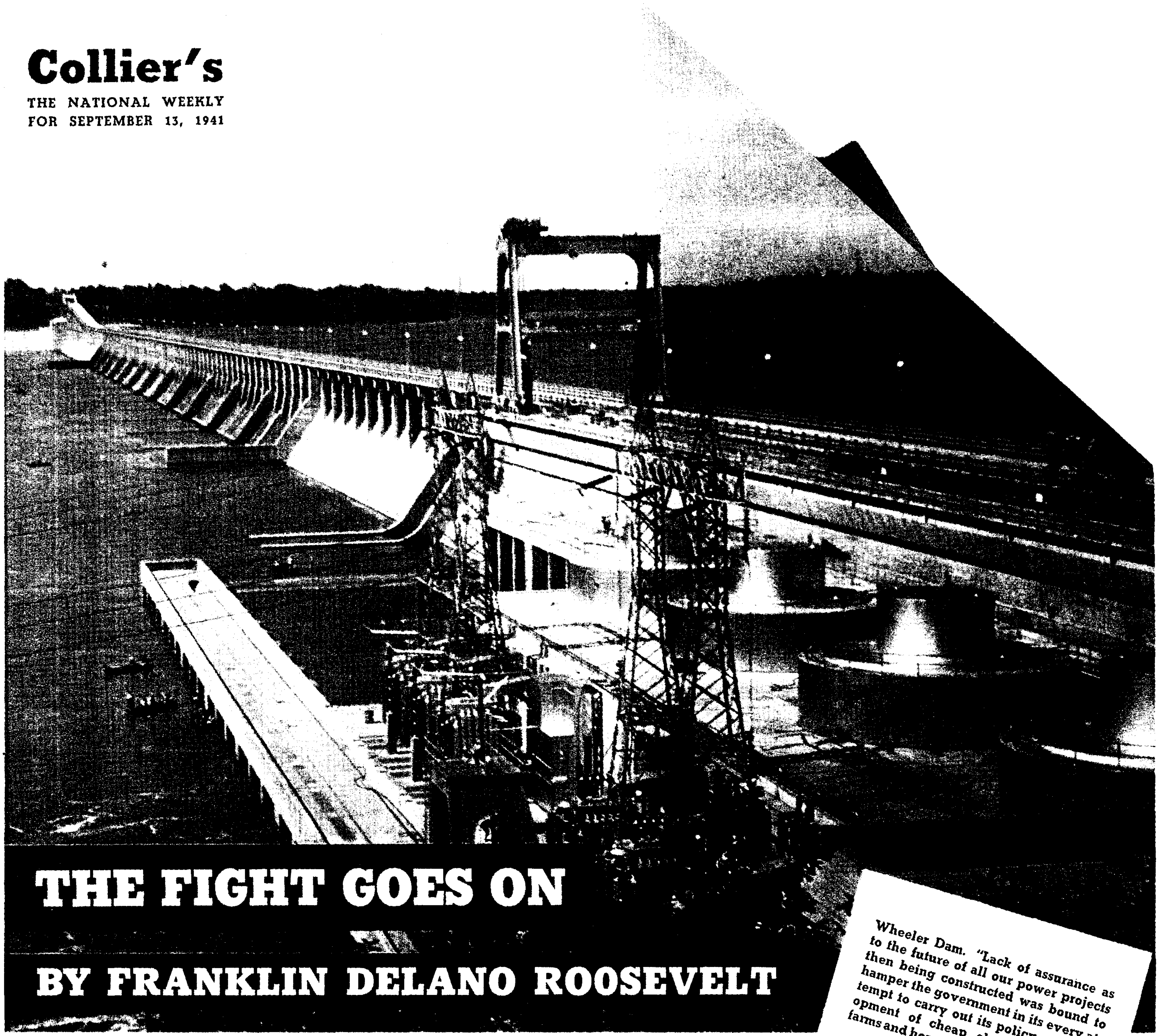
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR SEPTEMBER 13, 1941



Wheeler Dam. "Lack of assurance as to the future of all our power projects then being constructed was bound to hamper the government in its every attempt to carry out its policy of development of cheap electricity for the farms and homes and shops of the nation"

THE FIGHT GOES ON

BY FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

"The Constitution Prevails"

Here is history—written by one of its makers: The President's own story of the fight for Supreme Court reform

This article, and the four articles that will follow it, are the President's newly written introductions to forthcoming volumes of his State Papers

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THIS was the year of the famous Supreme Court fight—1937. This was the year which marked a definite turning point in the history of the United States. For this was the year which was to determine whether the kind of government which the people of the United States had voted for in 1932, 1934 and 1936 was to be permitted by the Supreme Court to function. If it had not been permitted to function as a democracy, it is my reasoned opinion that there would have been great danger that it might have been ultimately compelled to give way to some alien type of government—in the vain hope that the new form of government might be able to give the average men and women the protection and co-operative assistance which they had the right to expect.

For that reason I regard the effort initiated by the message on the Federal Judiciary of February 5, 1937, and the immediate results of it, as among the most important domestic achievements of my first two terms in office.

For two decades, the Supreme Court of the United States had been successfully thwarting the common will of the overwhelming majority of the American people; and had been diverting the functions and philosophy of government into channels which ran counter to the thought and objectives of progressive opinions throughout the modern civilized world.

In 1932, a more or less do-nothing government was voted out of office. It had been unwilling or unable to use the enormous collective power and resources at its command to meet the economic and social disaster which had come from an unbalanced, maladjusted and unfair economy. The vast program of recovery and reform which had been begun by the new administration on March 4, 1933, had been overwhelmingly approved in the elections of 1934 and 1936.

The new Federal Government had substituted action for indecision and negation. It had extended comprehensive assistance to all sections and all groups of its citizens, instead of merely restricting its financial favors and economic advantages to the few at the top of the ladder, hoping that they might trickle down to the many at the bottom.

It had reached out its strong arm to help the farmers of the nation obtain decent prices for their crops and a fair share of the national income; to save their homes and farms from foreclosure; to conserve their soil; to help them buy their own farms; to protect them from the ravages of flood and drought—in short, to increase their security and give them the purchasing power with which to buy the manufactured products

The NRA parade in New York in 1933: "The new Federal Government had substituted action for indecision. It had extended comprehensive assistance to all sections and all groups of its citizens instead of to . . . the few at the top of the ladder"

KEYSTONE

INTERNATIONAL ACME © HARRIS & EWING

"For a dead hand was being laid on this whole program of progress—to stay it all. It was the hand of the Supreme Court of the United States." Left to right, above, are former justices McReynolds, Van Devanter and Butler, whose judgments were consistently against New Deal measures

of industry throughout the United States, and thus provide jobs for the city and rural workers.

The Federal Government, between 1933 and 1937, had also adopted a comprehensive program to protect the laboring man and woman from the exploitation of those who would, if they could, make them work at starvation wages for overlong hours; and to give to labor the dignity, and the standing and the fair share of the national income to which it was entitled. To carry out the program, legislation had been passed to guarantee to workers their right to bargain collectively with their employers; to safeguard their legal right of association, and to prevent discrimination against them because of any legitimate union activities; to prevent cutthroat labor competition by permitting agreements between employers in any industry to fix minimum wages and maximum hours for all their employees, and to abolish child labor in such industry; to provide machinery for the peaceful and equitable settlement of disputes so as to obviate, in some degree, the necessity of strikes and lockouts, to establish unemployment insurance for workers so that, during enforced unemployment, they might have some limited assurance of a bare living; to remove the specter of the poorhouse by furnishing subsistence in the form of old-age pensions and assistance.

To protect investors, legislation had been adopted requiring honesty, fair dealing, and public disclosure of facts, in the sale of securities and in the use of other people's money. A system of federal insurance of bank deposits had been established to protect the savings of the ordinary citizen.

For the benefit of certain hard-pressed industries of nationwide importance, such as oil and bituminous coal, the government had stepped in to bring about order and regularity where only chaos and cutthroat competition had previously prevailed. These industries were of national importance not only because of the vast amount of capital invested in them and the large number of workers employed, but also because they dealt with rich natural resources which were necessary to the daily lives of our people and to the military and naval defense of our country.

To save other great natural resources of the country from depletion, and to develop them for the use and betterment of all the people of the United States, the new government had proceeded, since 1933, to develop whole regions of the country like the Tennessee Valley; to turn water power into cheap electricity for the use of the people in their homes, shops and farms, by such structures as Grand Coulee and Bonneville on the Columbia River, and in many other places; to impound the water resources of the nation and use them for irrigation of dry land by such vast dams as Fort Peck, and by hundreds of smaller dams and reservoirs throughout the land; to preserve the forests; to conserve the soil; to prevent floods.

And for the protection and benefit of American citizens in general, legislation had been adopted between 1933 and 1937 to save homes from foreclosures; to begin to provide decent housing for low-income families; to encourage, and financially to help, the construction and repair of private homes; to reduce unfair competition in business; to protect consumers of electric power from unfair prices and extortionate practices of utilities; to help outlaw child labor; and to fulfill the government's responsibility of furnishing food, clothing and shelter to the needy unemployed of the nation by providing work for those who could not find private work.

These and a myriad of other activities by the Federal Government constituted the new approach to the problems which a new industrial age had brought to the 130,000,000 people of the United States.

The People Made Their Choice

This was the New Deal in action. This was the kind of government which the people had voted for in 1932 and again in 1934.

The big choice before the American people in 1932 had been to determine whether they should continue the old type of administration or install a new one—definitely committed to the proposition that the Federal Government had not only the power, but the duty, to step in to meet with bold action the economic forces at play. The people had made their choice in 1932, and had emphasized it in 1934.

By the time of the election of 1936, however, it had become clear that this new concept of government and of its relation to economic and social problems was in danger of complete frustration. And the road ahead, for further, or even different, effective action to meet these problems, seemed to be completely blocked.

For a dead hand was being laid upon this whole program of progress—to stay it all. It was the hand of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The executive and legislative branches of the government had gone into action immediately in 1933. But they soon found that, athwart the path of progress along which they were moving, a majority of the Supreme Court of the United States was erecting a barrier which it was impossible to climb over, under or around. True, not everything had been destroyed by judicial fiat. But the whole question of the power of the Federal Government to handle these problems in an effective, decisive way had been placed not only in doubt, but in positive jeopardy.

It is a little difficult in 1941 to look back upon the days of 1933 and fully appreciate the danger which then faced the United States. The grave threat which today faces our democracy and our independent existence comes from an alien philosophy and an alien military machine, both of which have overrun the world about us. That threat is physical; it is imminent; it draws ever closer. It crowds out recollection of that other threat of destruction which faced us in 1933. Besides, the great recovery in business, in agriculture and in employment which has come since then—the great increase in our security and physical well-being—have dimmed somewhat our memory of the hazards of those days.

No Limit But the Sky

Yet 1933 was, in a very real sense, a period of war, too. The nation realized it. And in my first Inaugural Address I proclaimed it, when I said that I might have to "ask the Congress for the one remaining instrument to meet the crisis—broad executive power to wage a war against the emergency, as great as the power that would be given to me if we were in fact invaded by a foreign foe."

From the original conception of the power of the Supreme Court as one to declare a law unconstitutional only when "its violation of the Constitution is proved beyond all reasonable doubt,"[1] it had been expanded by 1930 to a point where Mr. Justice Holmes exclaimed: "I see hardly any limit but the sky to the invalidating of those rights [the constitutional rights of the states] if they happen to strike a majority of this Court as for any reason undesirable. I cannot believe that the Amendment [Fourteenth] was intended to give us *carte blanche* to embody our economic or moral beliefs in its prohibitions."[2] By June, 1936, Mr. Justice [now Chief Justice] Stone felt obliged to characterize the recent exercise of the power of the Court by the majority of the Court, as one based on the "personal economic predilections" of the justices.[3]

The history of the rise of that power, especially during the last half-century, indicated several unfortunate definite tendencies:—an unwarranted, restrictive construction of the legislative and executive powers of government, federal, state, and local; an unwillingness to tolerate legislative protection of ordinary men, women and children—laborers and others—from the control and domination of private economic forces; and a refusal to permit reasonable governmental curbs upon vast, monopolistic aggregations of concentrated industrial and financial power.

In the struggle between the political power of the people as expressed by their representatives and the economic power of private property, the Supreme Court, in the generation preceding the spring of 1937, seemed almost invariably to lean toward the latter.

And the judicial process was being more and more frequently exercised by the Court, to lay low the efforts of government to meet the pressing needs of the times in which it was functioning. In the first seventy years of our constitutional history, the Court invalidated only two acts of the Congress; in the next seventy years it nullified fifty-eight.

"The government had stepped in to bring about order and regularity where only chaos and cutthroat competition prevailed. . . . In 1936 came the next death blow—this time with respect to another great industry — bituminous coal"

Between 1920 and 1930 it declared nineteen federal statutes unconstitutional. To climax this growth, the Court in the three years beginning in October, 1933, set aside twelve statutes, five of which occurred in a single court year—the October, 1935, term.

When I came to office on March 4, 1933, I felt confident that the two elective branches of the Government—the executive and legislative—were united in their determination to meet, by bold action and experimentation, the new crisis which had developed in our national life. I, of course, did not know what the attitude of the third branch—the judiciary—would be. Its members were appointive and not elective. A majority of the Supreme Court had previously indicated an attitude toward social and economic questions which was somewhat inconsistent with New Deal philosophy. They had been more or less inclined to a *laissez-faire* doctrine of economics and politics, which had already proved its inability to cope with the catastrophe which had come to the United States and to the rest of the world. The old economic order had been replaced in 1933 in the Congress and in the White House; but the old order, by reason of the life tenure of the justices, seemed grimly to be holding its place on the supreme bench of the land.

By the time of the elections of 1936, what had the Supreme Court done to our program of recovery and reform? And even more important, what had the majority of the justices said or refused to say in their opinions, by which we could formulate future action to take the place of what they had nullified? Was there any hope held out by the Court, in their opinions, that they might change their general views under other conditions, or that some different type of legislation might be passed and escape judicial destruction?

Recapitulation will show how hopeless it looked, by the time I started the so-called Supreme Court fight on February 5, 1937, that any really effective legislative program could withstand the assaults being made by the judicial branch of the government.

The first major blow had come in January, 1935. Our efforts to remove chaos from the third largest industry in the country—petroleum—were struck down. The oil-producing states had been unable individually to meet the problems which came from overproduction of oil, wasteful competition, and consequent bankruptcy prices. Only the national government could save the industry. It proceeded to try to do it. Pursuant to congressional statute, it prescribed quotas of oil for each oil-producing state, and permitted each state to prescribe fair quotas for each well within its boundaries. It then prohibited any interstate shipments of "hot oil," that is, oil produced in excess of these

(Continued on page 46)

ACME

KATHERINE JOSEPH

"There seemed to be a complete no man's land in which no kind of government could protect laboring women from the oppressive sweatshop wage scales which had been traditionally forced upon them"

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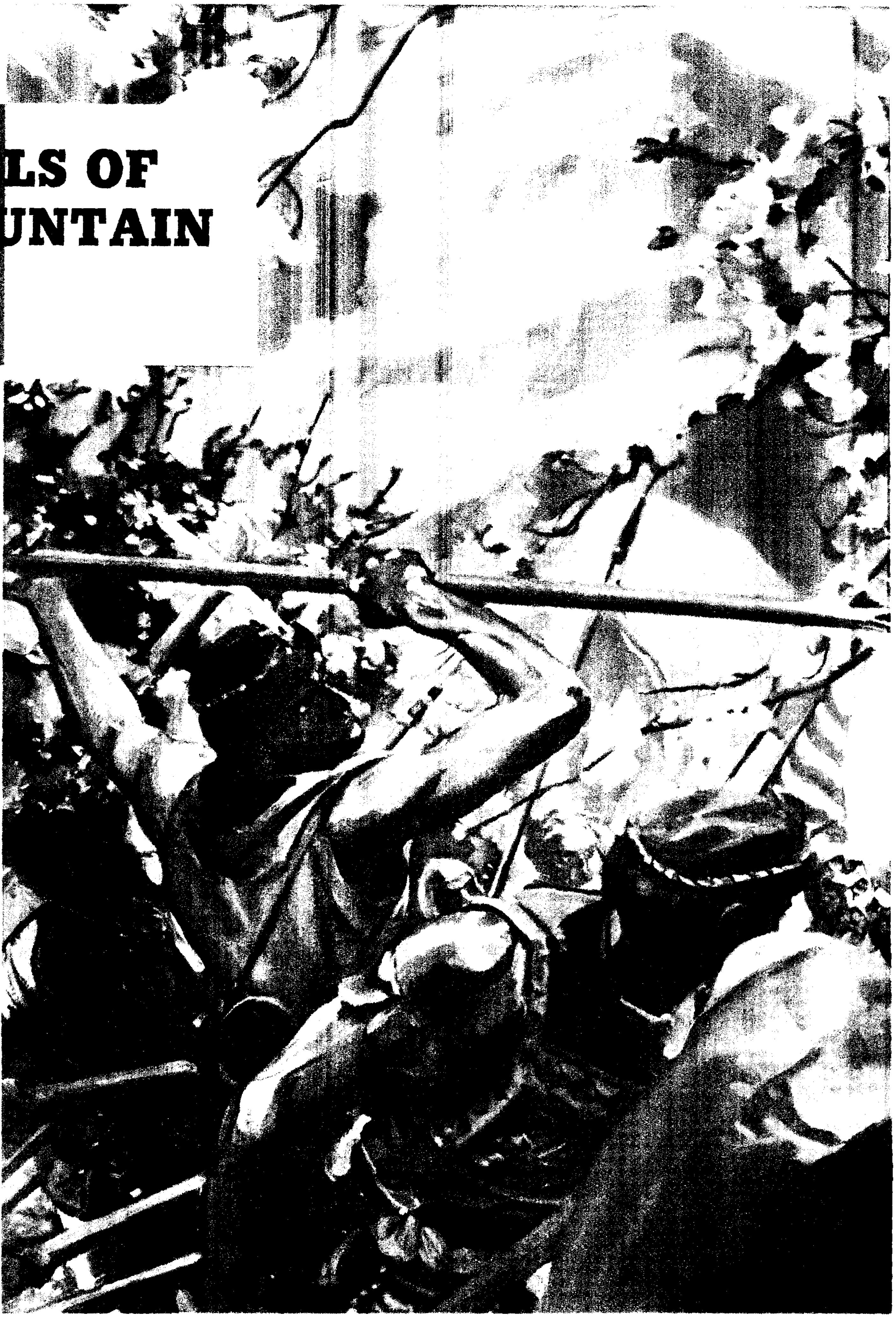
[1] Ogden vs Saunders (1827) 12 Wheat 213, 270.

[2] Baldwin vs Missouri 281 U.S. 586, 595.

[3] Morehead vs New York ex rel. Tipaldo 298 U.S. 587, 633.

[redacted]LS OF UNTAIN



The men of the mountains overwhelmed him, but it was the girl of the mountains who conquered him after the battle

Harold Lamb says this story was suggested by one of the standard tricks of medieval warfare—the use of a stand-in to take the place of the king in battle. He goes on to point out that the Swiss mountaineers he is writing about were poor people. They couldn't afford the elaborate getup of the mailed horsemen who then ruled the battlefields. Armored regiments of horse formed the mainstay of the imperial German armies then as now extending outward in a thrust to dominate the Continent, from the hub of Frankfurt, instead of Berlin.

The Swiss had notions about their personal liberty. They presumed to put up a fight for it—on foot in the narrow valleys. They relied on their quickness; they used a long pike (a spearhead on a heavy staff) and a halberd (a long ax). Such weapons any man could make and own. The Swiss villagers, like the Greek hoplites, made up a fighting citizenry, standing on their own feet, using their own weapons. And they started democracy to functioning in the world again. For the citizens who did the fighting cast the votes. It so happened again at the end of the eighteenth century when the Americans and French fought on foot in the field and cast the votes at home.

RORIK the Yngling tried to catch up with the bell. It was the only thing he could hear moving around him, but he couldn't find it.

He had taken the wrong path; he was lost, and unless he worked his legs fast he was going to be late for the battle.

It would never do if Rorik the Yngling missed the battle, for then he would have no gold—neither pay nor plunder, or the chance of finding a girl somewhere about afterward.

Shouldering his long two-handed sword, he hurried his lanky legs after the *clank-clong* of the elusive bell. Being a Dane, Rorik was not accustomed to mountains. Up through the pines a black shoulder of rock showed, and far above that a white summit of snow, but no sign of a road or the camp he was looking for.

The good Lord, thought Rorik the Yngling, had made the farming land down in the valleys, and up here the devil must have piled everything evil. Up here in these Swiss mountains. No, Rorik wouldn't be surprised if he found a forest troll ringing that bell to fool him.

Running up the path he found a cow standing there alone, with a heavy brass clapper bell hanging on its neck. The bell grated when the cow looked at him, but it didn't clatter as before. Someone had been driving the cow—someone who couldn't be seen. Rorik listened and dropped suddenly to a knee.

A rock swished over his head, and he jumped into the laurel bushes by the path, sliding the sheath from the five-foot blade of his sword.

"*Pfut!*" he said. He reached out and caught the arm of a girl who was trying to slip out of the bushes. She tried to bite his wrist. He felt beads around her bare throat.

"Kitten," said Rorik, "you can keep the cow. I am too much in haste to drive it off, now. Where is the camp?"

She shook her head, listening.

"The soldiers, the army, the *verlorene Haufen*—where are they, girl?"

Getting no answer he pulled her up to him, rubbing his head against her hair, feeling the gasping of her throat, kissing her. She tried to twist away from him.

"Listen, flaxhead," he whispered in her ear. "I am a Yngling of Jonsson's dale—of pastureland and homestead. No man has gentler blood than I have, child. And no weapon man can stand against me, foot to foot. In truth," said Rorik modestly, "I am a champion."

In spite of this assurance, the girl pulled away, silently.

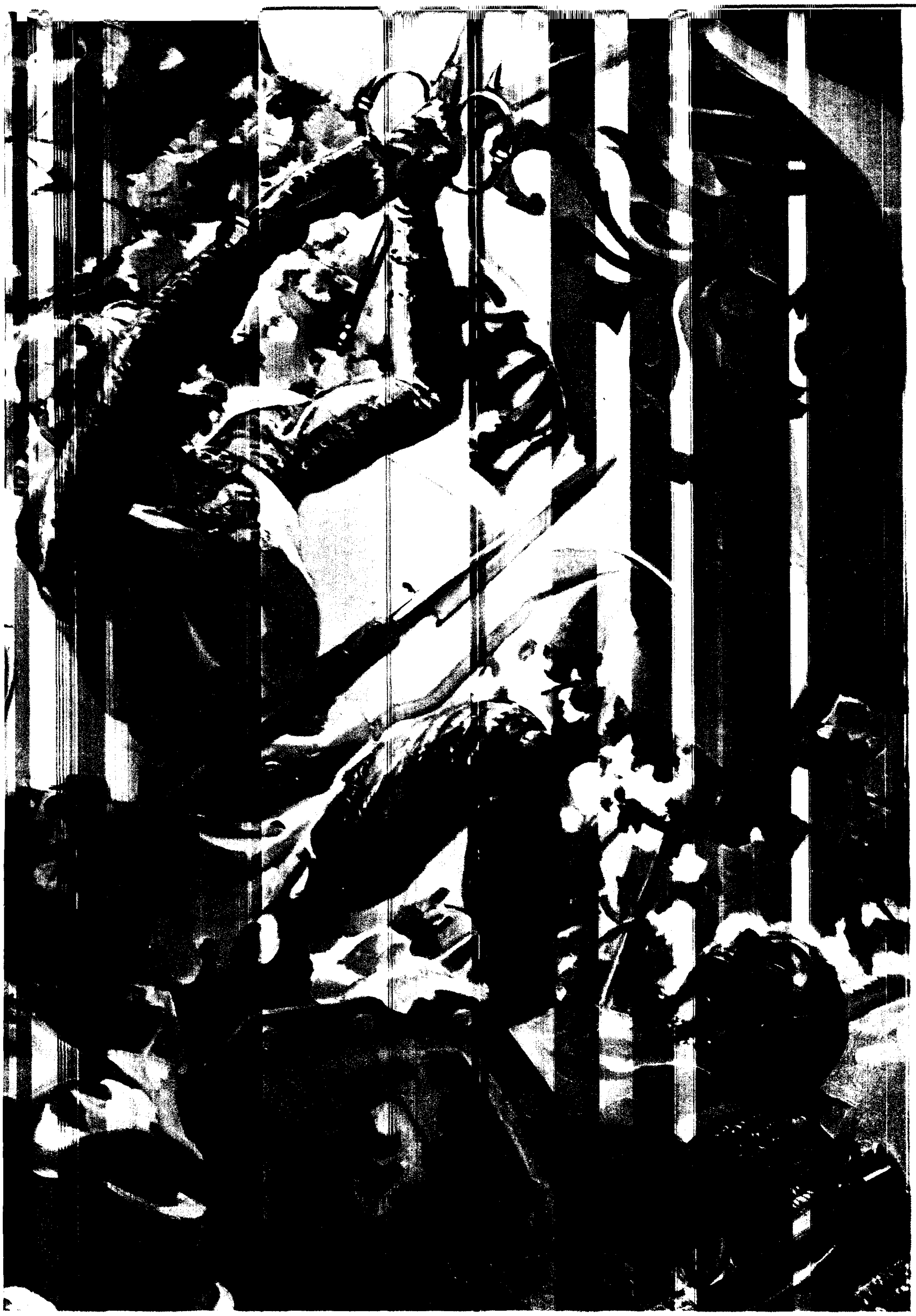
"I like you well enough," he told her, "and you can tell me your name."

"Maera," she gasped.

That was a strange name, he thought, and her tongue had a strange, slow twang to it, unlike Danish.

"Why do you stay here where a battle will be with only a cow?"

Maera looked up from the tangle of her hair, and stopped pulling suddenly.



Steel struck at Rorik from the side, and he stepped back. Turning, his long arms threshing, he kept a space clear about him. "Stand up to them, mates," he shouted. But he was alone

Taking his hand, she drew him along the path. "Look," she said quickly, "I have all the cows to milk."

Before he could think about that, she had reached a turn in the path where a hut perched on the mountain slope with cattle and pigs pressing against the pens.

"This is the homestead," she said, watching him from the corners of her eyes, while she tried to keep her arms from trembling. Often, while she peered down through the pines at the lower valley, Maera had wondered what the enemy would look like—those men-at-arms of the emperor, riding over the crops—if she met one face to face.

Now here she was with this giant of a man looking not at all like a soldier, his head thin and brown, his hands hard and curved as if from the grip of a mattock. She had been frightened when she felt his strength.

RORIK wanted to pick her up and carry her into the hut. Such a foolish thing as she was, to stay here alone. The place was certainly empty except for her—with faggots for the fire stacked along its bare planks, and shirts and hose washed clean hanging among the apple trees where a terrace had been scraped from the mountain and walled up with stone.

"Your hide isn't safe here," he said. "Where have your menfolk gone?"

"I won't tell you!"

To Maera it seemed certain now that this prowler was a spy, spying and peering to find out where the Swiss fighting men were gathering, in these Bernese uplands. "You are no champion," she cried at him. "No—a dunderhead, trying to talk like a soldier. You are as full of lies as a hive is of honey, sir nobody!"

Now Rorik of Yngling had broad shoulders and a small head. Perhaps he did not think things out easily in that head; but when he did have an idea he was sure of it. Up on the mountain he had expected to meet devils and Swiss pikemen. Instead, he had found the little Maera. And he began to think she was mocking him.

"Sir no—" he stared at her.

"Nobody of Nowhere."

There she stood, with fire in her blue eyes—so thin and young he could have broken her back with his fist. No longer afraid of him.

She had touched the pride of Rorik the Yngling. "I will show you," he said. "*Pfut!* I will let you see that I am first among all those soldiers." Then he remembered that he had lost his way. "But first tell me where the German camp has moved to."

Maera laughed. Such a clumsy lie!

"The dog would know where his kennel is. Go down past the waterfall, my fine soldier. Take the forest patch to your left. And stay away there, or it will be the worse for you."

"No. I will come back. And you, girl— you will wait here?"

Maera looked up at him curiously. "I will be here. But you will never come up again."

AS HE jumped the stone wall, sliding down by the mountain stream, it seemed to Rorik the Yngling that this girl with her blue eyes and her cowbells had managed to put a spell upon him. There might, after all, be a power of magic in these mountains. . . .

Maera, running back from her lookout, flitting through the timber where no path ran, hurried to take her message to the pikemen of the Bern canton assembling at the stone church where the tolling bell summoned them from their land. Her father, waiting among the captains, the blue steel of his pike by his head, breathed deep at sight of her safe.

"Still they stay down in the valley," Maera cried. "Only one dunderhead of a spy came peering up into the *Wald*."

"Yes," said her father, "yes, they are careful. If their scouts have not gone up into the forest, they will come along the valley, this way, to the head of the pass. Now that the sun is down, they will not venture where their scouts have not explored."

As Maera made her way back, to watch the cattle, she passed the bands of Swiss moving along the mountain trails where they could not be seen in the darkness, to where the church bell tolled.

The echo of the bell comforted Maera. In that gray church atop the pass she had been christened, to drive out the devil in her. There, some time, she would walk in her bride's veil. She felt that the voice of the bell was speaking to her, telling her she was not alone on the mountain. She prayed that it would drive Rorik and all his fellows away.

"MARK ye well," said the Genoese, "he is a noble Yngling." And he nudged Weiphart, who was turning the spit at the fire.

"Ach so," muttered Weiphart, blinking into the smoke. "From the land of Jonsson's dale. Like a baron he is, indeed. Will his nobility have white wine with the fowl?"

"It is not like beer," said Rorik the Yngling, "but I will have it."

He chewed the flesh from a chicken's back, tossed away the shell of bones, and wiped his hands politely on the straw where he sat before taking the wine jug.

Rorik had followed his nose among the fires of the *gewaltige Haufen,* the main guard, to the smell of fat fowls sizzling by this fire. A good camp, Rorik thought, where the sentries challenged sharp, and the horse lines were quiet.

(Continued on page 48)

Mercator Island

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

ROBERT ("BOB") BOLLES, an American, is the impecunious owner of a schooner, the Thistlewood. With a crew of one—Tom, a Jamaican colored boy—and almost no money, he cruises hither and yon; and because (as he himself admits) he is almost "on the beach," he is in none too good repute with the authorities of the various ports where he anchors.

In Kingston, Jamaica—after he has met a Japanese shopkeeper (a Mr. Moto) and a man who says that his name is Durant and that *he is looking for a "particular friend, a Mr.* Kingman"—Bob has an unpleasant experience. While he is chatting with Henry, the proprietor of a combination restaurant-bar-gambling establishment, a British official—Inspector Jameson—orders him to leave Kingston within twenty-four hours.

Bob calls the inspector's attention to the fact that he, Robert Bolles, is an American citizen. The inspector says that Bob is "riffraff"—and goes away.

Henry then springs a welcome surprise. He informs Bob that a couple from New York—Mr. and Mrs. Kingman—want him to take them on a cruise. The New Yorkers (wealthy and socially prominent) will pay (Henry says) four hundred dollars for the charter, fifty dollars a week for Bob's services as skipper, and twenty dollars for his one-man crew.

Bob, delighted, says that he will accept the offer. Whereupon, Henry telephones the Kingmans and they come over.

Over a bottle of champagne, the Kingmans—Malcolm and Helen—tell Bob what they want—a cruise that will enable Mr. Kingman to escape, for a brief period, from the stress and strain of life in New York City. They have read of a little-known island—Mercator. They wish to go there.

Bob says that he will be glad to accept the offer. But, observing his new friends, he is puzzled. Both are attractive; as a matter of fact, Mrs. Kingman (tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed) is extraordinarily beautiful. Still, Bob Bolles—who has been about quite a bit—wonders about the Malcolm Kingmans of New York City. Helen especially has him guessing. He cannot understand why she trusts him—as she so obviously does.

II

BOB BOLLES had never been in the position of a paid employee on a boat who could be patronized and treated casually, but he could not get it out of his head that there was something unusually odd about Mrs. Kingman and about Mr. Kingman and Henry. They had been too artificial, too neat, too nervous, and even when Mrs. Kingman had been talking to him it seemed to him that she had been thinking about something else. She was worried about something. In spite of the easy artificiality of their talk, all of them had been worried.

"Oh, Mr. Bolles," she called. She was in the back of the shop, trying on an oilskin coat with a sou'wester on her head. "Is this all right?"

"Yes," Bob said, "that's fine."

"I look queer in it, don't I?"

"No," Bob said. "You're the sort of person—" and he stopped, because it was none of his business what sort of person she was.

"Yes?" she said. "What sort of person?"

"You're the sort of person who looks well in anything," Bob said, and then he found himself blushing.

"Well, that's everything here," Mrs. Kingman said. "I wonder if there's any place where I could get some silk—some Japanese lounging pajamas, if it's hot."

Then Bob Bolles thought of Mr. Moto. The card was in his pocket and the Japanese store was only a few doors down the street.

"Why, yes, I know the very place," he said.

He offered to carry her bundles for her, but instead she ordered them sent up to the hotel at once and paid for them, as Americans so often did, in crisp, new dollar bills at a ruinous exchange rate, but prices did not seem to bother her.

"I'll be glad to get away from here," she said, when they were on the street again. "Will you?"

"Yes," Bob said, "I'm always glad to be moving."

They passed Inspector Jameson just before they reached the Japanese shop. Bob saw the inspector's eyes protrude slightly, and he laughed. "It's all right," he said. "It's all right, Inspector."

"Inspector?" Mrs. Kingman said. "Is he a policeman?"

"That's right," Bob said. "I guess you don't know much about the authorities or you'd have spotted him. Why, Inspector Jameson ordered me off the island just this morning. I was in luck to meet you and Mr. Kingman."

He wondered if she would be shocked, but instead it seemed to him that Mrs. Kingman looked relieved and in some way amused.

"Why should he do that?" she asked.

"Why?" Bob said. "Generally disorderly conduct."

"Oh," said Mrs. Kingman, and she laughed. "Well, that's all right then."

"How do you mean, it's all right?" Bob asked.

"Oh, nothing," Mrs. Kingman said. "It just means you're what you look like, and I'd rather have you that than something else."

"What do you mean by something else?" Bob asked.

"Oh, nothing," Mrs. Kingman said. "Is this the shop?"

They had stopped in front of the window with the Japanese embroidery and the curios. A little bell rang when they opened the door. It was a narrow box of a place with trinkets in a small glass counter and shelves behind it, loaded with textiles, and over it all was a stale smell of sandalwood and incense. A bony, flat-faced Japanese opened the door in back, stared at them for a moment and said, "Excuse please. Be right back," and disappeared again. Bob pointed to the bolts of silk on the shelves.

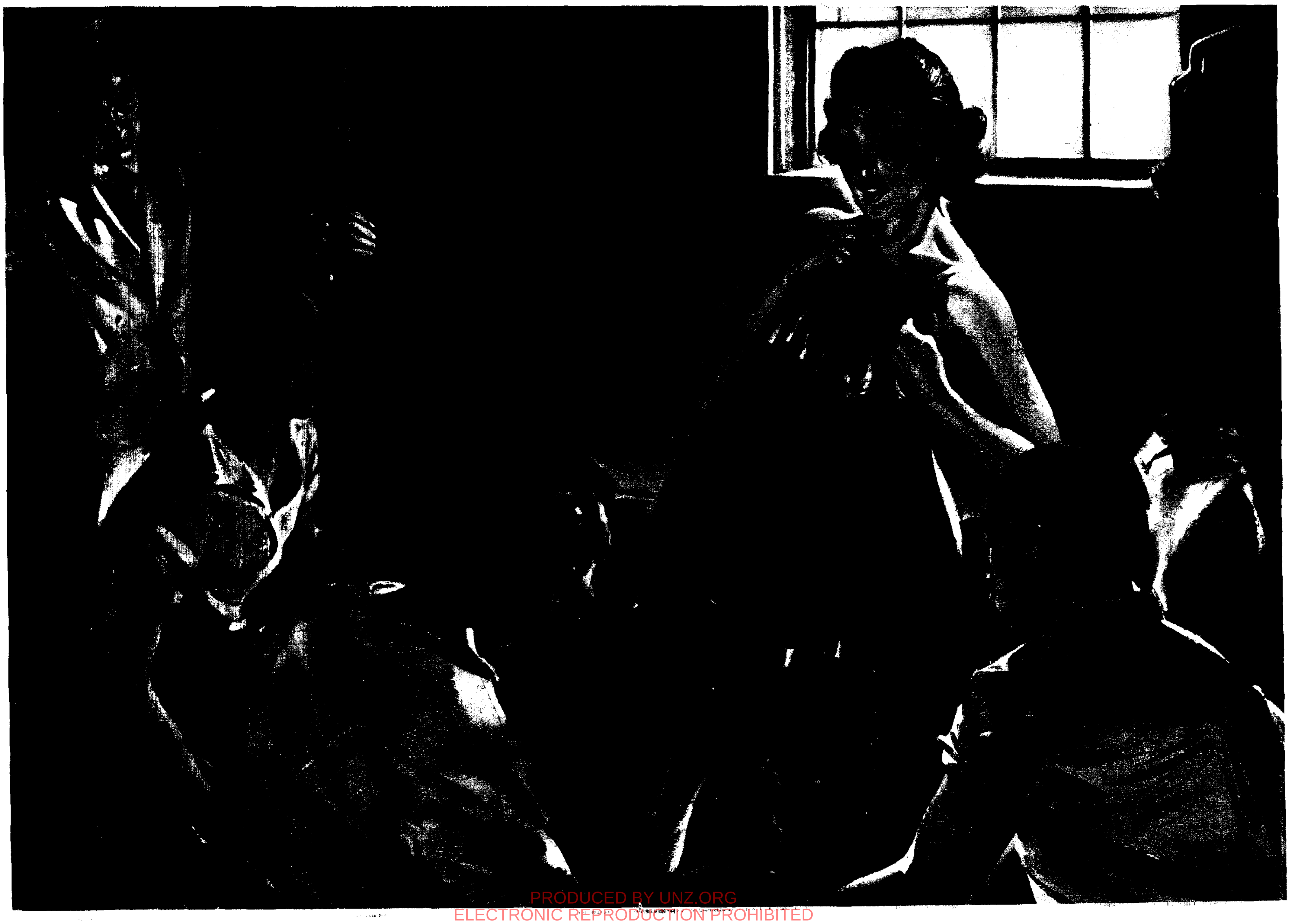
"You may find something here," he said. "I don't know. There was a little man here who tried to sell me shirts this morning. I might buy some shirts myself now."

Then the Japanese was back, smiling and speaking in a loud, guttural voice.

"They have got the most awful

(Continued on page 60)

"Look here," Bob said. "What's the matter? Did you scream?"



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY CHARLES E. KERLEE

Onward, Christian Sailors

By Walter Davenport

They pray as they work. They sing unto the Lord (Isaiah 42:10) as they go down to the sea. They rejoice with left hooks when men revile them. And they're just enlisted men in the United States Navy. Stephen Decatur turns in his grave. John Paul Jones rubs his hollow eyes. Farragut stops damning torpedoes. It's amazing

Now thanks
be unto God
who always
causeth us to
Triumph
CHRIST
II Cor. 2
The
Navigators

Dawson Trotman is guiding genius of the Navigators, who spread salvation as they do their hitches in the U. S. Navy

"AND whatever else you call them," said John Emmett Murphy, Chief Bosun's Mate in the U. S. S. California, "don't call 'em gobs. Gobs were what the Navy used to make crews out of. Today it's like buddies in the Army—it's out. Hey, sailor, button them—"

The sailor said aye, aye, sir! and buttoned them. He was a furiously freckled, redheaded youth about to go over the side on shore leave. Mr. Murphy, just rounding out thirty years in the Navy, had invited us to stand by and see for ourself the quality of the Navy's new personnel. He said that it was so superior in education, deportment and general culture to the gobs of yesterday that we wouldn't make a mistake in a hundred by addressing them as gentlemen. And Mr. Murphy should know. He is chief of the ship's police with which job goes the traditional title of Jimmy Legs. In manner and contour there's a definite note of permanency about Mr. Murphy. He is still a handsome man too, although the years have robbed him of the swift grace that was his when he was the Navy's champion welterweight.

"These men," said he, "are smarter, too. All thinking about their futures. In the old days a sailor didn't think much about his future. For one thing he didn't have any to speak of. For another his past was generally closing in on all sides. Now these young fellows—pardon me—"

We had grabbed Mr. Murphy's arm, interrupting him. Gobs or gentlemen, we had just seen something. Four sailors, trim as new sloops but with their faces set in grim lines, were about to go over in a body. Under their arms, clamped tight to their ribs, they carried Bibles. Just before they descended into the cutter, one of them, a little taller than the others, paused. We'd guess that he was twenty-five years old. He had a hawk face, wide shoulders, big hairy hands, and one glance told you that it would be very bad judgment indeed to ask him to step out into the alley. His sharp, weathered face lifted toward the clean, cool sky that domed San Francisco Bay. His eyes closed, his lips moved, his companions bowed their heads. The silent prayer lasted but a moment and then all four went over—stern, aloof, resolute.

"Navigators," explained Mr. Murphy. "They're new too. We've got about twelve of them on the California—maybe fifteen. You can't tell. Today you've got twelve, maybe fifteen. Tomorrow you've got maybe eighteen or twenty. They're always working on the wicked, converting sinners, holding revivals, praying with lost souls. Every ship in the fleet's got some—I don't know how many in all and they ain't saying. I ain't saying that they've converted some of the officers of the fleet and I ain't saying that they ain't. I ain't saying it's a good thing although religion never hurt any man including a sailor. And I ain't saying it's bad. But I do say there's a time for praying and there's a time for working. Trouble is you can't tell with these Navigators when they're going to quit praying and work, although many the time I've seen them do both at once. I will say, however, that there ain't a day passes that I don't say my prayers myself and I ain't a Navigator. I've seen a lot of changes in the Navy in thirty years, this being one of them. This fellow you seen praying before they went over the side—he's the Missionary. The Missionary can pray, work and give you a nice poke in the nose all at the same time. You ought to meet him. I'll fix it."

Mr. Murphy fixed it. On the following day, the California trudging heavily westward through the Pacific's long swells, we shook hands with the Missionary, Ship-fitter Second Class Oran Bell of Cooper, Texas. Mr. Bell is pure Texas—country Texas. He is wide-mouthed and his short jaw is heavily muscled at the hinges. He's loose, rangy, slow-spoken and his blue eyes were set for distance. One day a persistently abusive sinner called him a name that "no man has a call to put on nobody" and, offering up a very brief prayer for forgiveness, he proceeded to beat the beholdin' out of the fellow. In no time at all Mr. Bell's opponent was flat on his face, a very distressing sight indeed.

Dropping to his knees, Mr. Bell took his fallen foe in his arms, bound up his numerous wounds and prayed. Then he toted his misguided shipmate to his bunk where he lay recovering while Mr. Bell did his chore for him in addition to his own. As a result Mr. Bell has been offended but seldom since and has won, incidentally, quite a few converts to the Navigators.

Mr. Trotman Sees the Light

Before going into our conversation with Mr. Bell, it might be well if you knew what and who the Navigators are. Mr. Bell, the Missionary, insists that it isn't a religion in itself. Nor is it a distinct denomination, having no organization as such. It isn't a cult, having no specific rites nor peculiar ceremony. Mr. Bell, a man of comprehensive simplicity, was unable to state a clear definition but said that one could be a Navigator in any church wherein was preached pure fundamentalism and wherein the Bible was accepted literally from the first word of Genesis to the last amen of the Revelation of St. John the Divine. It was even conceivable, said he, that a Jew might be a Navigator although it would not be a simple matter, it being essential that a Navigator be a Christian. We sparred a number of slow theological rounds with Missionary Bell, being badly outpointed, before deciding to shut up and let him do the talking.

He told us that about ten or twelve years ago, Mr. Dawson Trotman, living then at the gates of the United States Navy reservation at Long Beach, California, founded the Navigators. Mr. Trotman worked in a lumberyard. In his moments of leisure he was accustomed to drink spirituous liquor, smoke much more than was good for him, and occasionally, when matters went from bad to worse, give tongue to a number of full-bodied oaths. All this is cheerfully admitted today by Mr. Trotman, who is now living in Los Angeles, an active worker in The Church Of The Open Door and the Los Angeles Bible Institute. Mr. Trotman frequently gives testimony, too, to indulging, in those unregenerate lumberyard days, in a great many social zowies that youth is prone erroneously to call good clean fun.

Like Paul, bound for Damascus breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, Mr. Trotman stopped all this in his tracks, renounced old Satan, quit the lumberyard and began redeeming sailors from sin. The Lord smiled upon his work from the beginning. Starting with a new strength, a new faith, a worn Bible and four sailors, Mr. Trotman is now the head of A Way of Life (Mr. Bell refuses to let us say organization) that is followed by hundreds of bluejackets—the Navigators.

In the beginning there was but one shore station where Navigators might get together for Bible reading, prayer,

(Continued on page 71)

The Boss' Wife

BY KYLE CRICHTON

ROBERT COBURN

Beside a portrait of herself in her Bel-Air home: Merle Oberon, who was Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson and now is Mrs. Alexander Korda

Merle Oberon never worried about anything until she married her director and learned that making movies cost money

WHEN there was a delay in shooting a scene in the new Alexander Korda picture, Lydia, the assistant director answered Director Duvuvier's querulous questioning by bellowing:

"We're waiting for the boss' wife!"

Merle Oberon was just coming on the set when she heard that.

"Boss' wife, my hat," she yelled back. "Here *comes* the boss!"

According to press releases, when Mr. Korda heard this interesting anecdote, he laughed heartily. Mr. Korda is a great one for laughing.

Nevertheless, Miss Oberon *is* the boss' wife and they are making pictures together and living together and worrying together.

"I used to be a star . . ." she begins and then pauses to give a hard look at the interviewer. "Don't give me that funny stuff; I *am* a star—and what do I do? I get into a stew because too much is being spent on a set or too much time is being taken with shooting. I'm a nut."

In the old days it wasn't that way and it can be taken as a moral for all ambitious American girls: never marry the boss if he is using his own dough in producing a picture. Before she got mixed up in matrimony Miss Oberon had it pretty soft. She wanted her pictures to be good and she worked hard, but she didn't sit around holding Sam Goldwyn's hand when the horrible returns began coming in.

"Used to be pretty snarky about it," admits Oberon.

But that is all changed now. She has a personal interest in seeing that Papa gets his investment back. She got herself into such a state over Lydia that after it was finished they stuck her in bed, filled her with sleeping pills and stationed a hard-boiled nurse at her side to whack her over the head if she dared get up before she was completely rested.

"And *that,* dear children, is why I escaped to New York," she explained on a recent trip, adding hastily to her secretary: "Call up every store on Fifth Avenue and have them send up every shoe in the house. I'm going to spend *my* money, anyhow."

Henry the Eighth to the Rescue

The Oberon-Korda romance is comparatively new but the Korda-Oberon business association is history. Back in the days when the English were making pictures of such quality that even Parliament complained of the stench, Korda arrived and put them on the map. His first attempts were not too successful but when he made Henry the Eighth with Charles Laughton he took the curse off British films and also created a flock of stars, including the aforementioned Oberon.

Before that she had been getting a most beautiful booting-around at the studios at Wembley. She had been doing bit parts at two pounds or $10 a day and getting a reputation as one of the worst actresses in London, quite an achievement in view of the general debilitation of the British cinema. Korda saw her and asked her to take a test.

She made the test and heard no more about it. After three weeks she saw in the papers that a certain Stella Merle had been signed by Korda.

"What do you mean by changing my name without as much as a by-your-leave?" she screamed, and this confused Korda no little because his English was of the rudimentary order and he was having troubles with his adjectives, let alone these three-ply words. Her full name was Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson. She thought Merle O'Brien was all right but Korda shuddered.

"Every bobby in New York is called O'Brien," he protested.

Merle said she didn't mind that but Korda did and she suggested Auberon as a last name. At that a prominent hairdresser of the same name on Bond Street yelled bloody murder and Merle hastily compromised on Oberon and it was settled that way.

Miss Oberon is the daughter of an English army officer who died in Tasmania *(Continued on page 39)*

The Lonesome Gigolo

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

A single man like Nud, young, rich, handsome, needs someone to protect him from designing females

IT WAS no surprise to Nud to find Giles waiting at the end of the row. It had ever been like that all spring and summer. The foreman's wrath about poor plowing and slow hoeing was to be expected. Slowly Nud had learned there was a heap of difference between being a sawdust monkey at the Alden's Bridge sawmill and making a crop of cotton on Little Bee Bend plantation under the most exacting foreman in the Red River bottoms.

Nud had no idea what he was doing wrong this time but he felt confident Giles would soon tell him. At the end of the row, he said, "Whoa, babies!" hung the plows on the hooks and looked resignedly at Giles.

"I don't see no grass, Nud," the foreman said pleasantly. "And de cotton gittin' too big to let any mo' grass sprout up. So I reckon you done laid by yo' crop, son."

Nud couldn't grasp it. Here was the first good news he had heard in months. "Say which, Mist' Giles?"

"Said," Giles repeated, "hit look like you done made yo'se'f a crop er cotton, son. Now, efn de bull weevils don't eat too much, you might make about twelve bales on dem eight acres."

"Yassuh."

"Den take de cultivator to de barn and turn de mules in de pasture," Giles suggested. Nud watched the foreman ride away.

"He spoke pleasant!" Nud mused. "I wonder what is fixin' to happen to me!"

On the way to the barn, Nud began to understand that the long, lonesome battle against Johnson grass was at an end. "Mist' Giles made me do dat," he thought sadly. "He made me take dis fast-steppin' team and he fussed and quar'led at me and made me do. I didn't had hit in me but he made me."

Last spring when Ruby ran off and quit him, Nud had no hopes of making a crop. But Giles had another idea.

"You got a crop in you, and I'm gonter git hit," Giles had told him. "Ruby wa'n't no good, and I'm glad she gone. But you gonter make me a crop, onderstand?"

"Ruby claim she was puny," Nud said vaguely.

Giles pointed to the eight-acre patch assigned to Nud and Ruby. The young cotton was just breaking through the top of the ridges, and the sprouts of Johnson grass were greener, taller and healthier than was the cotton. "A grassy crop like dat," Giles said, "will make any no-good woman claim she puny. But she wa'n't ailin'."

"Nawsuh," Nud agreed quickly. "I knowed she wa'n't but she claim she was so I sont her off. She claim she goin' to Plain Dealin' to her mamma."

"You sont her to her mamma and wid all dat grass in yo' crop?"

"Nawsuh, I jest sont her off. She claim she was goin' to her mamma. But she wa'n't. She was goin' to Alden's Bridge. She got a friend at Alden's Bridge dat sets blocks in de sawmill."

Giles shook his head. "Nud," said Giles, "I don't think you got as much sense as I think you got. Now, who gonter chop yo' cotton, whilst you's plowin'?"

Nud rolled his eyes. "I 'on't know."

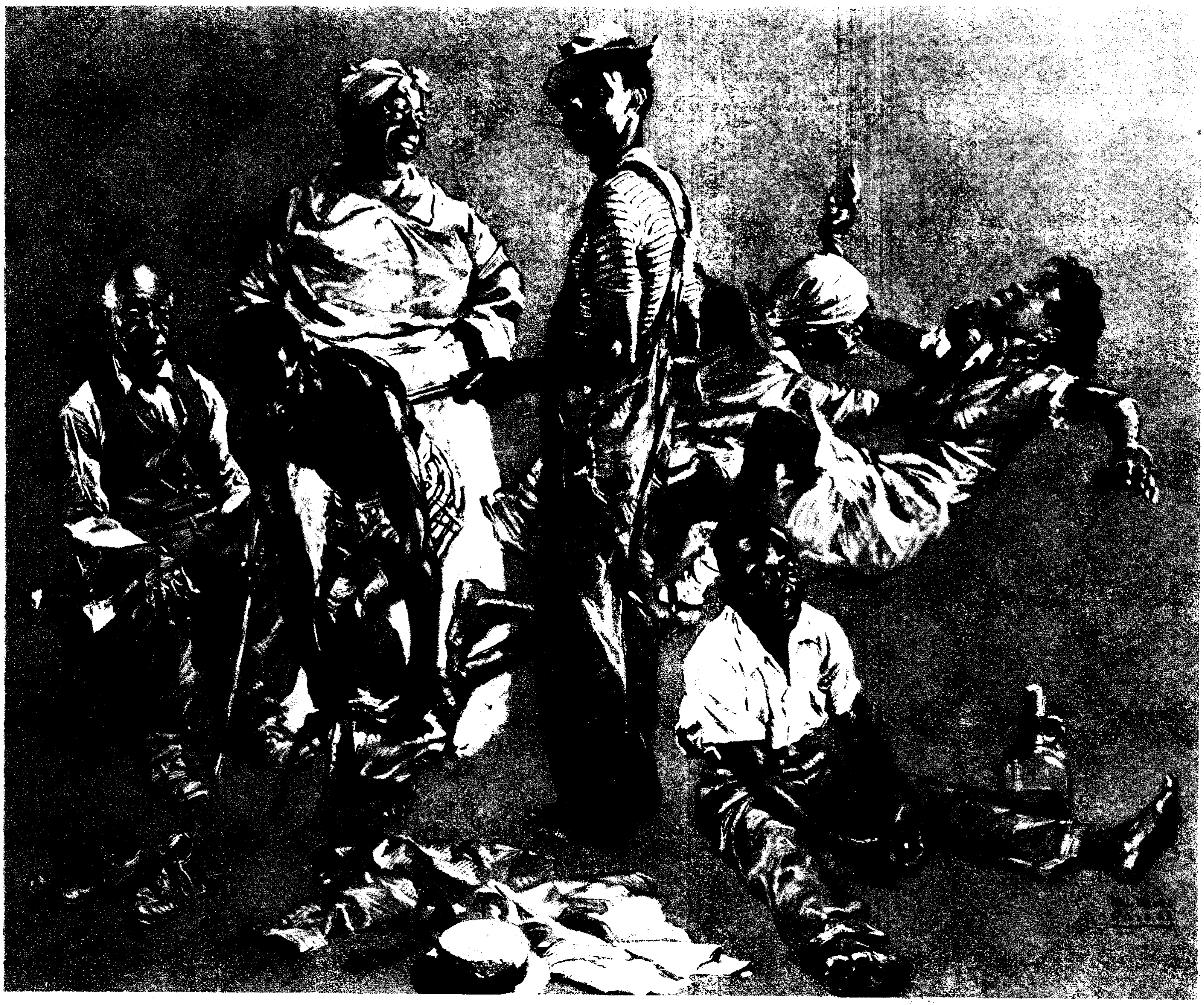
"Well, I know," Giles had decided. "You gonter chop hit. You gonter plow hit over and den you gonter git yo' hoe. You take de fastes'-steppin' team in de lot, so's you kin plow over in two days and den you gonter take de next five days and chop hit out, ev'y week. Onderstand?"

Nud slowly calculated. "Dat'll make me chop on Sunday, too."

"Efn you don't git done choppin' by Sadday night, you gonter do some choppin' on Sunday, cause you sho gonter work dat crop through once ev'y week!"

It had been as rough as that throughout the season. The foreman never let up for a minute. Actually, Nud had never been compelled to work on Sunday but more than once he had chopped

(Continued on page 42)



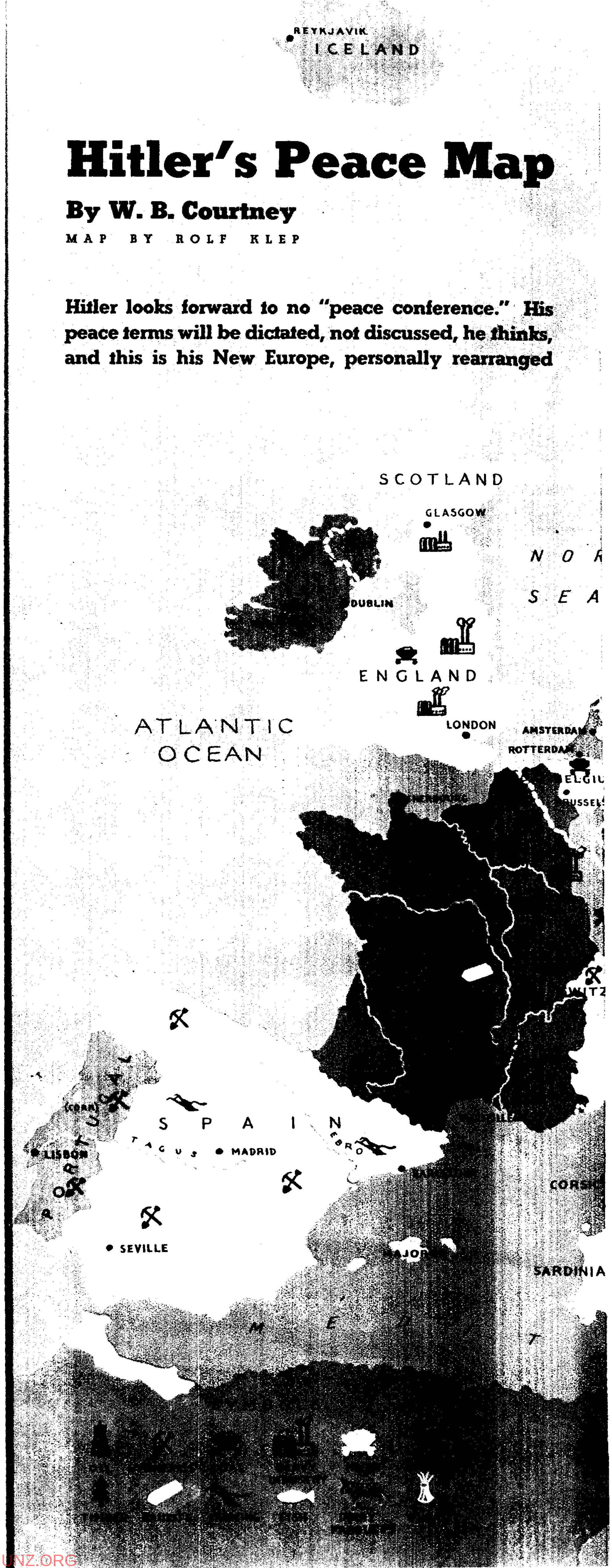
"And dis," Mamie T concluded, "is f'm me to you, on account er you's a strickly no good"

Hitler's Peace Map

By W. B. Courtney

MAP BY ROLF KLEP

Hitler looks forward to no "peace conference." His peace terms will be dictated, not discussed, he thinks, and this is his New Europe, personally rearranged



TODAY what Germans in all walks of life talk about when the schnapps is cold and the beer is flowing is: What comes after the war? They are confident of winning the military war. They know it is more important to win the political, social and economic peace.

So the Germans have become the most map-conscious people in the world. Significantly, the most noteworthy object in the living room of Hitler's mountain house at Obersalzburg is a pedestal globe map. A map was used to scare Germans into being "for the war"—the famous blanked-out map in front of which Sumner Welles had his picture taken in Paris, and which Germans believe showed the breakage of the Reich into small states.

Another map is now used to display to Germans the tempting fruits of victory. This is the "*neue Karte von Europa*." At the right, within a small percentage of give and take, is what the average German believes it will look like in the world's school and commerce textbooks after the war is over:

Holland, whose leaders, next to the English, are most hated and despised by German officialdom, disappears from the map entirely. All her territory north of the Rhine, including Rotterdam and Amsterdam, goes into the Reich. The Rhine becomes at last wholly a German river, because the Schaffhausen corner of Switzerland is to all intents and purposes German. Holland south of the Rhine, including Zeeland and North Brabant, as far east as the Maas (Meuse) goes to Belgium. The sliver east of the Maas, including Aachen, joins the Reich.

Belgium loses to the Reich everything east of the Meuse, including Eupen and Malmedy, which she took from Germany after the last war. She also surrenders Flanders, Hainaut and Namur provinces to France. The Meuse thus becomes the frontier between Belgium and Germany as far as Namur city, then between France and Germany southward.

Norway keeps her southern three quarters. North from the Vestfjord—including Narvik, terminal of the railroad to Sweden, the Lofoten, Vesteraalen and Lopphavet islands—to Hammerfest goes to Sweden. The strip from Kirkenes to North Cape goes to Finland.

Denmark gives North Schleswig to Germany, up to a line from Esbjerg to Vejle. This improves Germany's North Sea position; also gives her control of the "Little Belt," one of the strategic channels from the Baltic to the Kattegat, hence the Atlantic.

The "Little States" are Gone

Luxembourg disappears—into Germany; and with her all the little principalities of Europe fade out. The efficient Germans have an austere economic horror of these "*kleine Staaten*." Andorra goes to Spain, Lichtenstein to the Reich, Monaco will be absorbed by France. There is a possibility Lichtenstein will be traded for Schaffhausen canton in Switzerland. It is a matter of great sentiment with the Germans to have the Rhine slide against or through German soil all the way from Bodensee to Nordsee. Otherwise, Switzerland remains intact; so does Portugal. Spain, in addition to Andorra, gets Gibraltar, of course. Another touch of sentiment—gratefulness for nonintervention—gives the Irish Free State all of Ireland.

France loses to Germany all the territory she took on her eastern border after the last World War—roughly, a line from Sedan to the Swiss corner, including Alsace-Lorraine—or Moselle, Bas Rhin and Haut Rhin as the French renamed them. The important towns of Metz, Strasbourg, Mulhouse, Colmar and Belfort thus go into the Reich. That's all France loses, however; she keeps Savoy and Corsica from Italy. She gains Flanders and other sections from Belgium. And she has a great future, Germans say, as the springboard of Europe's trade with the United States.

Italy has to go east and south for her rewards. Her juiciest gifts lie on the Adriatic. She wins control, through an Italian king, of independent Croatia. She gathers into the borders of Greater Italy the whole Dalmatian coast, with Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Albania, Corfu and northern Greece from the seaport of Previza to the town of Florina. She gets Crete and Cyprus.

Europe's Two New Corridors

Some heartburn will be caused Italy, however, by one of the two main "corridors" Germany intends to maintain in Europe. It is the strip from the Austrian Alps to the Mediterranean, including the Istria peninsula with the old Austrian naval base of Pola taken by Italy after the last war: also, Fiume and Trieste. The other corridor that Germany has designed for her security and "the sake of eternal peace in Europe" is a demilitarized ribbon from Aachen through Brussels to Calais and Dunkirk, which remain permanently German fortresses. This is so that history will never again see a fight for the Channel ports. It is one of the main German ideas of how to guarantee a peaceable England. In addition, Germany will retain naval-base rights in Brest, Cherbourg and Havre—jointly with France.

Yugoslavia, the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, which first came upon the map in 1918, leaves it forthwith. She will be partitioned, the Germans plan, as follows: Serbia, with Belgrade as capital, becomes a separate nation about on the lines of 1914. Slovenia, on the northwest frontier, goes into the Reich. Slavonia and Voivodina—that is, the Danube valley north of Belgrade and the territory north of the Sava, go to Hungary. The area south of Serbia, from Nish to Monastir and the present Albanian frontier, goes to Bulgaria. So, also, does Macedonia, including Salonika. Turkish Thrace would follow, if Turkey did not co-operate.

But Turkey, agreeable, not only keeps her last finger-tip hold on the European continent; she gets new lands: all of Russia south of the Caucasian Mountains, including Georgia, Armenia, Transcaucasia and Azerbaijan. She will thus have frontage upon the Caspian as well as the Black Sea, with the important seaport of Baku.

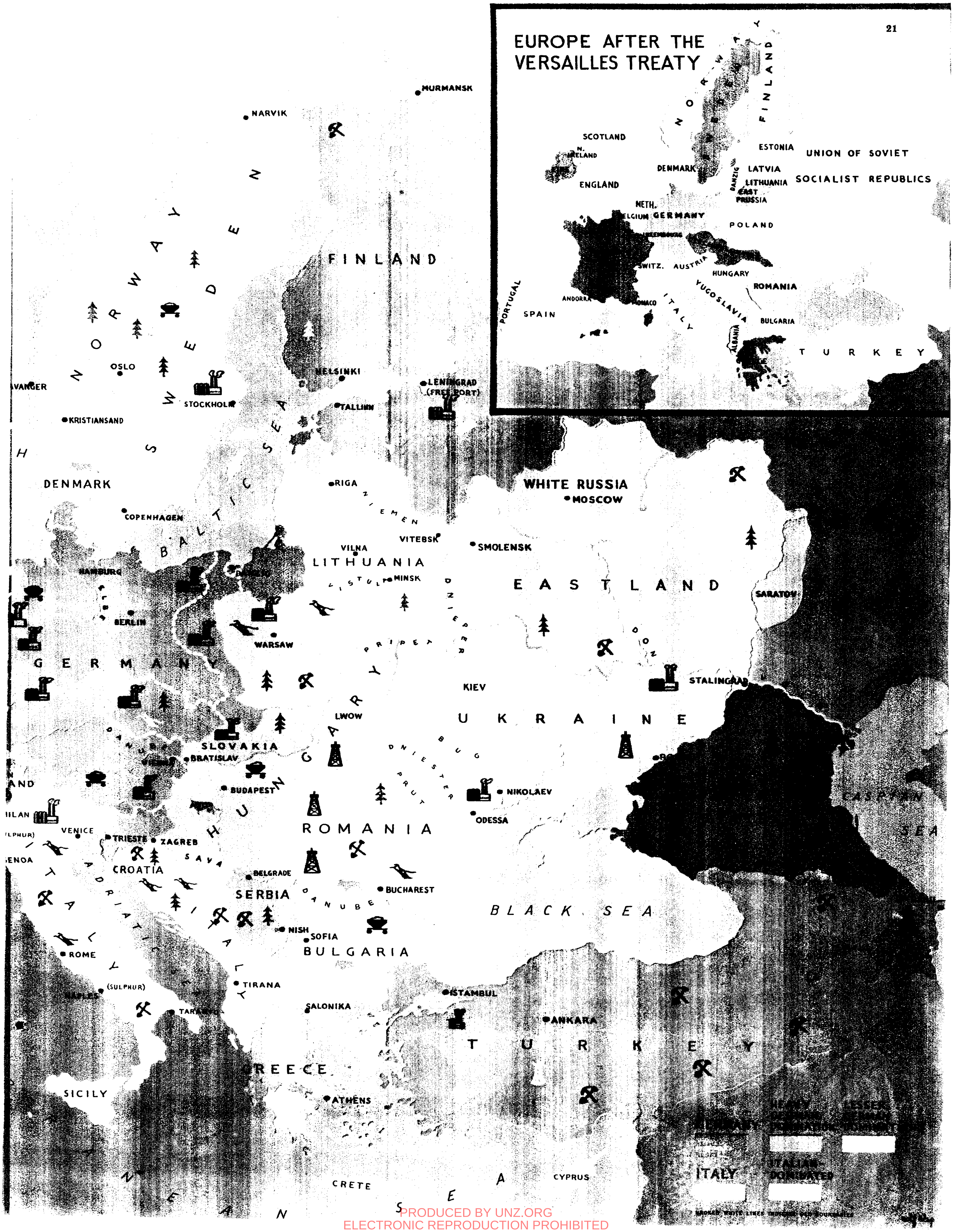
Rumania gets all of Bessarabia and additional land as far east as the Bug River, including Odessa. The Germans will concentrate on the development of Nikolaev. This great shipping center, potentially a better port than Odessa, remains Ukrainian.

Hungary, plus her chunks of Yugoslavia, gets a segment of the Ukraine north of Rumania's, possibly including Vinnitsa; and, of course, all southern and eastern Galicia, including Lemberg. Cracow remains in the Reich, which, for more than a year now, has been transferring heavy industries there, as well as to Poznan. Out of reach of bombers from the west.

Finland will be richly set up. As well as North Cape, she gets the entire Kola peninsula, all Karelia, Lakes Onega and Ladoga and Estonia. Leningrad Province will be a free port.

Latvia disappears. Lithuania becomes the core of a greatly augmented Baltic nation; one of Germany's old dreams. Vilna will be the capital, and the new country will include all of Latvia and Lithuania, Poland to Brest-Litovsk, and White Russia to Minsk and Vitebsk.

(Continued on page 56)


EUROPE AFTER THE VERSAILLES TREATY
NORWAY
FINLAND
SCOTLAND
N. IRELAND
ESTONIA
UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS
DENMARK
LATVIA
ENGLAND
DANZIG
LITHUANIA
EAST PRUSSIA
NETH.
BELGIUM
GERMANY
LUXEMBOURG
POLAND
SWITZ.
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
ROMANIA
PORTUGAL
ANDORRA
MONACO
YUGOSLAVIA
SPAIN
ITALY
BULGARIA
ALBANIA
TURKEY
MURMANSK
NARVIK
NORWAY
SWEDEN
FINLAND
OSLO
HELSINKI
LENINGRAD (FREE PORT)
STAVANGER
STOCKHOLM
TALLINN
KRISTIANSAND
BALTIC SEA
DENMARK
RIGA
WHITE RUSSIA
MOSCOW
COPENHAGEN
NIEMEN
VITEBSK
SMOLENSK
VILNA
LITHUANIA
HAMBURG
VISTULA
MINSK
DNIEPER
EASTLAND
SARATOV
ELBE
BERLIN
WARSAW
PRIPET
DON
GERMANY
STALINGRAD
KIEV
LWOW
UKRAINE
DANUBE
SLOVAKIA
VIENNA
BRATISLAV
HUNGARY
BUG
DNIESTER
PRUT
NIKOLAEV
BUDAPEST
ODESSA
MILAN
ROMANIA
CASPIAN SEA
VENICE
TRIESTE
ZAGREB
(SULPHUR)
GENOA
SAVA
CROATIA
BELGRADE
ITALY
ADRIATIC
BUCHAREST
SERBIA
DANUBE
BLACK SEA
NISH
SOFIA
BULGARIA
ROME
ITALY
TIRANA
(SULPHUR)
NAPLES
TARANTO
SALONIKA
ISTAMBUL
ANKARA
TURKEY
GREECE
SICILY
ATHENS
CRETE
CYPRUS
AEGEAN SEA
GERMANY
HEAVY GERMAN DOMINATION
LESSER GERMAN DOMINATION
ITALY
ITALIAN-DOMINATED
BROKEN WHITE LINES INDICATE OLD BOUNDARIES

China Can't Lose

By W. H. Donald

In Cathay, the graft-ridden, loot-laden and lust-loving army of imperial Japan flounders on to nowhere as the Chinese organize for victory

JAPAN cannot defeat China. Instead, she will be beaten in China—and this regardless of whatever she achieves or fails to achieve elsewhere. In fact, each new involvement on Japan's part serves to insure the eventual certainty of a Chinese victory.

When the Japanese, in July 7, 1937, declared they would conquer China within three months they believed it. The world appeared to believe them. Four years have gone. The Chinese still resist. The Japanese spasmodically fight frenziedly—but without hope of success.

The Chinese army and people have gallantly met the unrestrained onslaught of "irresistible Japan"; have shattered her prestige; have filled the Japanese leaders at home with bewilderment. The armies of Japan cannot escape from China without acknowledging defeat; nor can Japan exploit the so-called "occupied" areas with success or in peace.

Wherever there are Japanese military units in China there are Chinese to fight them. Wastage of the Japanese forces by regular Chinese soldiers or by guerrillas has reached proportions never acknowledged by the Japanese. Fighting surges from the seaboard to the far interior. There is no "front." Bloodletting proceeds without surcease everywhere—before the Japanese lines, behind them, and on all flanks.

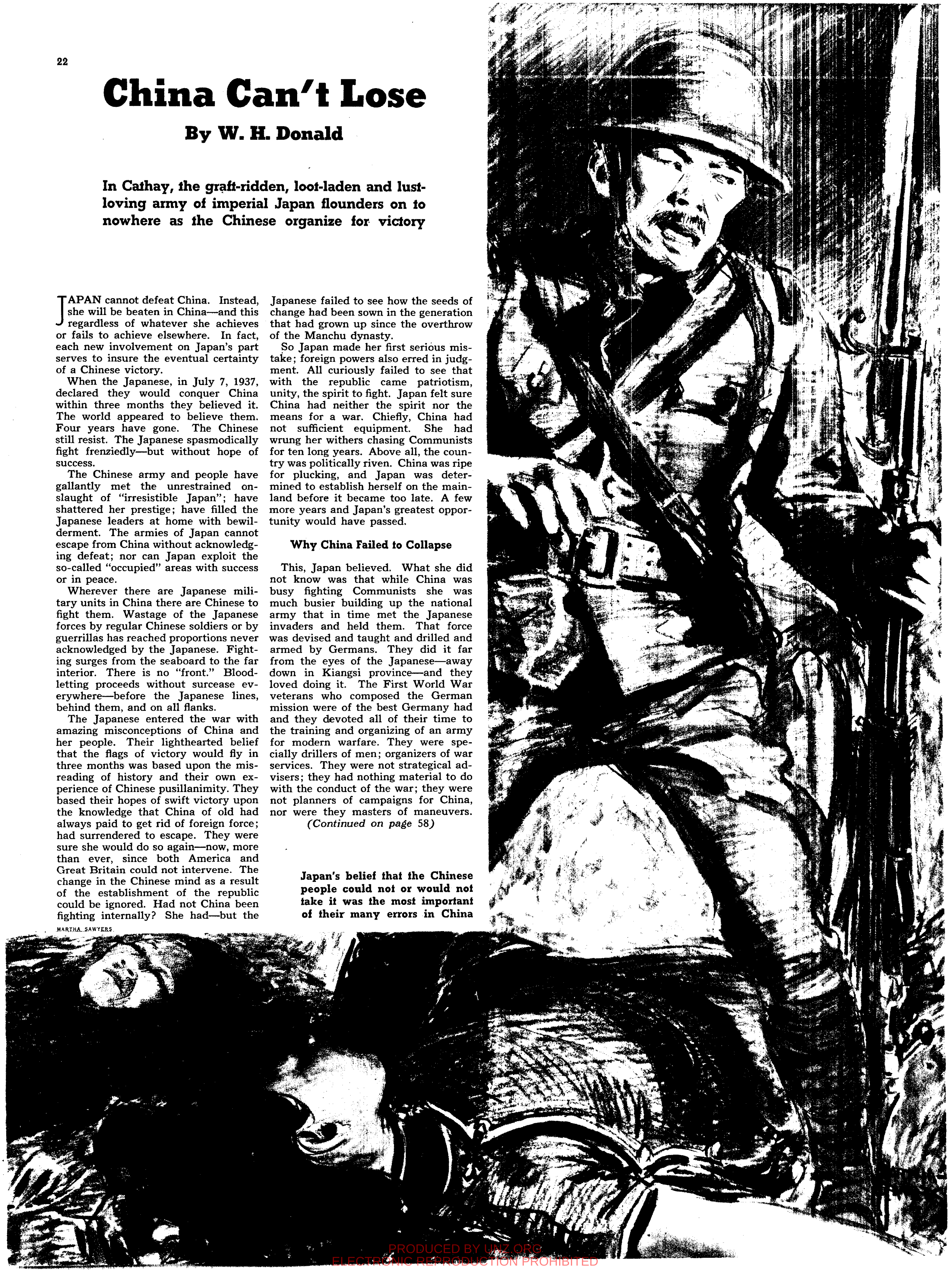
The Japanese entered the war with amazing misconceptions of China and her people. Their lighthearted belief that the flags of victory would fly in three months was based upon the misreading of history and their own experience of Chinese pusillanimity. They based their hopes of swift victory upon the knowledge that China of old had always paid to get rid of foreign force; had surrendered to escape. They were sure she would do so again—now, more than ever, since both America and Great Britain could not intervene. The change in the Chinese mind as a result of the establishment of the republic could be ignored. Had not China been fighting internally? She had—but the Japanese failed to see how the seeds of change had been sown in the generation that had grown up since the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty.

So Japan made her first serious mistake; foreign powers also erred in judgment. All curiously failed to see that with the republic came patriotism, unity, the spirit to fight. Japan felt sure China had neither the spirit nor the means for a war. Chiefly, China had not sufficient equipment. She had wrung her withers chasing Communists for ten long years. Above all, the country was politically riven. China was ripe for plucking, and Japan was determined to establish herself on the mainland before it became too late. A few more years and Japan's greatest opportunity would have passed.

Why China Failed to Collapse

This, Japan believed. What she did not know was that while China was busy fighting Communists she was much busier building up the national army that in time met the Japanese invaders and held them. That force was devised and taught and drilled and armed by Germans. They did it far from the eyes of the Japanese—away down in Kiangsi province—and they loved doing it. The First World War veterans who composed the German mission were of the best Germany had and they devoted all of their time to the training and organizing of an army for modern warfare. They were specially drillers of men; organizers of war services. They were not strategical advisers; they had nothing material to do with the conduct of the war; they were not planners of campaigns for China, nor were they masters of maneuvers.

(Continued on page 58)



Japan's belief that the Chinese people could not or would not take it was the most important of their many errors in China

MARTHA SAWYERS

THOSE GOSSIPING MARES don't know the half of it! The gasoline sold at the Red Horse Sign is stepped 'way up... *tailor-made* for fast-stepping engines.

Do car owners like it?

Yes! Their clear-cut preference makes Mobilgas America's favorite gasoline!

And for this simple reason:

Mobilgas is refined by the most advanced methods. It is constantly improved—(14 times in 5 years). No effort is spared to keep it unsurpassed in its field.

If *you* like fast-stepping, yet thrifty, performance—try Mobilgas!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.
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Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

"They Say That
Red Horse is a
Fast Stepper"

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

Actual color photograph—F. H. Lewis looks over some fine, light tobacco, before aging.

"Want this in *your* cigarette?"

"Then smoke Luckies!" says F. H. Lewis, independent tobacco warehouseman of Stoneville, N. C., "because Luckies pay the price to get milder, better-tastin' leaf like this."

"BELIEVE me—fine, mild, light tobacco like this costs real money. But that's the kind Luckies go after . . . and pay the price to get.

"I've seen 'em do it at one market after the other, all through the Tobacco Country . . . so you can bet your boots I smoke Luckies!"

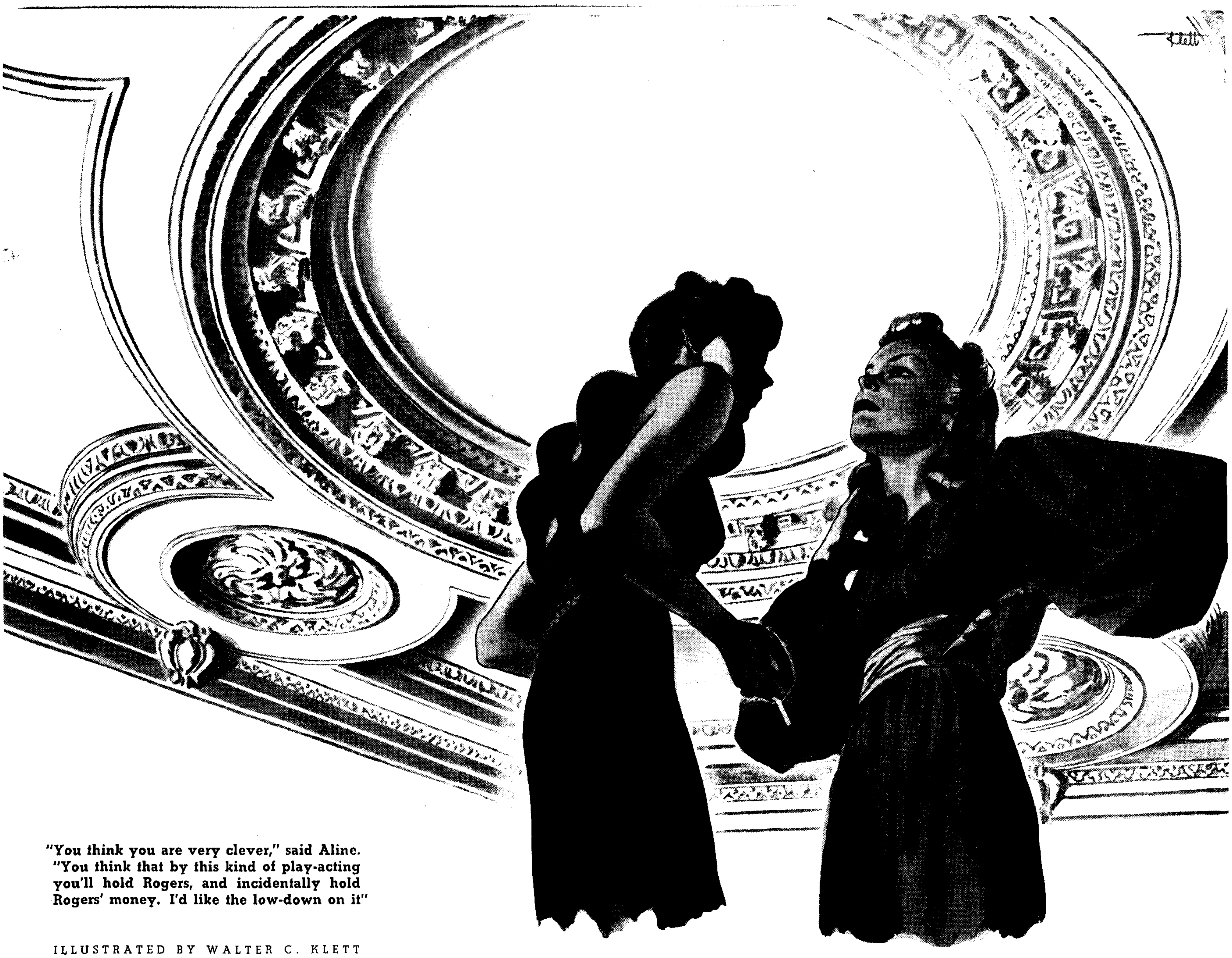
Smokers, that's a pretty good cue—from a man who knows what he's talking about—a man who has spent his life buying, selling and handling tobacco.

Of course you want milder, better-tasting tobaccos in your cigarette—the kind that bring higher prices at the auctions. Next time you step up to a cigarette counter, why not be sure you *get* these finer tobaccos? Ask for Lucky Strike.

Remember: independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—smoke Luckies by an overwhelming majority . . .

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Copyright 1941, The American Tobacco Company



"You think you are very clever," said Aline. "You think that by this kind of play-acting you'll hold Rogers, and incidentally hold Rogers' money. I'd like the low-down on it"

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

DINA CASHMAN

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Story Thus Far:

DINA CASHMAN, who lives with her impoverished family in Railway Flats near San Francisco, meets and falls in love with a young Yale Law School student—Vere Holland. Then—after Vere has returned to New Haven—she makes a dreadful discovery: she is going to become a mother!

She writes to Vere; but the boy (dominated by his hard, worldly mother) does nothing. Desperate, terrified, Dina then turns to Vere's wealthy uncle, Rogers Holland Recently jilted by the woman he loves—Aline Pierpont, who has married Andrew Havens, an artist—Rogers is in an embittered frame of mind; hoping to arouse Aline's jealousy, he calmly suggests that Dina become his wife, *in name only*.

Wanting her child to have a legal father, Dina accepts the suggestion; she marries Rogers Holland. . . . Dina's baby (a girl) is born; whereupon her life and the lives of those around her become extremely complex and difficult. Aline, preparing to divorce Havens, professes to be in love with Rogers; and Rogers looks forward to the time when he and Aline—both free—may be happily married. Vere Holland returns from Yale; he is, apparently, in love with Dina. But Dina does not wish to marry him; she cannot forgive him for what he has done; *and she is madly in love with Andrew Havens!* . . .

Believing a lie that Vere tells him (Vere assures him that Dina still loves him—Vere—and wants to marry him), Andrew Havens goes away. But, unable to be happy unless he is near Dina, he presently returns; and, in the course of several long talks, he and Dina make their plans for marrying as soon as the necessary divorces are secured.

Aline gets her divorce, and Andrew Havens is free. Unfortunately—after Dina has returned to her family's home—Rogers Holland suddenly realizes that Aline, far from being the sort of woman he would want for a wife, is a selfish, scheming person; and, although she does everything she can to inveigle him into matrimony, he postpones the Reno business.

Then he asks "a favor" of Dina—he asks her if she will write him a letter in which she informs him that she will not, under any circumstances, consider divorcing him or permitting him to secure a divorce!

Dina—remembering how deeply indebted to Rogers she is—says that she will write the letter.

Conclusion

NOW, let's you and I have an understanding, you bad boy," Aline said, freeing herself from Rogers' arms after his friendly welcoming kiss with more ease than she liked or had anticipated. "Sit down here—no, where I can hold your hand—and let's talk! What's all this about and what's the matter and what have I done?"

She had come to his house, self-invited, on this second night after his return from his long trip, dressed for dinner. She had said Caroline would be with her but Caroline had not come. And as always, Aline was beautiful beyond the lot of ninety-nine out of every hundred women in the world—beautiful with that challenging completeness that was Aline's alone.

Her slender body was swathed in velvet; her bare ivory arms were without jewelry; her shining black hair looked like enamel and the flawless skin as smooth as tinted magnolia petals; her mouth was colored a deep Burgundy, and her mysterious, fathomless eyes were filled with their own peculiar light. Set against the tapestry of a high-backed chair, and with the subdued light of one garden lamp filtering over her and mingling with the early moonlight on the terrace, she was like a Velasquez portrait of medieval aristocracy and grace.

The night was warm, the garden below scented with sharp autumn scents, cosmos and chrysanthemums, and with the faint odor of burning brush. Rogers did not take the place suggested, but sprawled in his own favorite basket chair some feet away, and took his pipe from the pocket of his worn coat.

"To begin with," said Aline, "I want to say this; I've said it to Caroline and I mean it. You did just exactly what I would have done. I mean you just wanted to wash your hands of the whole damn' business; you wanted to think; you wanted to get it all straight; and you took to the road! Why not? I knew just what you were going through and I respected you for it. Well," she added, after an imperceptible pause, during which Rogers did not make the expected protest or offer the expected explanation, "that's that."

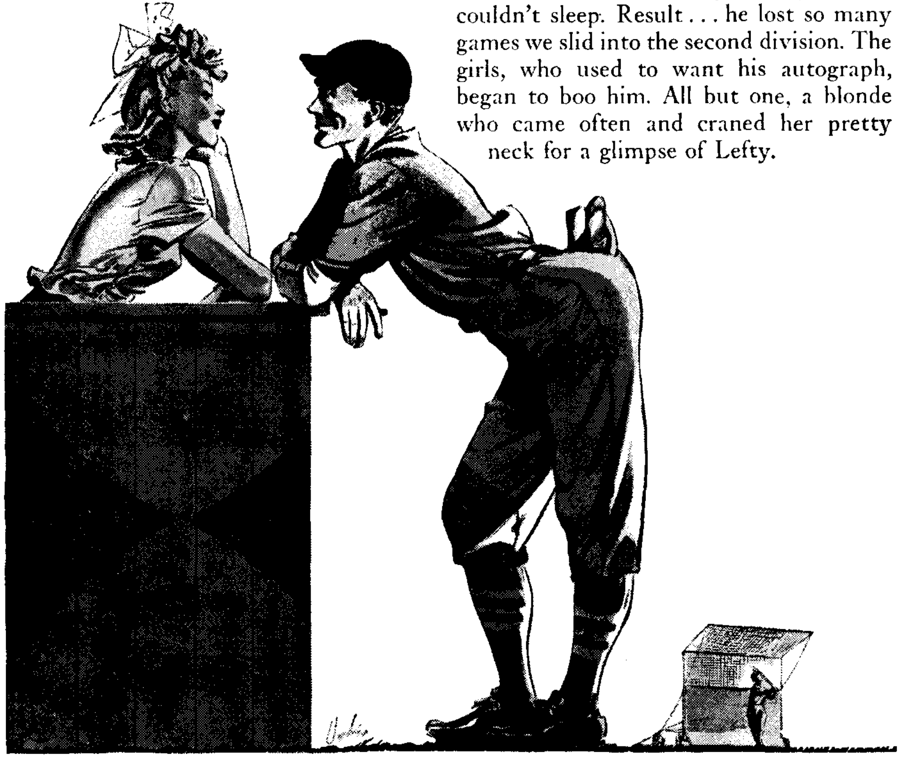
Aline stretched a beautiful hand for a cigarette, bent forward as she lighted it. Rogers made no gesture of helping her, but then it would not have been like him to do so. That would have meant that he was treating her formally, and Aline did not mean this meeting to be formal. But she wished he would relieve her of the entire burden of the conversation.

"I mean," she began again, using the favorite formula that peppered all her talk, "I mean that like a fool I told one or two of my friends that you were getting your divorce, and that we were going to be married immediately. Katty von Behrens even offered their place for a honeymoon. Our honeymoon at last, Toppy, after all these years!

"I mean I actually was that close to it!" Aline added in a silence.

Rogers took his pipe out of his mouth.

The Story of Lefty and the Blonde back of First Base

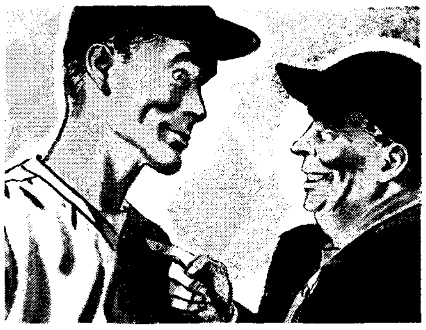


1. Lefty O'Sullivan, my star pitcher, couldn't sleep. Result... he lost so many games we slid into the second division. The girls, who used to want his autograph, began to boo him. All but one, a blonde who came often and craned her pretty neck for a glimpse of Lefty.

2. One day this blonde called me over to her box. "Do your men drink coffee?" she asked. "Sure, ordinarily," I replied, deciding she's a crackpot. "But I made Lefty cut it out—the caffein keeps him awake."

3. "You just think he cut it out," she stated. "I saw Lefty last night in a café! He drank two cups of coffee! Why don't you tell him to try Sanka Coffee...it's 97% caffein-free, and can't keep him awake!"

4. "It lets you sleep!" she continued. "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says, 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'!"



5. "Thanks," said I. So I told Lefty to try it. Soon, he's winning ball games again. The team perked up at that, and by September we're back in the race. "Lucky you thought about Sanka!" said Lefty.

6. "Thank that blonde in the first-base box," I said. "It was *her* idea!" "Introduce me!" said Lefty. "Maybe I *need* a grandstand manager!" (You guessed it... she's Mrs. Lefty now. They were married the day we clinched the pennant!)

DRIP GRIND
SANKA COFFEE
REGULAR GRIND
SANKA COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE
REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Sanka Coffee is real coffee . . . all coffee . . . a blend of fine Central and South American coffees! Drip or regular grind.

"I know. That was the plan," he said briefly, and put it back again.

"Well, exactly, that was the plan!" Aline echoed eagerly. "So, I mean what happened to the plan?" she demanded winningly. "I mean, here I was having to say to people, 'But he's not divorced!' When I got back from New York, you can imagine how I felt when they told me you were gone! I mean I'd shown Katty and Zoe and Louise some of my trousseau and, of course, it made me feel like a fool. Maybe I am a fool about you, anyway."

She smiled her slow Oriental smile, spread her hands appealingly.

"Not a line or a note—"

"I sent you a note, following up that talk we had before you ever went to Reno. Remember the night I told you it was all off? But I wrote it, too, and sent it by Hall."

"I never got it!" Aline said quickly.

"I don't know what happened to it, then. He came back and said he had left it. But we'd talked it all out anyway. We'd settled it."

"I don't remember settling anything at all. Except that you hadn't gotten a divorce, as you promised to, and that you ran away. But I knew that you'd be home some day, Toppy, and that we'd talk it over and straighten it all out. I mean I haven't changed in the least. I mean I did go to Reno and get my divorce, and so where am I?"

"LOOK here, Aline," said Rogers, "I've been married twice, and you've been married three times. We're sensible people; we're not kids jumping into experiments. It seems to me that if one or the other of us comes to the conclusion that it would be a mistake, that ought to be enough."

"It wouldn't take me very long," Aline answered him patiently, "to convince you that it wasn't a mistake. That it was the happiest thing that ever happened to either of us. I mean that you've never been spoiled, Rogers, and I want a chance to spoil you. With all the dinners you've given in this house, dinners when poor Anna was alive, bridge dinners, men's dinners, you've never known what real hospitality is."

She looked so lovely, so entirely the alluring woman as she said this, that to Rogers himself it was strange that he could answer with outward calm:

"You never can tell, can you? It might work out."

But he was more shaken than he knew. He felt the curious power she had always held over him since as a boy he had seen a sixteen-year-old girl dancing in black lace with poppies in her hair.

"I think we could tell!" Aline said quickly. "You're the oldest friend I have."

"Light a fire in there, will you, Hinz?" Rogers said to the butler, hearing him busy with the fastenings of the tall French windows.

"It's lighted, sir."

"Good. And bring in this chair, will you? I brought it out here for Mrs. Havens.

"Aline," Rogers said, when they were settled with drinks and canapés by the fire, "has it ever occurred to you that it might be Dina?"

"Dina!" she echoed quickly. "You mean she's fallen in love with you? That's nonsense, no matter what she says. Caroline tells me that Vere is mad to marry her now."

"I don't know that she's fallen in love with me. I know that she refuses me a divorce."

A silence, while Aline looked at him steadily.

"What are you talking about?" she said then.

"Hasn't it ever occurred to you that might be it?"

"But—good gracious, it was all arranged!"

"We may have thought it was. But perhaps," Rogers said mildly, "she changed her mind, too."

"Hinz says dinner's ready, Rogers," said a voice from the doorway. The man and the woman at the fireside turned as if electrified. Dina had come into the room, a demure and well-brushed Dina in a simple dark dress that Rogers had seen many times before.

"Hello, Aline," she said, coming forward. "No Caroline? I thought she was coming, too."

She slipped easily into her big chair, completing the semicircle by the fire, smiled at the other two.

"No, nothing for me, Hinz," she said to the butler. "We'll be coming right out. I wasn't sure I could make it today, Rogers," Dina went on, "so I didn't write. I left the baby with Mother. But I've had a talk with Mrs. Bucket and a hot bath and it seems good to be here again!"

"I was just telling Aline—" Rogers began.

"Of your reconciliation," Aline put in as he paused. She was breathing a little hard, and her carved ivory nostrils were flaring and narrowing like those of a restive horse, but she gave no other sign of whatever she might be feeling.

"It could hardly be a reconciliation when there wasn't ever a quarrel," Dina said innocently. "I don't think we ever quarreled, did we, Rogers?"

"I don't believe we ever did." She knew he was all but speechless with surprise and satisfaction. "Unless it was about Russian bank," he added.

"Oh, well, I won't play Russian bank!" Dina declared firmly.

"Because you have never mastered its intricacies, my dear," Rogers' tone held just the pleasantly teasing note of the husband and householder.

"I didn't bring Margaret, Rogers, because I wasn't sure just how things were here," Dina said.

"You're very devoted to your little girl, aren't you?" Aline asked. Dina smiled dreamily, brought her eyes from the fire to meet those of the other woman.

"She's very cunning just now," she said, "walking and talking. But Rogers," Dina interrupted herself to say apologetically, "here you are back from real adventures and we've not asked you anything about them! Tell us about the ship you went off in—a freight ship, wasn't it? Wasn't it horribly uncomfortable? And let's go out to dinner before we get started, for Chong has probably half killed himself getting up something extraordinary!"

A FRIEND'S car was to come for Aline when she telephoned for it. Pleading a headache she had Rogers telephone immediately after dinner. Neither Rogers nor Dina attempted to persuade her to change her mind, but both knew that no powers of pleading could influence her to do so. While Rogers telephoned, Dina and Aline were for five minutes alone. Of that short interval Aline took immediate advantage, wasting no moment upon pleasantries.

"You think you are very clever," said Aline, looking at the younger woman through narrowed lids. "You think that by this kind of play-acting you'll hold Rogers, and incidentally hold Rogers' money. I'd like the low-down on it. Why didn't he get a divorce?"

"I really don't know," Dina answered candidly. "I had gone up to Stockton to be with my mother. The first thing I heard was that Rogers had gone to China."

"I want to tell you something and I want to say it quickly," Aline said. "I can make it very well worth your while to drop this silly nonsense and get your divorce as you promised to last winter. Vere's mother is my oldest friend and if you happened to want to marry Vere—"

"Vere asked me to marry him," Dina said simply, as Aline, seeing that she had made no impression, paused with her shrewd, cold glance as fixed as a snake's upon Dina's face, "when he thought Rogers and I were going to be divorced. But this way," she finished, "seemed wiser."

"It won't be wise for Rogers, I warn you," Aline began again quickly, "to have his wife discussed as you may be discussed."

"I think people have said everything of me that they can say," Dina answered, unruffled.

"And you propose to live along here with Rogers?"

"Well, that's what most wives do, isn't it?"

"That has nothing to do with it!" Aline said sharply.

"I COULDN'T raise the Harrison Garage at all," Rogers said, returning, "but it occurs to me that Hall's here; I don't know why I didn't think of it before. Where are you staying, Aline?"

"With Caroline. Did you tell Hall?"

"Yep, and he's waiting. But why rush? That aspirin may ease up your head any minute—" But even as he spoke, Rogers was walking with her toward the hall, and when he came back five minutes later he was alone, and Dina had heard the front door slam and the movement of a car on the drive. "Geraldine," he said, "what inspired you?"

"I only thought of it after you left Stockton yesterday," she explained. "I'd promised to write you a letter, you know, but when I thought it over it seemed silly not to come myself. It seemed so much more convincing to be right here, instead of your handing her a letter from me! In the first place," she went on, back in her seat now, with Rogers opposite her in the old way, "I knew you'd never hand it to her. I was afraid she'd talk you over."

"She would have; she would have," said Rogers, pulling on his pipe, stretched luxuriously in his low leather chair, smiling at space. "I'm weak, Geraldine. I was beginning to think, 'Damn it, it is Aline, after all, and Lord, but she's beautiful, and what of it? If she wants to try it here for a while and then get a divorce—'

"No, no, no," he interrupted himself, "it wasn't really getting me! But when you walked in, Geraldine, calm and affectionate and just the lady of the house welcoming a guest—"

He was silent again, and Dina was silent, too, her hands clamped on the arms of her chair as they had been in many a talk beside this fire, her eyes fixed on his.

"Well, you're a remarkable girl," Rogers finished. "Some day the lad'll come along who'll be good enough for you. But meanwhile, you'll pull me out of the tightest hole I ever got into. Whew! Never again. Now what do you plan to do?"

"I thought—I was thinking, driving down," Dina began.

"How'd you get here, by the way?"

"You had the big car in town, and Mrs. Bucket sent Porty Joe with the green car. I telephoned her last night and had a long talk."

"You're deep, that's what you are. Well, go on. How'll we manage this?"

"I was thinking this, Rogers: Suppose I go home every Monday and stay until Friday or Saturday. Then come down here so that at the club on Saturday or Sunday we'll be seen together."

"You don't have to do that every week end. Just until Caroline and Aline accept the idea."

"Well, nearly every week end."

"She'll have a grand powwow with Caroline, as soon as she gets there!"

"I suppose so."

"Lord, Geraldine, this is one house with you in it, and another without you!" Rogers said.

They sat in silent contentment until Hinz respectfully interrupted:

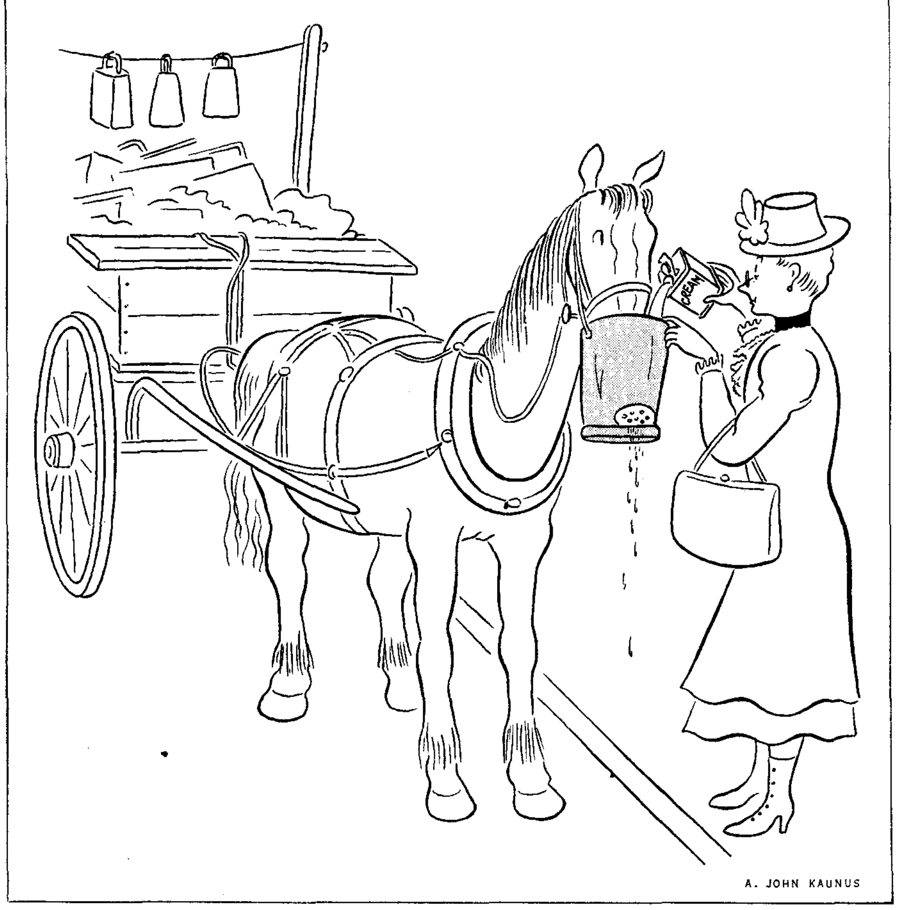
"Would you and Mrs. Holland like the cribbage board, sir?"

"By all means!" Rogers answered. "I was eleven up."

"Nine. Don't you remember I won two games and I said you were a baseball team ahead?" Dina asked.

"Nine it is. This is fun!" They were both laughing as they drew up their chairs.

But Dina did not laugh in the long watches of the night, and she was not



A. JOHN KAUNUS

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

Uncle A: Well! Well! Doris. So your *engagement's* going to be announced tonight!

Uncle B: I must say you don't seem very *thrilled* about it!

Uncle A: Looks like a little job for us, Bert. The poor girl's short on "pep appeal."

Uncle B: Right you are, Andy. Maybe she isn't getting all her vitamins. We'll have to take her in hand.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED

Uncle A: Lucky your mother had some KELLOGG'S PEP in the house, for it's a grand place to start on vitamins. Yessir, PEP is extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant and thus most needed in ordinary diets—vitamins B_1 and D. You start getting all your vitamins and you'll feel like a different girl!

The Girl: *Wait a minute!* Instead of all that talk about vitamins, why didn't you tell me how *good* PEP is? Wow! This tastes grand!

The Girl: See you later, and thanks a million for that tip about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP. You just watch what a different girl I'm going to be.

The Uncles (in unison): Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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Ben's I.Q. was way up —but the world turned him down

BEN'S PROFESSORS called him "The Brain." Pretty girls called him "The Profile." But the closer Ben got to a girl, the more distant she became. For brains and good-looks go begging—when a man has underarm odor.

PERSONNEL MANAGER

IN BUSINESS Ben figured his high-powered brains would zoom him up the hill to success in high. Imagine his embarrassment when he stalled! Ben was going nowhere fast—when a newspaper ad pulled him up—

THINK!
YOUR BATH CAN REMOVE ONLY PAST PERSPIRATION! TO PREVENT RISK OF FUTURE UNDERARM ODOR—USE MUM!

NOW THAT BEN uses Mum every day, he's going places! He always had brains and personality—Mum gave them a chance to get across. Underarm odor keeps many an able citizen down—until he plays safe with Mum!

- NO MAN can afford to take chances with underarm odor. Remember your daily shower only takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of odor to come. A quick dab of Mum—30 seconds to apply—prevents underarm odor all day or evening long. Harmless to skin and shirts—does not stop perspiration. Get Mum today!

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

laughing when she met Andy in San Francisco the next day. Her wire had said, "Under the clock at the Saint Francis at one," and it was in one of the high-backed red velvet chairs in the hotel foyer that he found her, sitting erect, lovely in her autumnal costume of browns and blacks, strangely pale.

"You did come down after all!"

"I came down yesterday."

"But you look tired; you've no color at all," Andy said solicitously, as they reached the street. "Don't you want lunch?"

"Yes, somewhere," she said nervously. "But not here. Everyone will know us in here! Where could we go to walk?"

"To *walk!* I thought you said you were hungry."

"I am. But I was thinking of the beach, maybe—the cliffs somewhere, or some place in the park. Let's go out to the Cliff House—I want to go somewhere we won't be seen."

"I know. We'll go to Julius' Castle." He helped her into a taxi, took her hands and held them tight. "What's the matter, darling?" he asked.

"Just—I'll tell you. But first let's get seated—"

"You drove yourself down yesterday and got tired?"

"No; I telephoned Mrs. Bucket and she sent Porty Joe for me."

"I don't seem to place Mrs. Bucket."

"Rogers' housekeeper."

"Oh. Oh, yes. And she sent up for you. But why didn't you telephone me? I'd have come like a shot. And why didn't you let me know you were down here?"

"Well, because—" She waited while he paid the driver and while they entered the little hillside restaurant and found a table in a corner close to a great window overlooking the city and the bay. "Andy," Dina said then, "Rogers is back."

"I saw that in the paper yesterday."

"Yes; and he came to Stockton to see me on Monday. That's—that's why I came down. He wants me to go back to *him.* I have gone back to *him.*"

"What—darling! This doesn't make sense!" Andy said.

"He doesn't want a divorce."

A LONG silence. Andy looked at her steadily; Dina looked away.

"I see," Andy said then, clearing his throat.

"No, of course you don't see," she said in a low voice; "but I do. I see what I have to do."

"You mean he wants you to go back to him." Andy said it patiently, not making it a question. "Why? I thought it was all a plan—I thought you never had been his wife—"

He stopped. Dina looked at him honestly, her cheeks suddenly red.

"Yes, that's true. But he wants me back."

"You mean—I don't get this," Andy muttered. "Anything, anything," he said to the waiter. "Bring us lunch; you select it. But, Dina," he resumed, "you can't do that."

"I have to," Dina said.

"You mean that now, after his throwing you out, after his saying he wanted to marry Aline—all that's wiped out, and now he wants you back!"

"Apparently," Dina said faintly.

"But you don't *want* to!"

"I want—" she began. Her voice thickened and her eyes filled, and she went on in a low tone that she tried to hold steady. "I want to marry you, of course, Andy," she said.

Instantly his hand came out and covered hers.

"But that's what you're going to do," he said; "and he can marry Aline."

"He doesn't want to, now."

"Doesn't want to!"

"No. That's it. She does."

"And you're to be the buffer?"

"As long as I'm his wife, and won't give him a divorce, she can't."

"But everyone knows what the plot was!"

"I know. Aline came down to see Rogers last night. She was to bring Caroline, but Caroline didn't come. Aline was dressed as if it was a party. She was going to fix it all with Rogers."

"Well?"

"Well, I was there," Dina said simply.

"So she couldn't. I see."

"She went home very early; she said she had a headache; and Rogers and I played cribbage."

Andy's handsome, hard face was grim. "Why should you do that for him, Dina?"

"Because I must. Oh, you know," Dina burst out, suddenly abandoning the quiet, repressed manner she had forced upon herself during the beginning of the talk, "you know what a goggle-eyed *simpleton* Rogers can be! Mrs. Bucket tells me that his first wife was a hypochondriac, always imagining something was wrong with her, but that he took it all with the utmost seriousness, had nurses, sent her away for cures, believed everything. All his life he's believed everything Aline ever said about wanting to be a country lady, gardening and having a houseful of children! Until this year, that is; now he knows. I don't know what he discovered or saw or suspected, but last night just before I went upstairs, he said to me, 'She couldn't play fair with me even while we were engaged!' And I know she hasn't from something I saw. She doesn't love him. And he was good to me," Dina went on, her lips suddenly trembling, "and I'll stand by *him.* She shan't have him!"

"But great Allah! Can't he tell her so? Hasn't he any spunk at all?" Andrew said loudly.

"No; Rogers hasn't. Or not where she's concerned. He's loved her too long, or thought he did. Anyway, she has some hold on him."

"And he feels that keeping you there, young and lovely and—and dear as you are—will keep her out? So you don't matter, and nothing matters except that that fat—that toad," Andy said angrily, "is to be protected by the ruination of your life!"

"Well, after all, you took her away from him, Andy," Dina said timidly, "and that started all this."

"I'd never heard of him! She never once told me about being engaged to him!"

"He stood by me," Dina persisted.

"Not because he felt any obligation to you!"

"No, but he was always kind—when I was so ill, when the house was full of nurses, and Margaret was squalling."

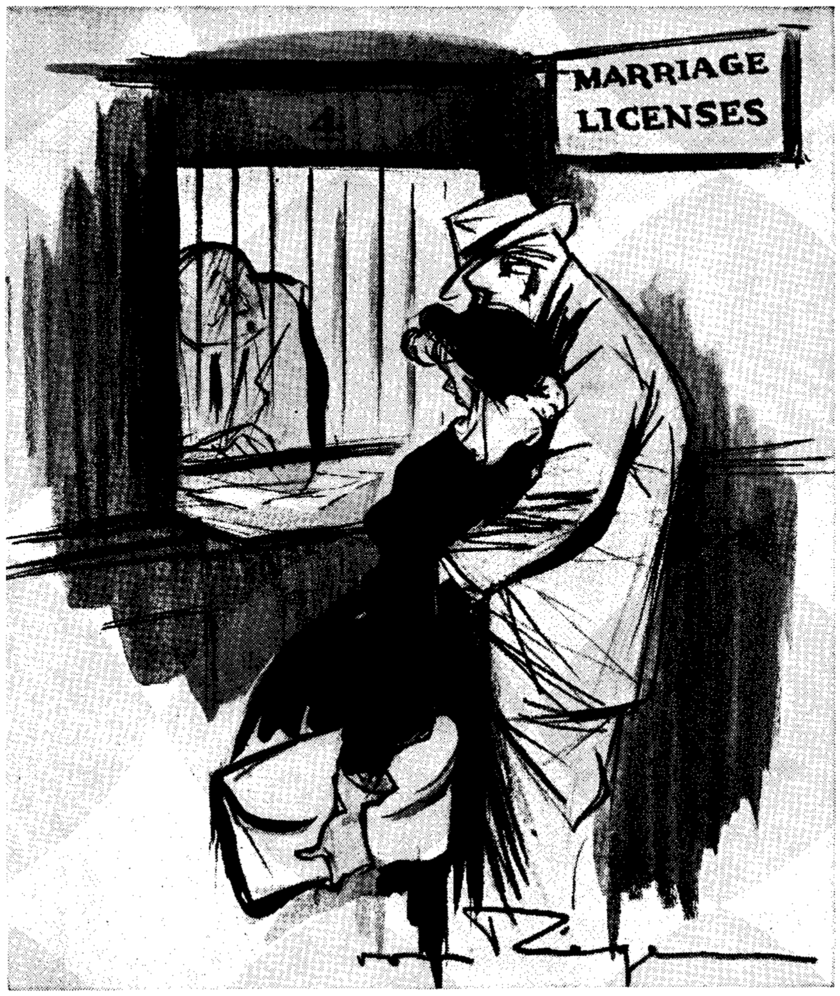
"HOW long, presumably, will this delightful arrangement go on?" Andy finished a ramekin of mushrooms and crabmeat and truffles with three savage bites.

"I'm finished, too. We'll have the salad," Dina said to the waiter. To Andy she answered simply, "I don't know."

"Can you see," Andy argued, "what the reverse situation would be? Can you think how you'd feel if I was going back to live in the house with some attractive woman, dine with her every night, stand before the world as her husband? How'd that seem to you? Would you believe—would it make sense to you that I never was going to touch her, to put my arm around her, to remember that after all she was my wife?"

"As to that," she said, her face hot, "you needn't worry. It would never occur to him to make love to me, to feel that I was anything but what I've been from the beginning—the daughter in his house, who keeps away complications."

Andrew looked at her a long time. When he spoke his voice was gentle. "You are a wonderful woman, Dina. I wonder who else would do that?" he said. He saw her bite her lip, saw her



"Well! What can I do for you?" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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There are a lot of workers in the Bell System—about 350,000 of them. That's a big family and it likes to be a friendly kind of family.

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Bell Telephone System

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PROLON BRISTLE won't get soft and soggy!...won't break off! No other nationally advertised brush has newer, costlier, or better du Pont synthetic tooth brush bristle . . . because **there is no newer, costlier, or better grade on the market.**

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"ROUND-END" BRISTLES
No other brush has them!

Photo-micrographs show why patented "Round-End" bristles insure gentler action on the gums:

ORDINARY BRISTLE—note the harsh, jagged points. "ROUND-END" PROLON bristles—obviously gentler to the gums.

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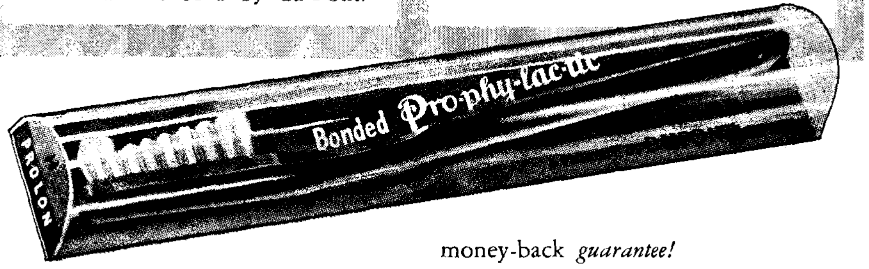
MONEY BACK guarantee of six months service—the only brush in the world with this definite guarantee! No other nationally advertised tooth brush can possibly have longer-lasting bristle than PROLON . . . our name for the finest grade of synthetic tooth brush bristle sold by du Pont.

GET THE *Bonded* Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSH



Bristles don't turn soggy!
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What a tooth brush this new BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic is! Its PROLON bristles are the costliest tooth brush bristles that du Pont makes . . . the *only* synthetic bristles with patented "Round-Ends!"

BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic is specifically guaranteed for six months of use. The brush may actually last a year, eighteen months, two years. No one knows. It has not been on the market long enough to find out. But, note carefully, that only Pro-phy-lac-tic, among all tooth brush manufacturers, gives a definite six months money-back *guarantee!*

The big *plus* in favor of Pro-phy-lac-tic is "Round-End" treatment of the bristles . . . a process which no other manufacturer can use because it is protected by U. S. Pat. No. 2,066,068. Together with the 6-months money-back guarantee, this "Round-End" gentler-to-the-gums feature makes reason enough for you to insist on BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic!

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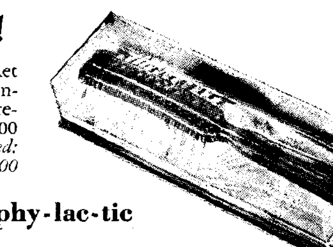
A New Line of Plastic Brushes!

Another Pro-phy-lac-tic triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in clear plastic . . . in a choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant bristles of du Pont Prolon. $1.50 to $10.00—at most good brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . $4.00*



Jewelite Brushes *by* Pro-phy-lac-tic

face wrinkle, but when she spoke it was with complete self-control:

"There's something I want to say to you, Andy, and now may be my last chance. You'll be going east, and my plans are nowhere. I may get a divorce in five months; it might be five years."

"It won't be five years," he said steadily.

"No, it won't be five years. When you're kind to me," Dina said, blinking and gulping and attempting a smile, "you break—you break me all up. But we're going to part for a while anyway; we'll have to forget our little Connecticut farm for a while, and I want you to know something before you go. It's this—"

She looked down at the table in silence for a full two minutes. The waiter took away the plates, put cheese and coffee before them; withdrew.

"IT'S this," Dina began again. "I am your wife. Forever and forever, until we're both old, I'm your wife. When you've gone I'm going to live ahead all the years, years when I'll pour your breakfast coffee, with the snow outside, or the hot summer morning; years when we'll take Margaret and the other children off for beach picnics, pin up their clothes, dry off their sandy little feet; years when you'll take me to galleries and everyone will know that that's Andrew Havens, the artist, and his wife; years of evenings together, Andy, when the fire's burning, and you look up from your book and I look up from mine, and we smile at each other; all the years there are—your *wife.*

"And one thing more," she went on, as he did not speak, and they looked at each other with brimming eyes, "I'll never love any other man. You can marry someone else; you might die; it wouldn't make any difference; I'll never belong to anyone but you.

"I'll live on thinking that, Andy. I'll not change. And I'll write you, and tell you all about things at Mother's, and things down in Rogers' too. I'll send you pictures of Margaret, and no matter how long it is, I'll be living for the day when we two get into your old car and start off into heaven together!"

She was so stirred that she had to put her elbows on the table when she had finished, and cover her eyes with her hands. For a long time Andy did not speak. Then he said:

"Dina, will you give me tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" she echoed, swallowing, smiling, wiping her eyes.

"Yes. I think I'll go tomorrow. Jim Robinson, the curator, is here; he's lecturing at Town Hall at two o'clock. I'll drive east with him. But I'll have all tomorrow until—well, until five. Will you come to town again and lunch with me, and we'll go up into Chinatown, and buy each other presents as we did that first day?"

"Oh, yes; I'll do that!" she said, eagerly and gratefully. And then in a whisper, "Oh, Andy, I love you so!"

"Love! You don't know anything about love," he said gently, his lean, sunburned face wearing its pleasantest smile. "But some day I'll show you what it is. So we have today and tomorrow, Dina."

"I'm meeting Rogers late this afternoon. There's a wedding at four, but I can skip that and meet him at the reception. He wants people to see us together. But we have until then! Andy, you are so kind not to make this too hard for me!" Dina said, her wet eyes trying to smile at him.

"I'm *dazed.* The bullet has gone clear through me," Andrew said. "Now I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll walk to the garage—that's quite a walk—and get my car, and go out and sit on the cliffs. Or go over the bridge into Marin if you like, and walk there. And tomorrow we'll see the mural and do Chinatown, and then maybe, if you're tired, go sit in some dark movie where there are comfortable chairs, and I can have my arm around you. Then we'll say goodby, and I'll pick up Robinson, and we'll be on our way. We're starting late because of his lecture."

"You'll go through Stockton?"

"Not if I can help it! Dina, will you do one thing for me?"

Her eyes, bright and dark with tears and happiness and relief, answered him.

"Tomorrow, you know, when we're shopping in Chinatown, I wish you'd do something for me."

"What?"

"Do you know that old red brick church right on the edge of Chinatown? That's one of the oldest Catholic churches in San Francisco. That's the old Cathedral—Saint Mary's. Will you go in there with me tomorrow and go up to the altar and say that you'll be my wife forever and ever, in sickness and in health, for richer or poorer, until death do us part?"

Their hands were locked together. Dina's eyes were shining; her lips parted like those of an awestruck child.

"Oh, you know I will, you know how I will love to do that, Andy! How ever did you think of it?"

"I thought of it just now. When you said how you would think ahead across the years and think of yourself as always my wife. All right then," Andy said, signaling for the check, "we'll get the car. We have until five o'clock today and we have tomorrow!"

"Tomorrow will be the hardest!" she half whispered, keeping very close to him as they went into the street. And she counted the hours jealously. "Until five—that's only two and a half hours. Andy; and then tomorrow, ten to five—that's only seven more."

"We'll pack 'em!" he said. But for both of them the present ecstasy and the thought of the coming parting were almost too much, and when she and Hall left Andrew at his hotel the following afternoon Dina looked white and wan.

"I think I'll not get out, Andy. Goodby, dear."

"Goodby," he said. And for Hall's benefit he added, "And a million thanks for everything!"

But he had kissed her in the darkness of the almost empty movie house, had kept his big arm about her, and she could remember that. She could remember the marvelous moment in the old church, when they two had knelt in a dark back pew and stared at the altar that was blazing with candles for Exposition, and had whispered their vows.

"I'll always be your wife, Andy, forever. In sickness and in health. For richer, for poorer. Until death do us part."

THEY had come out of the church solemn and with eyes strangely alight. There had been no flowers, no kisses, no joyous congratulatory group, but Dina had known that many a bride had felt less married than she did as she and Andy walked to a little French restaurant in Bush Street for lunch.

It had been bewildering, unreal to go from him to meet Rogers, to be caught in a tide of a real wedding party, to move in a dream among chattering groups in a city mansion. A score of friendly voices had greeted Dina as the reception went upon its milling, laughing, crowded way.

"He got back Monday. Yes; I was with my mother while he was on his travels," Dina had said over and over again. "My baby's quite small, you know."

"And you'll both be home now for a while?"

"For a while."

Rogers had been in great spirits as they drove home.

"See Vere there?"

"No, I didn't. I didn't get out of the dining room once I'd gotten in there. Things were so congested that I helped pass coffee."

"Vere spoke to me for a moment, he asked for you, and I said very casually that you were there somewhere, that we'd gotten separated somehow in the crush. He said, 'Oh, she's here, then?' and asked how he could telephone you, and I said, 'At the house any time,' and that was all."

"Aline wasn't there?"

"No, but Caroline was, and Aline will get a full account of it."

Dina had rested contentedly against the comfortable cushions of the big car. Tomorrow was to be their day—hers and Andy's. She would look no farther than that.

But when tomorrow had come and gone a great blankness seemed to come over her, a languor of soul and body, the voice of Andy was continually in her ears and the touch of his hand on hers. Dina would lie flat in the long wakeful nights, remembering, remembering. She thought of the streets through which they had walked, of the little restaurant tables where they had lunched; she thought most often of the old Cathedral and of Andy and herself kneeling and whispering in one of the shadowy pews, and her heart shook within her, and she felt that she could not live with the knowledge that he was going farther and farther away from her.

Christmas came, and this time Dina's family came down to spend a day with their married daughter, and to marvel at the big house and impressive state in which Dina lived. Rogers—himself the suggester of the plan—had said that he probably would not be able to be present at the one-o'clock feast, but loitering on from moment to moment, he had remained to the end, which had come with surprising abruptness.

For the Cashmans were not experienced in social niceties. They arrived at noon, cold and car-tired; they admired the house, they left Dina's presents tied nicely in ribbons and silver paper, and accepted their own presents quietly, stowing them in the cars for examination later. They did full justice to the hearty dinner; Myrna trying her young conversational arts upon Rogers, Donny solemn, with a napkin tied about his neck, Margaret kept up after nap time to occupy the high chair.

But when the meal was over there were unmanageable silences, and Dina's father said restlessly that they had better begin to think of starting for home. It was a long run and a pretty cold day. At half past two, to Dina's secret relief, with thanks that were expressed in their awed faces and subdued manners rather than by anything they said, they left in two cars, everybody well muffled and Art grinning in great if secret pride over his first pair of fur-lined gloves.

Five minutes later Margaret was asleep and Dina was off for a rapid walk through the hills and roads.

"I'm glad we did it," she said to Rogers that evening, when they were going in the big car to a quiet Christmas dinner at Woodside. "They'll talk of it forever! But—it's a funny thing, I feel more at home—I mean here, than I do even at home. But I told them Margaret and I would be up tomorrow, to stay three or four days, and it'll be then that I get the whole reaction, all about every chair and table and maid and dish!"

"I could see they were taking it all in," Rogers said. And then, in a businesslike tone: "Now listen, I may go on to play cards at Ned's tonight. All right if Hall takes you home around ten?"

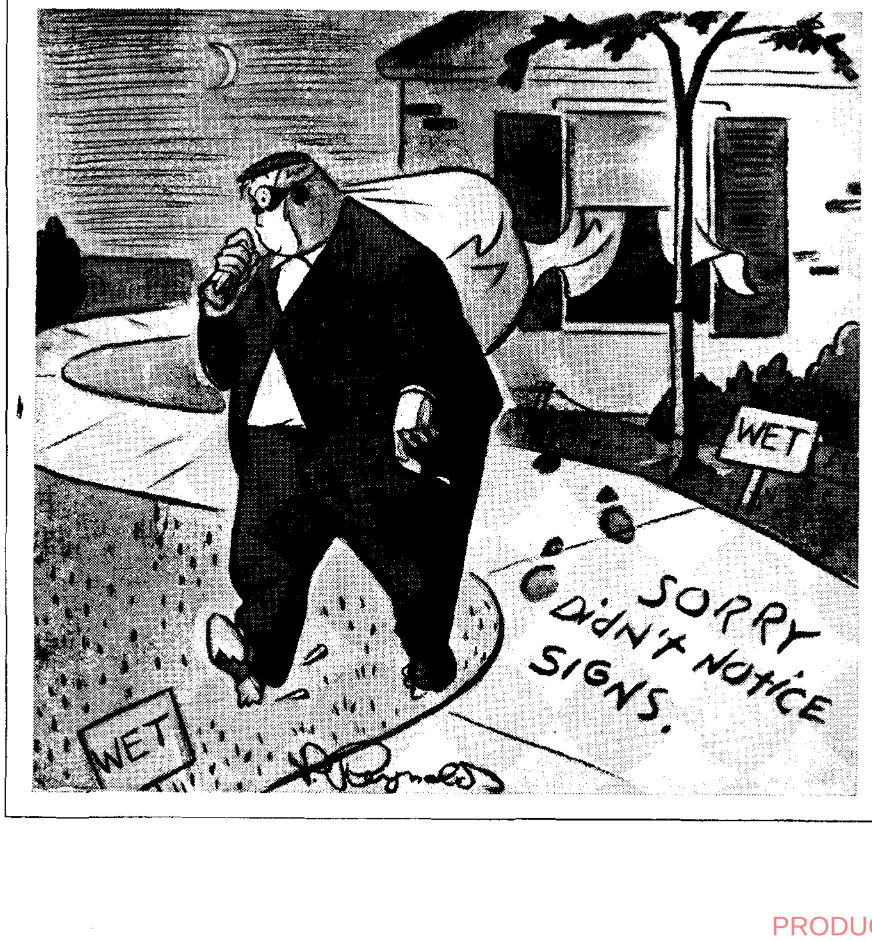
"Fine. But I'm glad we had them," Dina repeated; "it was a happy Christmas Day!"

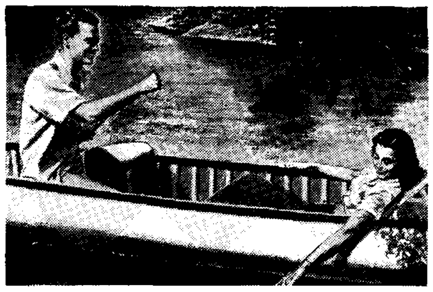
"Perhaps the happiest that the old place ever knew," Rogers said thoughtfully. And when she heard one of his rare, half-involuntary admissions that he was satisfied, Dina was satisfied too.

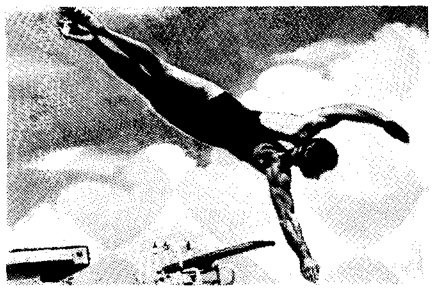
IN THE cold spring weather and over roads against which floodwaters were brimming, she drove to and fro between her husband's home and her mother's every week. Dina came to know all the turns and the gas stations; she and Margaret and Ida welcomed the first waves of rich green grass in February and the first white and pink of the orchards. Acacia was powdered gold in the dooryards of the villages through which they drove; there were days in which Dina arrived in driving rains, there were hot days when her forehead was wet beneath the brim of her hat.

Art had had a raise; Myrna had a

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**




Canoeing, boating—water sports of any sort—are great fun and great for your health. But the hot sun bakes your hair and scalp—leaves your hair parched, dry and lifeless.


Your plunge completes the damage—leaves your hair a social disaster. Natural oils are washed away. Your hair dries out lustreless and unresponsive to your comb and brush.

Help Your Hair Against the Menace of Hot Sun and Soaking Water!

HELP KEEP YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME WITH
VITALIS
and the Famous
"60-SECOND WORKOUT"!

1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

WHAT'S your summer sport—golf, tennis, handball or swimming, or just loafing on a sun-drenched beach?

No matter what your schedule or your skill, remember that the broiling summer sun is an enemy of your hair! Its blazing rays bake your hair—leave it dull and brittle. And then, your soaking shower or refreshing swim washes away natural scalp oils—leaves your hair a dry, unmanageable wreck!

Build up your health and stamina—enjoy your healthful hours in the sun! But give your hair the stimulating help of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout". Massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Feel that pleasant tingle as circulation awakens. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis come to the rescue of your dry, oil-depleted scalp. Unsightly loose dandruff is routed and your hair takes on a natural, lustrous appearance—stays perfectly in place! And no sign of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get Vitalis today. Make the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" a regular "follow-up" to your summer days and sports—an assurance of healthier, handsomer hair!

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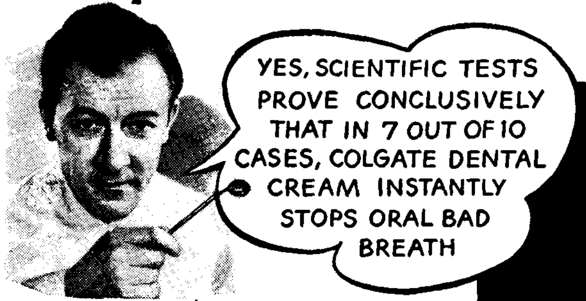
USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

BUT YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO KISS HER...
Twice!

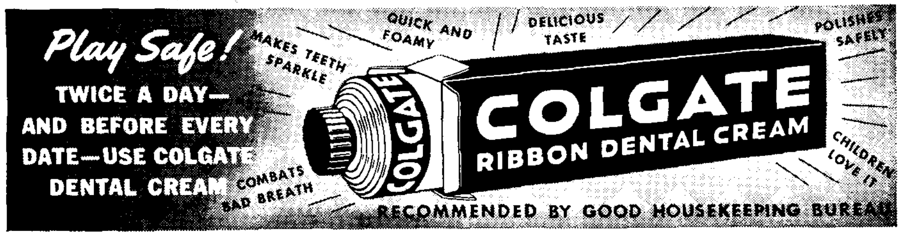
Why? Because kisses and bad breath just don't mix! So don't be an ostrich about YOUR breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!


YES, SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE DENTAL CREAM INSTANTLY STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH

YOU'LL LOVE COLGATE'S THRILLING WAKE-UP FLAVOR, TOO!

HERE'S WHY: Colgate's has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath.

BESIDES, Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently ... makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting liquids, powders and other pastes for Colgate Dental Cream!


Play Safe!
TWICE A DAY—AND BEFORE EVERY DATE—USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
MAKES TEETH SPARKLE
QUICK AND FOAMY
DELICIOUS TASTE
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COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
CHILDREN LOVE IT
COMBATS BAD BREATH
RECOMMENDED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

job with the telephone company; Dooley spent all her spare moments at the hospital and was going to start training as a nurse when she was eighteen; Art had Amanda, and bored his sister into actual sleep with confidences about her; Dina's mother was having all her teeth replaced; her father had been put on a strict diet by the company doctor and discussed fats and calories at all meals; little Lou still clung in silent, passionate devotion to her oldest sister, cried regularly when Dina went away, welcomed her back as one returning from the dead. Dina brought all the girls down in turn for week ends at the Holland mansion, but although the novelty entertained Myrna and Dooley, it was only Lou who really enjoyed them.

SO THE weeks went by, and it was summer, and this year the Cashmans rose to the dignity of having a cabin of their own at the lake; one hundred dollars' rent for two months, but Dina paid it, and Dina was sure it was worth it. Again they loaded the car and again the family packed itself into it, but this time it was Dina and Art who took up the first delegation; their mother, self-consciously clicking the new teeth, would remain at home to take care of the man of the house, following the children only when his vacation began.

It was hot July weather as they drove up past the flat river country and into the mountains; this was sheer delight and adventure, and Dina's mood of excitement and joy affected all the rest. The woods were green, pressing against the winding white road; long before they came to the lake itself they could see other lakes, still and cool and sapphire blue between the great shoulders of the hills.

A stop at the grocery; the usual moving-day order of butter and eggs and bread and coffee. The smaller girls roamed about with baskets; their purchases filled two high heavy paper bags.

"Oh, I wish everybody in the world could have as much fun as we do!" Dina said, when they had found the brown cottage perched on a great waterside outbreak of boulders, and had investigated its three bunk-lined rooms, and started their first fire in the great black-mouthed chimney. The sun was sinking now, long lances of light touched the golden shafts of the pines; every high tuft of green stood apart in the crystal clearness as if seen through water; bees were going home; spears of tobacco-brown yarrow and clouds of blue Michaelmas daisies lined the rocky path that led down from the cabin porch to the water.

The Cashmans were into the water like fish restored to their natural element; other groups of bathers were enjoying a dip at the end of the hot day; two young swimmers went by with the speed of dolphins curving through the lake and shouted a welcoming, "Hello, girls, you got back, did you?"

Myrna, as she swam gallantly beside Art and Dina told them that the swimmers were Berkeley boys, Stuart Wilson and Mart Pepper.

It was only fifty feet to the great flat-topped rock still baking in sunlight, but the Cashmans were not experienced swimmers and were glad to get there. They lay like three seals, panting, and occasionally shouting a warning to the three small sisters who were busily splashing, digging and shouting with a few other children on the narrow strip of beach.

Two other swimmers came up to their rock, hung there breathless for a moment, swam away again. When a third stranger was suddenly there, dragging his dripping form up to a level several feet away from them, sitting with his back toward them, they paid him no attention.

But after a moment he said, "Hello, Dina," and Dina turned with a sudden stop at her heart and looked at him. In that dazzling second the beautiful summer world about her, the satin lake and the ripples against the rock, the green-tufted, golden-shafted pines rising high above the brown cabins into the sunset sky were heaven itself.

"Andy!" she said. Art and Myrna were gone, swimming back to the shore, and the world was all themselves, man and woman, their dripping hands together, their eyes seeing nothing but each other.

"I arrived here today," he said. "I'm over at the hotel. I thought you people wouldn't be here until late tonight. But when I saw you drive by I got my bathing suit out."

"But who told you we'd be here at all?"

"Rogers."

"You've seen him?"

"I telephoned him, night before last, from New York. And then I flew, and we had a talk today."

"From New York? But, Andy—you can stay how long?"

"I don't know. Until Sunday, anyway."

"Only until Sunday!"

"That's three days."

"Yes; that's richness." Dina took off her cap, shook her mop free. Her slender long body was stretched on its side; she rested one elbow on the smooth weatherworn boulder, supported her cheek on her hand. "Oh, we're talking together again!" she said under her breath.

"I'll ask you all to dinner tonight over at the hotel."

"Oh, no; not tonight. Give Myrna a chance to get her organdy out and to press it. Andy, how goes it?"

"It goes well, darling. And with you?"

"I reported to you every week that it goes well, too. It's done what I wanted it to do, Andy. Aline doesn't ever see Rogers now; she's stopped telephoning and trying to see him. He's happy, really happy, and sometimes you wouldn't know him for the man he used to be. I mean with Margaret, for instance—but, of course," Dina broke off to say, smiling, "Margaret is the irresistible baby of all time, saying everything and running everywhere."

"I took a look at her on the beach with Ida. With a mosquito's bathing suit on and a straw hat."

"That's a sun suit. But Margaret doesn't discriminate; she is probably swimming by this time. But tell me—tell me what brings you, and whether you're half as glad to see me as I am you!"

"I'M AWFULLY glad, Dina," Andy answered seriously. "Well, what brought me was, of course, telephoning to Rogers," he added.

"Rogers doesn't know we love each other," she said quickly; "oh, of course, he knows we're good friends," Dina amended it; "but he doesn't know about those few minutes in old Saint Mary's."

"Rogers may not know that detail, but he's known all along how things were with us."

"You think so?"

"Leave it to that old fox. Oh, yes, he wrote me about six weeks ago, and asked me to come out this summer," Andy said, "but what brought it to a head yesterday was an item in the paper."

"An item in the paper?"

"Yep. To the effect that my late bride," the man went on, "was married to J. Beardsley Mackinnon last Tuesday *night*."

"Aline married! And to Beardy Mackinnon! But he isn't—he isn't that dull, rich, old, talkative Mr. Mackinnon who goes tarpon fishing!"

"I don't know him. But that seems to tally with what Rogers said."

"But he's—he's sixty! And he's so dull!"

"Aline felt it would be wise to marry, apparently," Andrew said noncommittally.

"But why *him?*"

"It was marry somebody or face a suit for alienation of affection," Andy answered. "A Mrs. Sanford Smith, so I am informed, threatened to sue. She threatened, as a matter of fact, last fall, but Aline went away and the thing died down. However, it started up again about two months ago when they were on the same steamer going to Hawaii, and I gather that the way Aline behaved down there was enough to start fifteen suits. Smith was to be there a week, studying the site for a house, and he stayed five. Mrs. Smith was at home in California with the children. Aline got back last week, and on Tuesday she married Mackinnon."

"I SUPPOSE he's been following her around for years perhaps," Dina said, still amazed, "but nobody ever takes Beardy very seriously."

"Rogers is pretty well set up about it," Andy said. "He says that Mackinnon was divorced fifteen years ago, and flashed on the divorce lawyer a statement he had made his wife sign agreeing to an alimony of a hundred a month and no authority over possible children. Well, there weren't any children, but Rogers is pretty sure that he's made some such conditions now."

"But then why should she *do* it? Oh, yes; I see," Dina added on second thought. "She couldn't face a law suit. But what a—what a mess of a life!" she added.

"And have you thought what it means to us?" the man asked.

"But, of course—" Her eyes were wide. "Rogers will agree to a divorce now?"

"Agree to it! I telephoned him, asked if I could see him if I flew out. Of course, he suspected it was about you. Anyway, he said, 'Come ahead,' and we talked it out last night. There were tears in his eyes when he talked of you, Dina. He said, 'She's earned all the love and all the happiness any woman ever had. You see that she gets it!'"

"But, Andy—" It was her anxious, little-girl look. "You see I've just got the youngsters up here for the summer. Mamma won't be up for a month yet. Donny had pneumonia and he's got to be built up, and Myrna and Art have to go back to their jobs in three weeks; they can't change their vacations now and I can't let them down. Do you think we could wait until almost September?"

"Listen, bird-brains," he said. "Where do you think you are?"

"Why, I'm at Piny Cove at Lake Tahoe."

"You're in Nevada now, Innocence."

"I'm—oh, heavens, this *is* Nevada! Oh, I always think only of Reno. But, of course, I'm in Nevada!"

"You're just across the state line. I've checked it. So all you have to do is to drive over to Reno—won't take you an hour—and see Rogers' lawyer, and establish your legal residence. He's George Hammersmith, and Rogers phoned him last night when we got through talking. Then six weeks from now, my darling, you and Rogers and I will drive to Reno, and all the family can come along later for the wedding."

"Oh, Andy," said Dina, "is it coming right this time?"

"It would seem so. If you could see 'Elmover' you'd think so. All I've done is have a few fallen trees cut up for my wife's firewood next winter, and removed two dead rats from the parlor. The rest is up to you. But I've been living in the barn chamber since June."

"Will you stay for tomatoes and corn and weenies for supper?"

"Try to get rid of me. I'll wash the dishes and sweep up and then you and I'll take a walk. There's a moon ordered."

"Can you imagine a Sultana or a Begum with ropes of emerald and pearls from here to that inlet?" Dina said, standing now, her young, sleek figure silhouetted against the last of the warm light in the west.

"Why should I?"

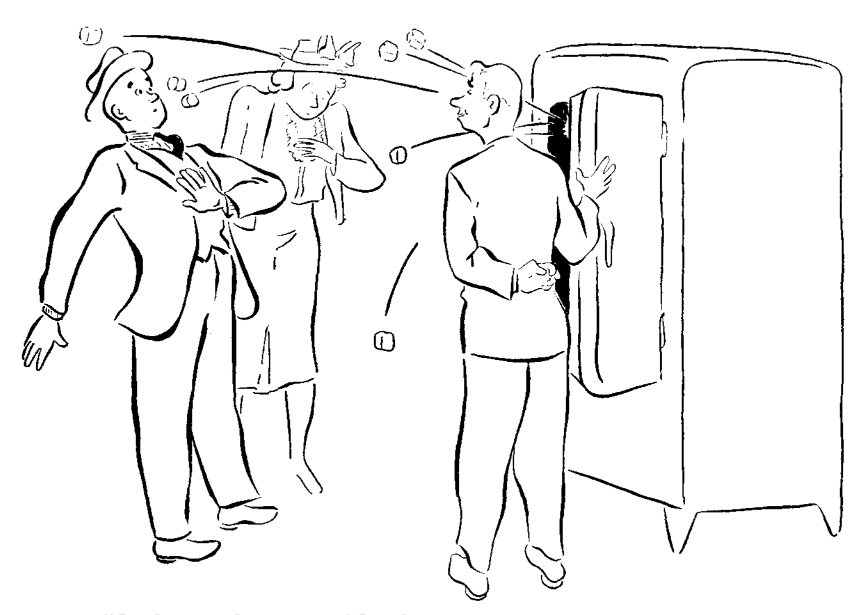
"Because I want you to know that I wouldn't change places with her! Ah, you can dive," Dina said enviously, as he poised himself beside her, "but I have to slide in like a baby."

"I'll teach you to dive tomorrow. We have all the tomorrows from now on," Andy reminded her.

She did not answer in words. But with a quick movement she was close to him, his arms about her, her beautiful mane of hair fallen back, her lips against his. For a long moment they strained together hungrily as if the kiss never would be done. Then they were swimming together toward the shore. The swimmers were all gone from the beach now; the tall pines and the rocks and the lapping waters had the warm summer evening to themselves.

Dina swam close to Andy. Presently she put a hand on his shoulder. It was good, even so near to the safe, shallow water, to feel him strong and steady beside her.

THE END



"And note the ease with which the ice cubes are removed!"

GEORGE HAWKINS

Fred Allen says:

"WANT A GOOD STEER? Steer for a FIRE-CHIEF pump and rope yourself a heap of extra mileage"

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The man who holds down the right-field spot in the Polo Grounds is never an ordinary player; he's a sort of superman to the fans. The almost continuous parade of baseball greats through this position has created a tradition in baseball

THE first time Gabby Hartnett came to the Polo Grounds as manager of the Chicago Cubs, a Giant fan said: "I don't have to tell you how to run your ball club, Gabby. But here's a tip—any time Mel Ott comes up to bat with men on the bases, pass him."

Gabby laughed: "Even if there are three on base?"

The fan nodded. "It wouldn't be a bad idea."

Joe Moore, leading off that day for the Giants, banged a single into center field. The next two hitters were easy. Then came Ott. Bill Lee, Cub pitcher, tried to work on him. On the second pitch, Ottie hit the ball into the right-field stands for a home run.

Gabby, forlorn behind the plate, looked over at his friend, and nodded as if to say: "You were dead right, pal."

Ott's home run, with Moore on, provided the only runs of the day, and so another Giant right fielder had won another ball game for the New Yorkers.

The string is running out for Melvin Thomas Ott. Next season, there almost certainly will be another fellow playing right field regularly. Ott will be back, of course. He'll play in fifty games or so, and serve as a pinch hitter, but the Giants aren't counting on him to play much beyond this year.

Whoever the new boy is—he might be Herbert (Babe) Barna, recently purchased from Minneapolis—he'd better be good. He'll be walking in a great tradition when he leaves the dugout for the first time. For almost forty years, or since John McGraw took command of the Giants, there has been a succession of standout, colorful ballplayers in the right field at the Polo Grounds.

George Browne . . . Mike Donlin . . . Harry (Moose) McCormick . . . John (Red) Murray . . . Davey Robertson . . . Jim Thorpe . . . Ross Young . . . Ott . . . and, for a brief time, while Ott was playing center field, Freddy Lindstrom. Four or five others were stuck in for a little while, but they were out of their class. None lasted long.

Giant right fielders could hit and run and throw—and they all had about them that something extra that draws the mob. Some call it "class."

George Browne Started It

The first was one of baseball's early matinee idols. Women didn't go to ball parks as they do now, but those who went in New York liked slim, handsome, curly-haired George Browne. He received more mash notes than many a popular actor.

But female adulation never seemed to make any difference. He was more interested in base hits. He hit .313 one year in the dead-ball era when anywhere near .300 was very good.

Browne was the right fielder on the 1905 team, the first of McGraw's ten pennant winners. By 1907, it had begun to slow down. McGraw broke it up. Browne went to the Boston Braves. His successor in Right Field, New York, was Mike Donlin, one of the game's memorable characters. Turkey Mike, they called him. Because they said he had a turkey neck. He had close-cropped, dark hair, hard gray eyes, and a long scar down the left side of his face. No one knew how he got the scar, but a friend said:

"The only thing I can guarantee is that Mike didn't get it running away."

That was sure. He never ran away. He walked to the plate with a swagger that terrified enemy pitchers. He had come from the Cincinnati Reds to the Giants, and played only through the season of 1908. He hit .334, and was second to Honus Wagner in the race for the league batting championship.

He was the captain of the Giants, a rough-hewn idol of the fans. Once, when he was being heckled unfairly, he started to climb the low fence to get the fan. By the time he got into the bleachers, the other fans had already thrown the heckler out. His salary was $4,000 a year. For the 1909 season, he wanted $8,000.

The club was obdurate. So was Mike. Attempts at a compromise failed, and Turkey Mike did something players have been threatening ever since: held out for a season. He teamed up with his wife, Mabel Hite, a vaudeville favorite, and together they packed them in on the two-a-day.

"I don't need the Giants," he said.

The Giants went south . . . came north . . . opened the season. Mike and Mabel were playing in the Middle West. By and by, his drawing power as an actor waned. The season was in full swing, and here, of all places, was the

SURE, TAXES ARE GOING UP—

BUT the next 19,000 miles are on us!

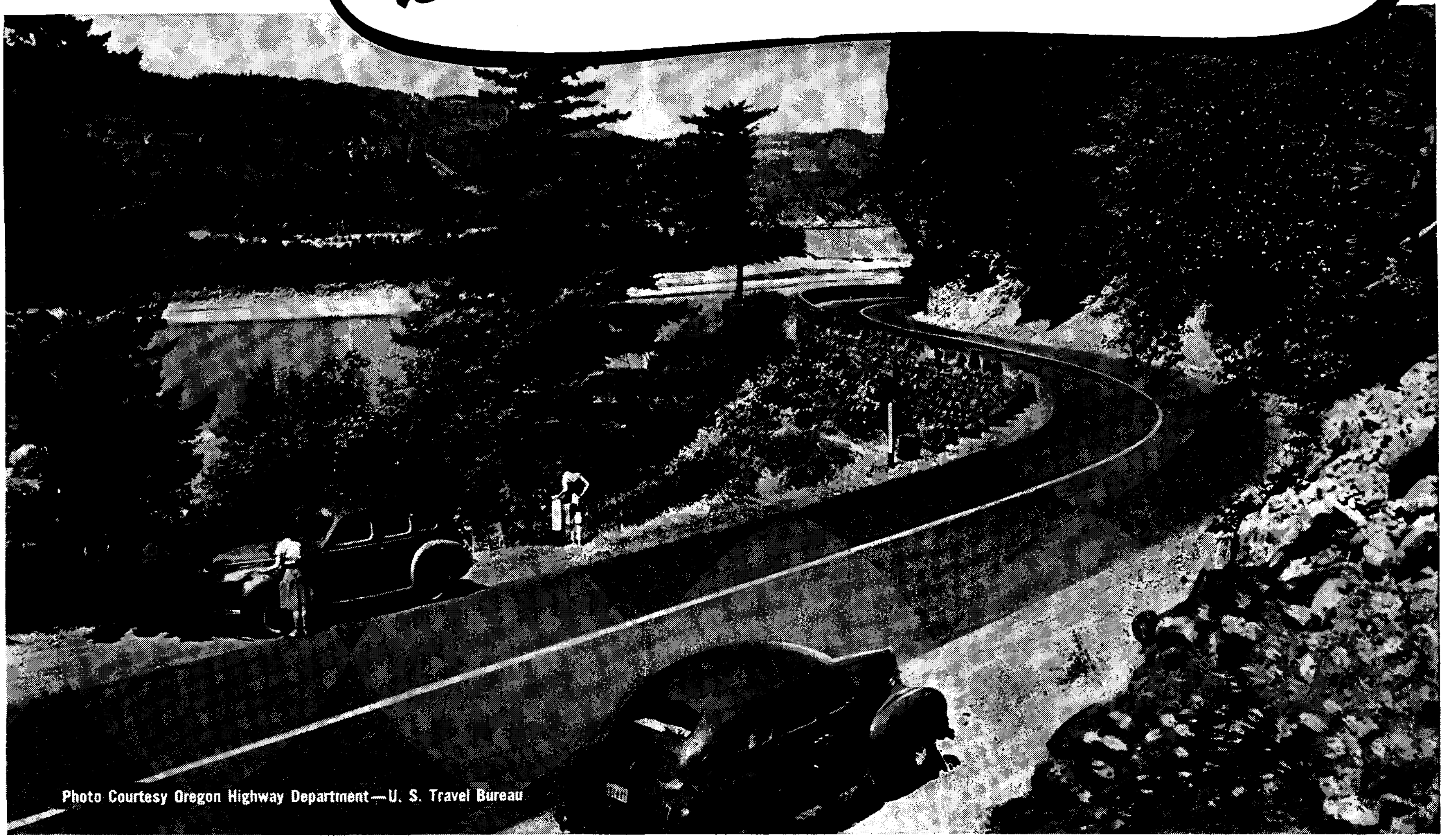

Photo Courtesy Oregon Highway Department—U. S. Travel Bureau

Trucks pay $430,000,000 a year in special road taxes alone!

MEASURE off 19,000 miles on your road map—and see how far it takes you. Six times back and forth across the continent—with 1,000 miles to spare!

Special road taxes paid by trucks—just in 12 months—are enough to build new highways this entire distance.

Those are roads you motorists will never have to build . . . taxes *you'll* never have to pay at the gas pump. It means lower motoring costs for you . . . more fun to drive . . . more exciting places to discover.

And—think what it means to national defense! When America needs these new roads—*here they are!*

But that's not all. *Trucking reduces the overall cost of shipping—moves goods faster—helps farmers and manufacturers sell more—for less . . . conserves the national income.* Trucks reduce the price of your food . . . your clothes . . . *everything* you buy.

Sure, taxes are going up. But trucks are holding your living costs *down* . . . and in the meantime they're supplying vast sums for the vital highway system of the nation.

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

Which is your child?

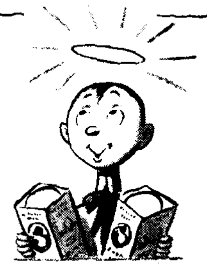
[DR. STEIG'S QUIZ FOR PARENTS]

COMIC CONNOISSEUR... If you find your young hopeful in a position like this, don't just laugh. Remember two school children in five are headed toward poor eyesight at college age. And eyestrain often begins with poor posture and not enough light. Better give him a desk or table of his own and an I. E. S. lamp with at least a 100-watt G-E bulb!

HOMEWORK HATER... And if you knew Susie, you wouldn't blame her. A bright kid, but you just can't get good reading light from the average dining room chandelier! If your child hates homework, have her eyes examined... and also her light. It costs so little to fix up a reading lamp with the right size G-E MAZDA lamp bulb!

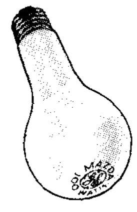
BULBSNATCHER JR... Horace would never have thought of this himself. He saw his mother "borrow" a bulb from the hall to put in her sewing lamp—after his father had snatched her sewing bulb for the garage! But why go on? Why not get a batch of right size G-E MAZDA lamps today? Your G-E bulb dealer has a chart that shows the right size for every socket in the house.

SOLUTION... SEND YOUR CHERUB TO THE STORE AND STOCK UP ON THE RIGHT SIZE G-E BULBS. ...THEY'RE MADE TO STAY BRIGHTER LONGER!



15 and 25 watt	10¢	75 and 100 watt	15¢
40, 50 and 60 watt	13¢	100-200-300 watt 3-lite	55¢

ABOVE PRICES APPLY TO INSIDE FROSTED LAMPS



G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Also "D" Line lamps marked G E; 30 and 60-watt inside frost or white glass 10¢; 50-100-150 watt 3-lite 30¢

captain and right fielder of the Giants doing an "Off to Buffalo." Theatergoers yawned.

He signed with Jimmy Callahan's Logan Squares, top semiprofessional team, and finished out the season with them. He never again was the ballplayer he had been. He stuck around for a few years, as coach when he no longer could get around in the outfield, and finally quit baseball to return to the stage. From the stage, he went to the movies, where he was a competent character actor at the time of his death, a few years ago.

The last time a Giant team saw him was in the spring of 1932, when the club trained in Los Angeles. Mike was a frequent visitor at the park. He was always one to demand attention, and he wasn't getting it from the youngsters, most of whom had never heard of him. One day, he got up from the bench, looked at his watch, and said: "Excuse me, boys, I'll have to leave. I have a date to stick up a joint at two o'clock!"

The players looked startled. They didn't know who he was, or that he had a role in a gangster film in the making.

Kid Gleason Makes a Friend

In 1909, Harry (Moose) McCormick took over the sacred duties. A game guy, he responded to a test the first day he played with the Giants. The opposing team was the Phillies, whose second baseman was Kid Gleason, the toughest man in baseball. The first time Moose went into second base, he gave Gleason a rolling block he had learned playing football at Bucknell. Gleason wound up in short left field. Picking himself up, he glared at the rookie, and said: "I'll see you under the stands after the game."

"I'll be there," McCormick said.

He was there, ready to fight. Gleason grinned, stuck out his hand, and said, with admiration, "I just wanted to see if you'd show up. You're all right, young fella. Come on and have some dinner with me." That was the beginning of the greatest friendship McCormick ever had.

Everybody remembers Moose as a pinch hitter. They should. He was just about the best pinch hitter that ever lugged a bat. Pitchers quailed when they saw him coming. His thought, which was obvious in his bearing, was that hitting in a pinch was a pipe. "I never had to get a hit," he said. "If I didn't, no one would have called me a bum. The pitcher was on a spot. Unless he got me out, he lost the ball game."

After McCormick came John Murray of the red thatch, battleship jaw, powerful shoulders and rifle arm. Red had come from the Cardinals, and he was on the Giant picket line for four long years. Base runners took no liberties with his arm. He could peg from deep right field just ahead of a runner going into second, third, or the plate.

He is remembered for that, and one other thing: an unbelievable catch on June 17, 1914, in Pittsburgh. Tied up at one to one, Giants and Pirates rolled into the twenty-first inning. In their half the Giants made two runs. The Pirates, hustling to bat as darkness gathered, got two on base with two out.

The next hitter drove a ball to deep right field. Nobody in the stands could see it. Possibly Murray himself couldn't see it clearly, but he was racing for it. Just as it seemed out of his reach, he leaped for it—and a flash of lightning illuminated the field, allowing every spectator to see the ball in his upstretched glove.

As he clutched the ball, he crashed into the fence, came in contact with a wire that had been momentarily electrified by the lightning—and was knocked cold. When they got to him, he still had the ball. The game was over.

Then came Davis (Davey) Robertson—a Giant among Giants. He had come up the summer before from North Carolina A. & M. for a trial as a left-handed pitcher. McGraw liked him, and signed him, ordering him to report in the spring of 1915.

He was a top football player in the South. McGraw forbade his playing football in his senior year, and Davey promised he wouldn't. When he reported the following spring, he couldn't pitch up an alley. He explained that while he had refused to go out for football, campus pressure became too heavy for him with the school's big game coming up. They told him that he had to play . . . the old school needed him to win. He came out with his left shoulder so badly wrenched that he could never pitch again. But, curiously enough, he could still throw, and throw almost as well as Red Murray.

Giant right fielders have won ball games for the team in more ways than one. There was the day at Braves Field, in Boston, when, during the Giants' batting practice, George Stallings, dynamic manager of the Braves, wandered up to where Robertson was kneeling awaiting his turn at the plate. Stallings, with apparent innocence, asked: "Does McGraw signal you what ball to hit every time you go to the plate?"

Thinking quickly, Robertson answered: "No. Only in a pinch."

In the eighth inning, Davey started for the plate with the score tied, two on and two out. He asked McGraw to signal him to hit on the third pitch, and to give the sign so plainly that Stallings could see it. McGraw, pretending to cover the sign with his left hand, held three fingers aloft toward Robertson.

Stallings gleefully relayed the "thefted" signal to his pitcher, Dick Rudolph. Rudolph, wanting to ring up two strikes in a hurry so long as Davy wasn't going to be hitting at the first two pitches, poured the first one right through the middle with nothing on it. Roberston hit it for two bases, breaking up the game!

Stallings screamed "fraud" but there wasn't anything he could do.

At the end of the 1917 season, Davey packed his stuff and walked out of the Polo Grounds. He may not have suspected it at the time, but he was through as a first-string player. During the winter, he joined the Department of Justice as a field agent in a force expanded because of the war. When Davey left, he really Kissed the Boys Goodby, winding up his last series—the 1917 World Series—with a batting average of .500!

The Fabulous Ross Young

Robertson's departure opened the way for Ross Young. Before old Giant fans scream that his name was Youngs—with the final "s"—there is an explanation. His name was Ross Youngs, with the "s," but that final letter was dropped off by a careless telegrapher wiring stories back from Youngs' first training camp, and, being the sort of fellow he was—he thought it might make trouble if he asked for a correction—he let it go.

He was a kid from Shriner, Texas, who attended West Texas Military Academy, where he starred in track, baseball, and football. Joe Strauss, a fellow Texan who later played at the University of Pennsylvania, once said: "If Ross had gone to college and played football no one would ever have heard of me, or any other kid who played football in those years. They probably would still be arguing whether Ross or Thorpe was the better football player."

Young's heart was in baseball, however. McGraw got him as a third baseman . . . or rather as a kid who tried to play third by stopping the ball with his chin, or his chest, but coming up with it somehow, and then, when it was his turn to hit, slashing the ball and racing around the bases. On close plays, he bowled over any baseman who got in his way. A great-looking kid, about five-ten, he weighed 180 or thereabouts. He had laughing blue eyes, and he really loved to play ball as McGraw had loved to—with his head and his heart.

Part of Young's greatness lay in his utter lack of awe toward other big-leaguers. Respect he had for some—but he feared none. At the close of the 1917 season, McGraw recalled this Beau Sabreur from Rochester, where he had had a great season. McGraw wanted him to sit on the bench during the world series, and get the feel of being part of a championship team.

The ordinary rookie would have felt out of place. Not a Pep Young. The night before the series he walked into a room where half a dozen of the regulars were shooting craps—and ran twenty dollars into eight hundred.

Next April he was in right field at the Polo Grounds, beginning a major-league career that was to leave the baseball writers groping for superlatives. He failed to hit .300 or better in only one of the nine seasons he played, and in 1924 he sparked the Giants to their fourth consecutive pennant when he hit a brilliant .355. His outfield play was superb. He had a hair-trigger brain, a fine arm, terrific speed, and limitless courage. Racing in from right field to cover on rundowns of players caught between bases, he made put-outs at first base, second base, third base, and *home plate!*

He played carom shots off the peculiarly angled right-field fence at the Polo Grounds with a skill that not even Ott has been able to match. He risked his neck and limbs to make circus catches, and the fact that he did not run right through that right-field wall at the Giants' home park is a tribute to its sturdy construction.

He was lucky, they said, that he didn't knock his brains out bouncing off that fence. Maybe he was lucky at that, but tragedy was stalking him, nonetheless. He became ill following his greatest season—1924. Despite this, such was his insatiable appetite for baseball, he continued to play through 1925.

By 1926, a male nurse had to travel with him to give him treatments. By August, he was so racked with pain that it was self-torture when he went to the ball park. On August 10th, he played his last game. Less than a year later, at twenty-nine, Ross Young, of Shriner, Texas, and Right Field, New York, lay dead in San Antonio.

Of all the players the Giants ever had, he was closest to McGraw's heart, and a picture of him hung in a black frame in McGraw's office. The day that Bill Terry succeeded McGraw as manager, the late Little Napoleon said: "Bill, I want you to know that while I will remain with the club as vice-president, I will never interfere with you in any way. Unless you send for me, I will never enter this clubhouse again."

But he did. He went back on a day when the Giants were out of town. He went there to take Young's picture to hang in his room.

Young wound up his career in August, 1926. The player who finished the season in right field was an immature, discouraged fellow, who thought he probably would never get far in baseball and thought of quitting. He was wrong, for he's come a long way since—Bill Terry has.

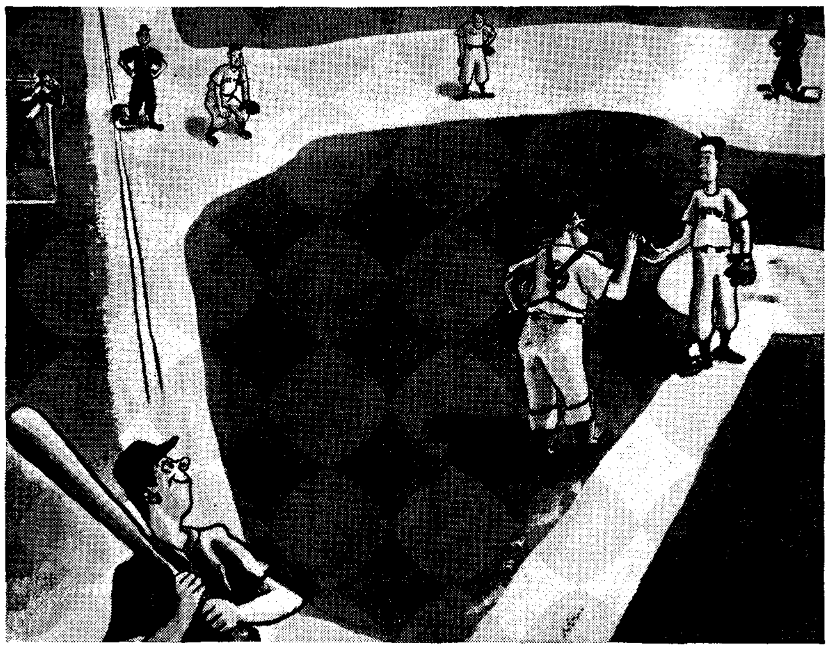
And Then Came Ott!

Following the makeshifts into the job as the regular tenant of Right Field, New York, was Master Melvin Ott. He first reported to the Giants when he was sweet sixteen. He had been the catcher on the high-school team at Gretna, Louisiana, and on being graduated had received a trial with New Orleans. At its conclusion, the manager suggested he go home and and grow up before trying to be a professional.

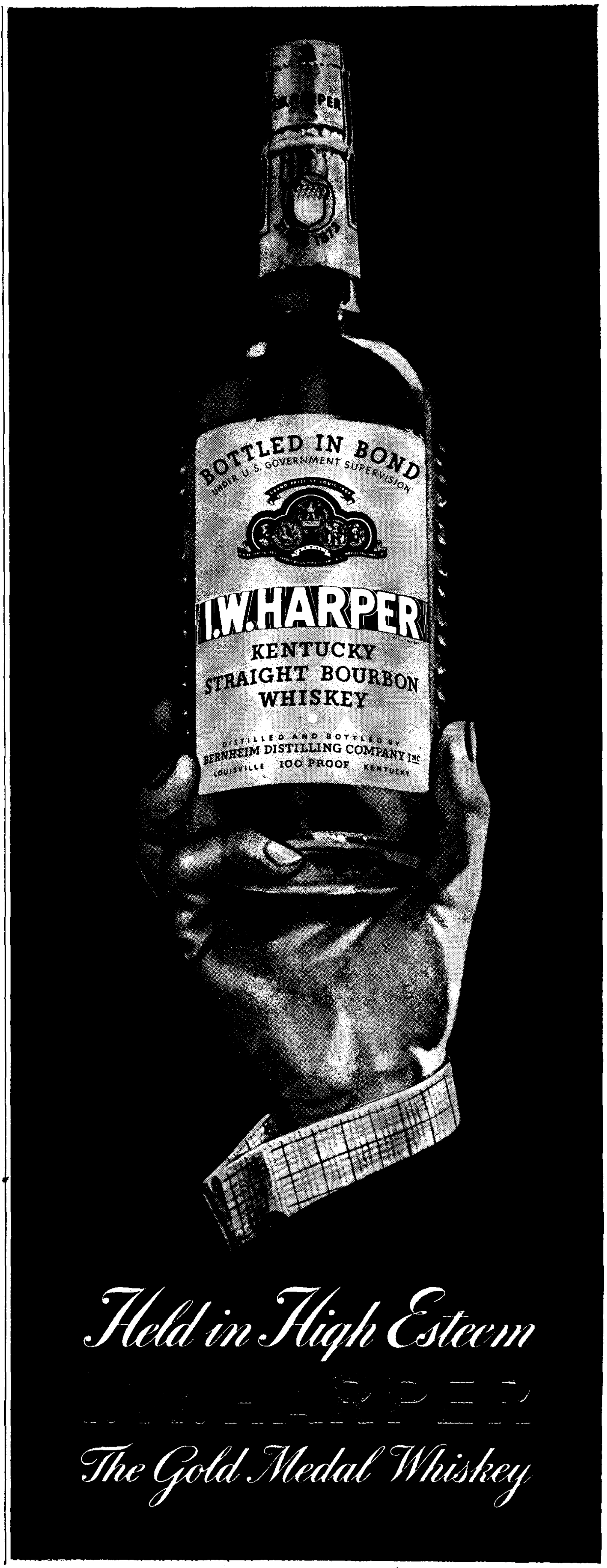
Shortly thereafter, he got a letter of introduction from Harry Williams, the Louisiana lumber magnate, to Williams' friend, John McGraw. Ott arrived in New York with a straw suitcase in his hand and his heart in his mouth.

He was so bewildered by traffic that he was tempted to run back and wait for the next train home. Advised by a policeman that the easiest way to reach the Polo Grounds was on the Sixth Avenue Elevated, he was stricken with a new fear—that the train would fall off the structure. Overcoming that, and finally arriving at the Polo Grounds, he was denied admission by the clubhouse gate tender, who thought it most unlikely that this cherub with a straw suitcase was a ballplayer.

But once inside he was safely on his way to glory. McGraw didn't think much of him as a catcher, but saw at once that he was a natural hitter. He asked Ott if he had ever played the outfield, and Mel, looking as innocent as he really was, said: "Oh, sure, Mr. Mc-



"Let him sock one. His mom is here" ROBERT DAY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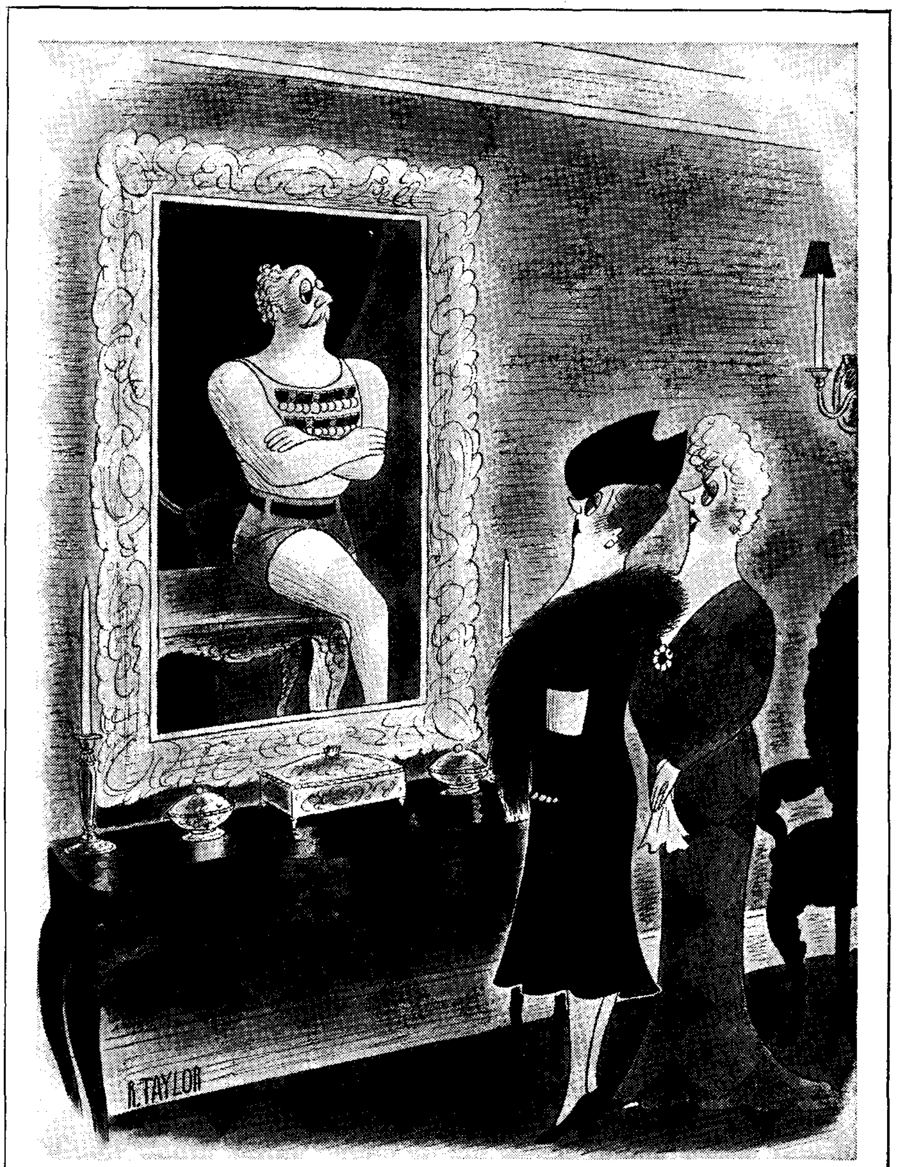

"Oh, he was fun for a while, but I soon tired of watching telephone books being ripped in half"

RICHARD TAYLOR

Graw. I used to play the outfield when I was a kid!"

Ott will be remembered always as a right fielder. But few players ever have displayed such versatility. In emergencies he has played second base, third base, and center field. A few years ago, a cereal company let the fans elect the All-America major-league team. One player was elected every two weeks. Ott was selected as the best third baseman. A month later, when the fans were voting for the best right fielder, Ott was already back at his old stand, and finished second in the balloting only because he couldn't play both positions at the same time. That same year, in the All-Star game, Mel played center field.

Lindstrom Has His Joke

One brief tour in center field opened the way for the appearance in Right Field, New York, of another colorful player—Freddy Lindstrom, the Little Swede. One of Lindstrom's weaknesses was that he was too talented. Playing brilliant baseball came too easily. He lacked the drive that made Young and others such standouts. He played carelessly and often missed a signal.

One day, when Lindy was playing right field, Mrs. McGraw, sitting close to the Giants' dugout, called to Freddy as he came by because she wanted to send word to John about a dinner engagement. Lindstrom didn't hear her, and a man in the next box called him and pointed to her. As Freddy came over, she said, in mock seriousness: "Freddy, why don't you pay attention?"

Lindy pretended to be startled. "Good Lord," he said, "are you giving signals, too?"

Shortly after that, Ott came back home to right field and, except for occasional short stretches at third base, when the club was desperate for talent at that position, he has remained in his familiar niche ever since.

He worked only one day at any job other than playing baseball. He took a job in a New Orleans department store during the off season. The salary was good, and duties light. All he had to do was to hang around two or three hours a day and talk to customers. After the first day, he quit.

"There were twelve or fifteen customers around me every minute, and all they wanted to talk about was me. It was worse than a double-header in St. Louis," he explained.

He has given it a pretty good whirl while he's been at it, Melvin Thomas Ott has. His name is in forty-nine different places in the National League record book, and in the heart of everyone who ever saw him play.

Garry Schumacher, the baseball writer, once asked Pie Traynor who was the best ballplayer he'd seen. "That's a cinch," said Traynor, then managing the Pittsburgh Pirates. "Ott, of course. He's a champion. He beats you, and does it over and over again. I've been with the Pittsburgh team for twenty years, and in that time Ott has personally beaten us out of more ball games than any other three players I could name. A close game, a hard fight, Ottie up in the pay spot—and then you knew the Giants had won another ball game. In my time, he was the only one who had that kind of stuff."

That shouldn't be surprising, though. After all, his address *is* Right Field, New York.

The Boss' Wife

Continued from page 18

three months before she was born. She and her mother then went to live with her uncle in Calcutta, where she was educated at La Martinere College, studying both French and Hindustani. Having danced in the chorus of Sinbad the Sailor for the Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society, she has had a bug about dancing ever since.

When her uncle brought her on a trip to the Continent, she talked him into allowing her to stay an extra month. His leave was up and he had to go back to India. He paid the apartment rent, bought her a return ticket and gave her a few bob for spending money.

"I cashed in the ticket and bought a fur coat," says Oberon. "It never occurred to me that I might need money for eating."

Slight groans from her innards, however, eventually brought the matter to her attention and she went down and got a job in the chorus of the Café de Paris. All this time she had been batting around London at a great rate, seeing the sights and meeting people. After she had been told about a million times that she "ought to give the films a try, you know," she went out to the studios and gave them the try.

HERCULE POIROT

begins the investigation of a crime for which the law had already exacted the full, irrevocable penalty.

A fascinating and baffling mystery-romance—as brilliant as it is different.

MURDER IN RETROSPECT

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Harry Lachmann was producing a comedy but he wouldn't have her around. Later, when they needed a vamp, he thought of her, ran all over town in a frenzy and finally dragged her out to the studio. They rushed her on the set where Carl Brisson was sitting on a chair, waiting, and Brisson grabbed her and started hugging her. She struggled and screamed.

"What a bloody wonderful vamp *she* is," she heard a stagehand say scornfully, and woke up to the fact that she was in a picture. But by that time it was too late. Brisson had fled in disgust, Lachmann was throwing her out on her ear.

Times were hard for a while and Oberon remembers them with no pleasure. "Didn't have a sausage," she says. But she kept getting bit parts and managed to keep going. By that time her mother had hurried on from India to rescue her but Merle talked her into staying in London. Anybody might have thought that the chance in Henry the Eighth would have pleased the little squirt, but not at all. She stormed in on Korda.

"What's the idea of having two beheadings in the picture?" she bawled. "You trying to ruin my career or something?"

"What do you want me to do with Binnie Barnes?" asked Korda mildly. "Shoot her?"

It turned out all right because the day when they were doing the scenes of the execution in the Tower (both beheadings at the same time to save money), Miss Barnes was in a gay mood and insisted on celebrating her finish with a Cockney accent: "Hi die the wife of a king, when Hi would rather die the wife of the man Hi love."

They snipped that out hastily when it got to the cutting room.

The success of Henry the Eighth made everybody connected with it famous and it was only a matter of time till Oberon would be in America. She came over for Fox to do the Folies Bergère with Maurice Chevalier and they immediately recognized that they had bought a lemon. What saved Oberon was meeting Sam Goldwyn at a party. He had always wanted to do Dark Angel and practically leaped at her when she came in. The films had been featuring her as a siren, the elongated eyes, the Eurasian look, but Goldwyn saw her as a normal human being.

"You cut yourself off a nice slice of ham there, my lad," they told Sam when he signed her. But Dark Angel was a hit and it was followed by Wuthering Heights, where she got batted around slightly by Laurence Olivier, and her position at this moment is well established. She admits that she owes a great deal to Mr. Goldwyn.

"I give him full marks," she says.

Korda Makes Her Act

The common impression of Oberon is of a subdued, dark, beautiful little wren but in reality she is a very bouncy female, with a pert tongue and a flair for independence. She has spoken out of turn all her life and there is no reason for her to change now. Her name was linked in romance with everybody on two continents but she seems happy with Korda and is settled down to a staid life. She diets steadily and exercises madly and he does neither.

"I never really acted until now," she says. "I just said those words and let it go at that. Korda makes me give out."

In Lydia she ran what is laughingly called the gamut, starting as a sixteen-year-old girl and ending as a hag. It meant getting up at 5:30 every morning and working till ten at night, three hours being required every day for the old-woman make-up alone, but the Kordas think they have a knockout, and that means a pleasant tinkling in the family till. She likes being a star because it gives her a chance to do the things she wants and lately she has been running all over the map doing broadcasts for U.S.O. She gives back all the proceeds, the last job bringing five thousand smackos that went right into the pot.

Just about the time the interview was ending, the shoes began coming in from the shops. Draymen came lugging in boxes and dumping them.

"This whole conversation has been as mercenary as a directors' meeting," she cried. "Stick around and watch me spend some of that stuff!"

AT EASE!
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LET'S admit the fact! *Every* smoker inhales *some* of the time. And *when* you do, there's an increased chance of irritation. But — note this vital difference — reported by eminent doctors!

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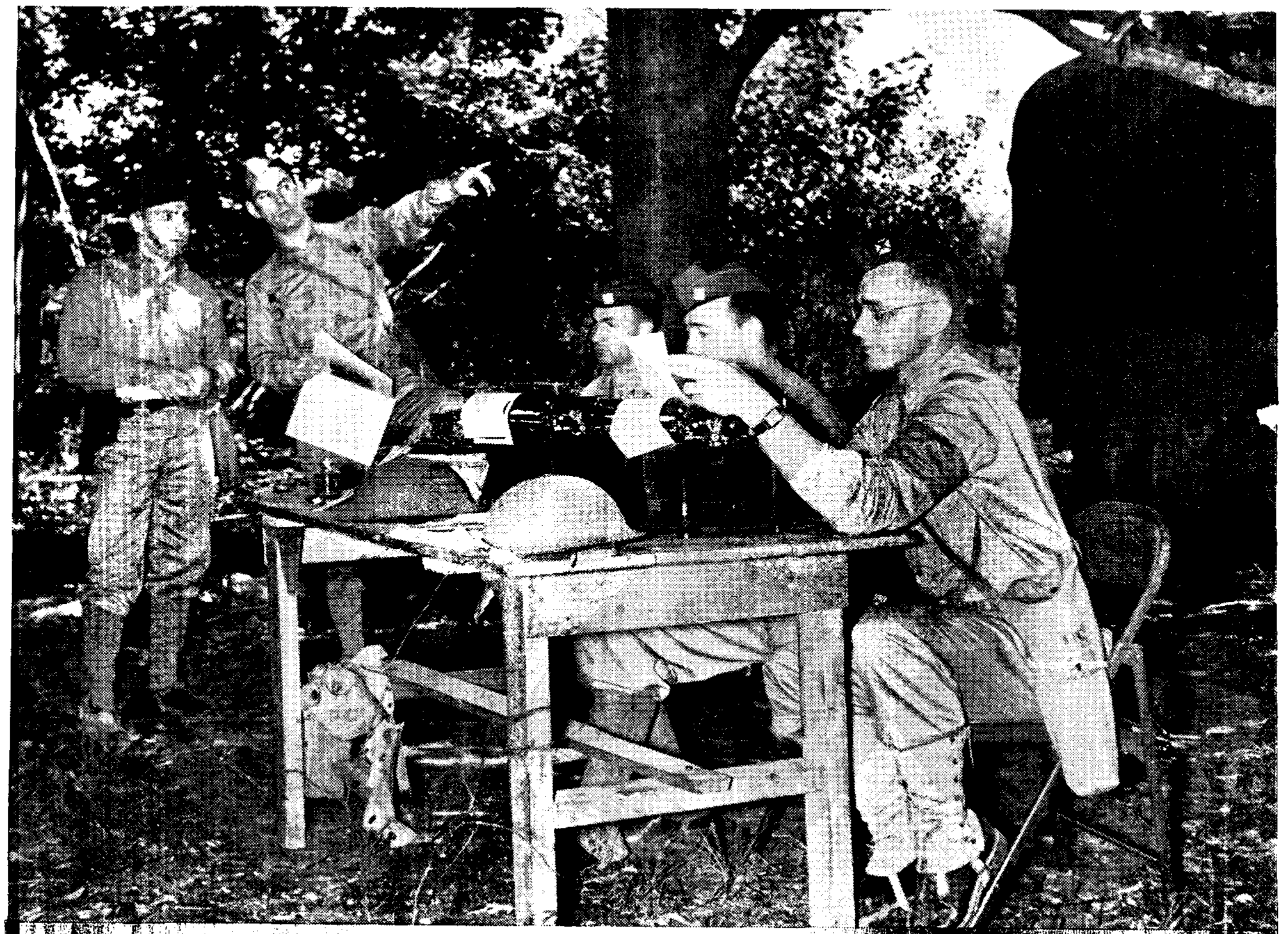
CAMP NEWSPAPER. First Call, official Fort Dix paper, goes to press despite maneuvers. These are reporters

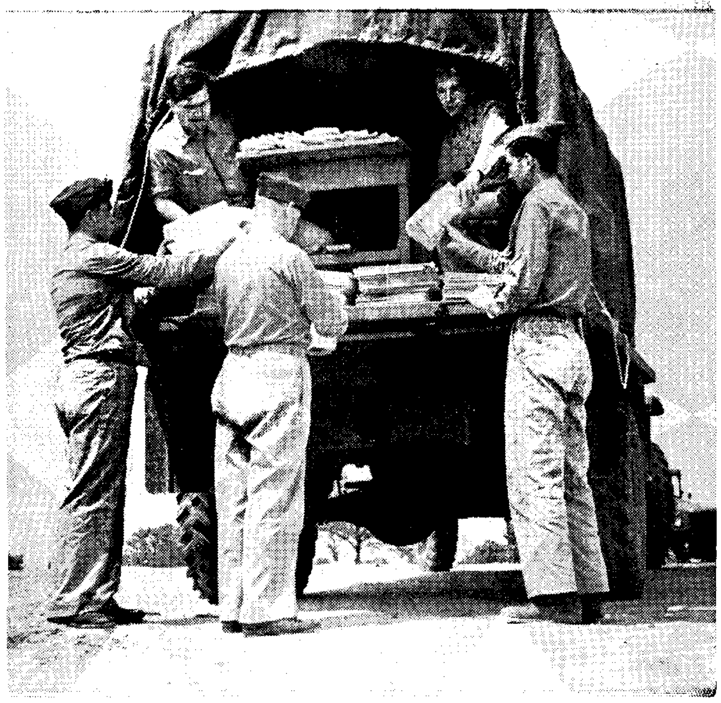


Officer-editor pictured at rear of truck (left) checks dispatches [illegible] couriers to correspondents outside of restricted areas. In the combat zone, staff [illegible] type out the news

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GRACE AND KNICKERBACKER DAVIS

In the field, arrangement is made to print on nearest available civilian press. Printers above check last-minute corrections before "putting the paper to bed"

Following close behind troops of the fighting 44th, the circulation department distributes new editions of the First Call rushed by truck from the printer



OUR NEW ARMY

NEW JERSEY

FORT DIX. Expertly edited and organized camp newspapers can be made as essential in boosting the average trainee's morale as the balanced diet dished out to him at mess. Brass hats, realizing this, are preparing to give fast-stepping editorial staffs more and more co-operation through the newly-expanded Morale Division. First Call, official tabloid of the 44th Division, is a typical example of how soldier-editors, reporters, feature writers, cartoonists, circulation executives and personnel go at the job of keeping soldier-readers abreast of division doings while making them aware of their importance in national defense. First Call's success (its net paid circulation represents nearly half of the division's strength) is due to its production by a staff handpicked for seasoned newspaper experience in civilian life. Like many another camp publication, First Call goes to press regularly, maneuvers or no maneuvers. The pictures on this page show how these experts go about their jobs.

SINCE its last hectic maneuvers in steaming Virginia the 44th has been wondering how Grant's thin-blooded Yankees ever beat the Southerners, presumably accustomed to the sun since infancy. The division furthermore hopes that its arena of real action, if any, will be Iceland. The imaginary enemy in the war games turned out to be a very real Old Sol, which toppled almost 1,000 of the division's strength into the care of the harried medicos. A few thousand others seemed ready to be stretchered but contrived to stagger across the danger line, apparently by clinging to the suspicion that there weren't enough stretchers to go around. The understanding around camp is that not even General Marshall himself could save the first guy who whistles Carry Me Back to Old, etc.

IF YOU'RE thinking of dusting off the old bookshelf and sending a few tomes to the nearest camp, listen first to Miss Dorothy Stickford, post librarian at Dix. Tops at the moment, says she, are the heavier-type books: For Whom the Bell Tolls, Berlin Diary, Oliver Wiswell, Out of the Night. Also to the good are such technical works as Army manuals and volumes on aviation, mathematics, photography, radio. World War I treatises are popular but works on the "present crisis" are poison. Only exception is Berlin Diary. As a whole, the Army at Dix doesn't go in much for reading. Best customers are Signal Corps men and M.P.'s, more than ten per cent of whom hold and regularly use library cards. Total number of cardholders, in a post of more than 25,000 men, is little more than 1,200.

MASSACHUSETTS

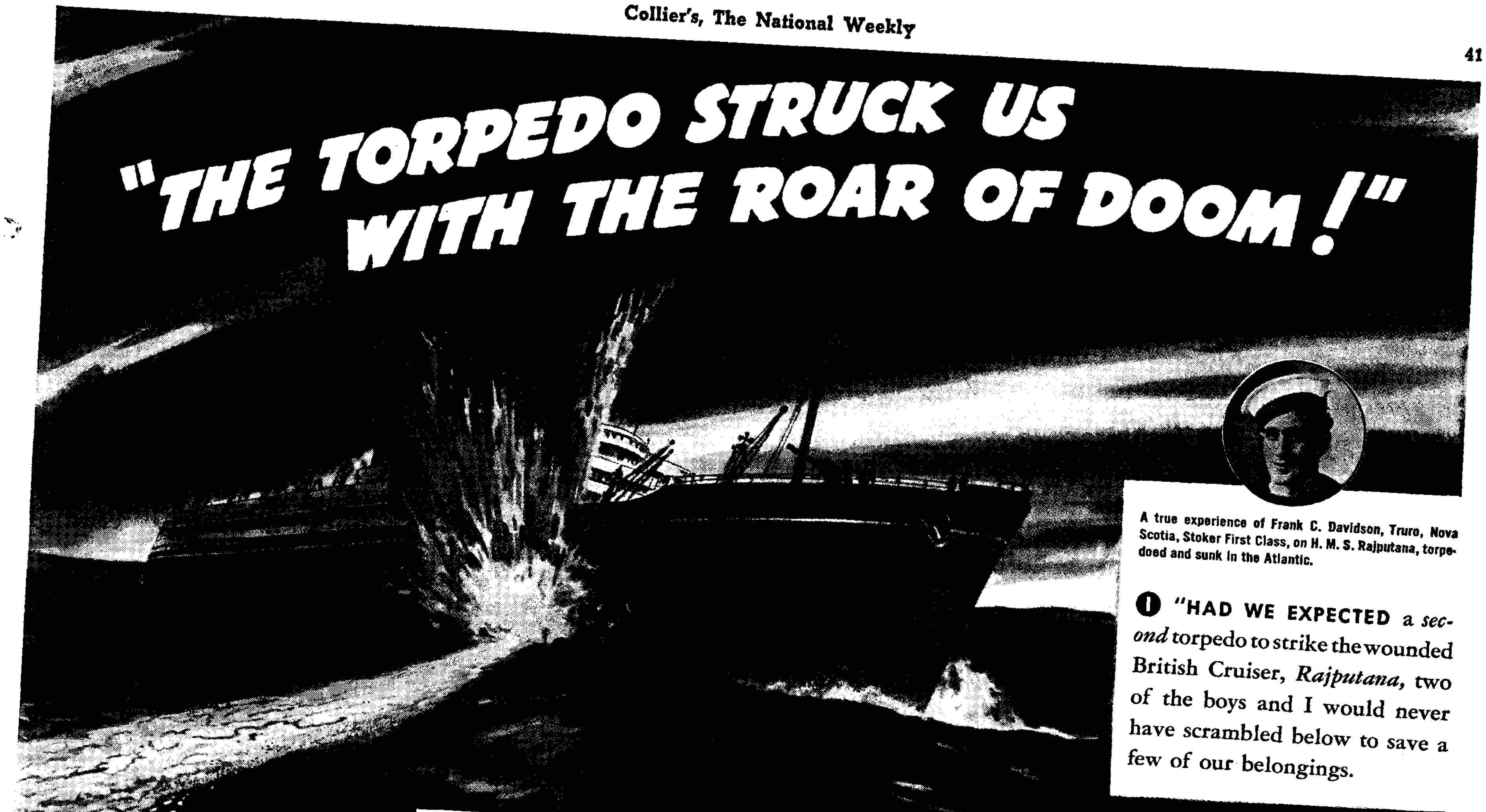
FORT DEVENS, Ayer. Men of the First Division and other post personnel have lately been dunking themselves in Mirror Lake and Robbins Pond, but it has been strictly nonpleasure swimming—the kind you could imitate by jumping into the nearest body of water wearing a kettle on your head and a fifty-pound bundle on your back. It started a few weeks back when Red Cross Instructor James Tattersal was training water-safety instructors for camp units. Army officers wondered if a soldier could swim with a full pack. Jim said, why, certainly, and got to work on the group he'd been coaching. Among them was Pfc. Joseph Clemens, of the 16th Medical Regiment, who says: "First we practiced with a thirty-five-pound boulder in our pack. That made about fifty pounds of dead weight—enough to take you zingo to the bottom. Jim Tattersal's answer to that was bobbing. When we'd hit bottom we'd crouch and spring upward, gulp some air and make a little headway toward shore before the rock took us down again. After that kind of training, jumping in with a regular pack was a cinch; there's some air in the pack and it'll stay buoyant for nearly fifteen minutes. You can swim on your back, but mostly you use the breast- or side-stroke. I've even got so I can come in with a pretty fair crawl, but those G-I shoes are something to kick around in. Main thing is not to try the dead man's float—face down—because it might turn out to be the McCoy."

Being a crack offensive outfit, the First Division has been practicing landing operations in which the men hop off transports into smaller boats, whip through the surf and storm beach positions. What would happen if a Higgins boat capsized and dumped 40 pack-laden soldiers into the ocean gave the officers pause, and the result has been some intensive training in Jim Tattersal's bobbing technique.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

PORTSMOUTH HARBOR DEFENSES. Because all four units of the harbor defenses are on islands and could easily be cut off from the mainland by a few well-placed bombs, Constructing Quartermaster Capt. James G. Collins pushed the old gray matter overtime and came through with an idea. When steel bridges replace the old wooden ones, the captain suggested, let's have spans of *(Continued on page 55)*

"THE TORPEDO STRUCK US WITH THE ROAR OF DOOM!"



A true experience of Frank C. Davidson, Truro, Nova Scotia, Stoker First Class, on H. M. S. Rajputana, torpedoed and sunk in the Atlantic.

❶ **"HAD WE EXPECTED** a *second* torpedo to strike the wounded British Cruiser, *Rajputana,* two of the boys and I would never have scrambled below to save a few of our belongings.

❷ **"BUT THERE WE WERE,** in the stokers' mess, when torpedo number two ripped into us with a terrific explosion. Instantly, we were in utter darkness . . . trapped by tables, chairs, and lockers crashing about us. Escape seemed impossible...until I remembered my flashlight.

❸ **"WITH THE AID** of that light, we managed to fight our way, dazed and confused, to the boat deck, just as the captain gave the order to abandon ship. I shall never forget what might have happened out there on the Atlantic had it not been for my flashlight and 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries.

(*Signed*)

Frank. C. Davidson"

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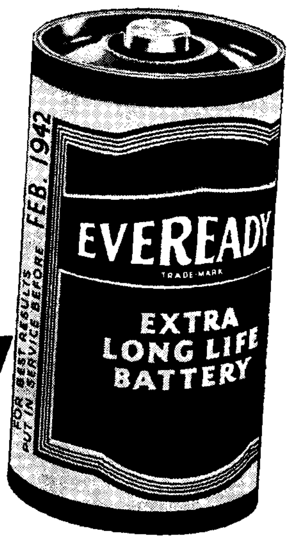

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... *Look for the* **DATE-LINE**

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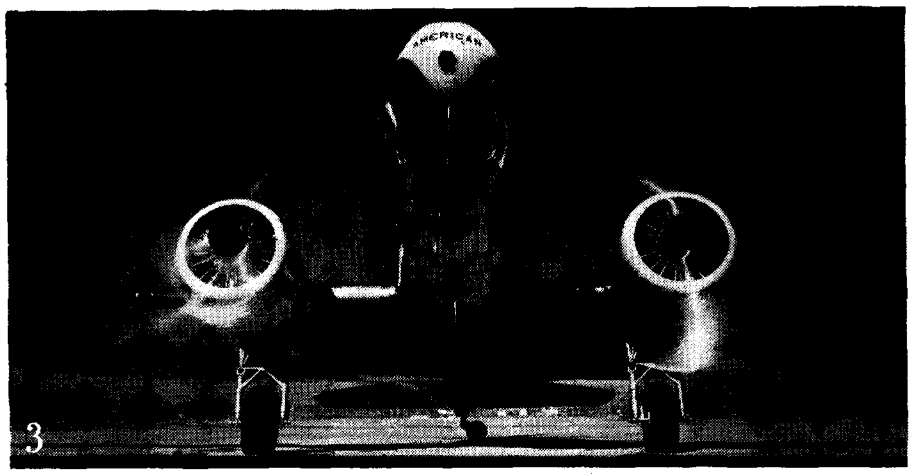
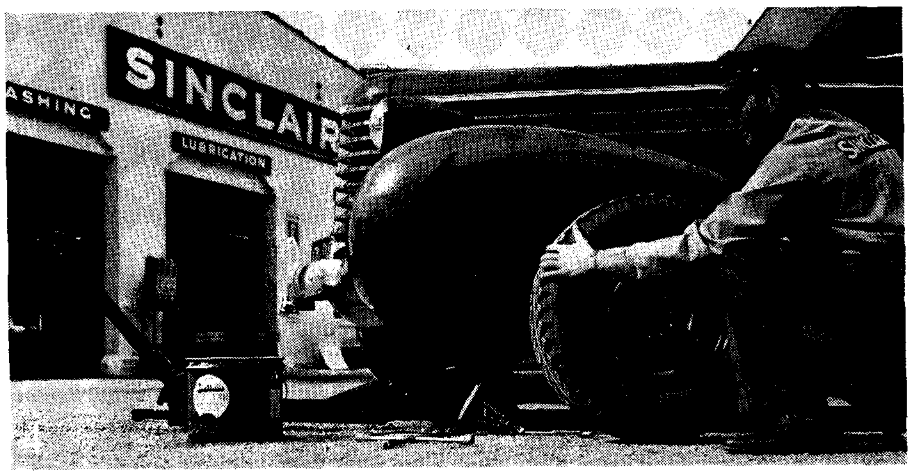
...congratulating May Bobeck on her completion of a million and a half miles of flying as stewardess on Sinclair-lubricated American Airlines' Flagships. American Airlines, Inc., the...



...country's largest airline, has used Sinclair lubricants exclusively for over seven years. That record of efficient service in airliners is proof that...



...Sinclair lubricants will stand the gaff in your car--help you get more extra miles of service and save you money on repairs. Keep your car Sinclair-lubricated.

The Lonesome Gigolo

Continued from page 19

by moonlight in order to get through on Saturday.

And now it was all over, he thought happily, as he unharnessed the mules. "Efn I had me 'bout twenty cents," he told Uncle Henry, the lotman, "I b'lieve I'd go down to de dago's and buy me a pint er wine."

Uncle Henry grinned understandingly. "You done laid by yo' crop, ain't you?"

"Mist' Giles say so."

"And you's a widow-man, ain't you?"

"I been a widow-man," Nud pointed out, "ev'y since my cotton got big enough to chop."

Uncle Henry considered. "Yo' crop looks mighty nice," he said. "And you ain't got to give yo' money to no woman, next fall." He fished deeply into his pocket and brought out two dimes. "I reckon I'll jest loan you dis twenty cents. You bring dat wine back hyar and I'll he'p you drink hit."

NUD was overwhelmed. Uncle Henry's generosity was as big a shock as Giles' kind words. The old lotman had fussed at Nud all summer about sweatballs on the collars; and had threatened bodily violence if one of the mules should develop a galled shoulder.

"I'll be right back," Nud said, recovering, and fled down the road. At the bridge across Willow Chute Bayou, he encountered the Widow Duck fishing in the limpid water.

"Well, I hyars you done laid by yo' crop, son," she greeted him.

By now, Nud was able to take pleasantries as a matter of course. "De news do git around, don't hit?" he laughed.

"I been had my eye on you, Nud," the Widow Duck confided. "You been workin' hard and mindin' yo' own, and dat's what de Lawd and Giles bofe love."

"Giles spoke right pleasant about hit," Nud told her.

"I reckon," the Widow Duck said, "you got about de best-lookin' crop I ever see a widow-man make on Little Bee Bend. Efn de Lawd don't send too many bull weevils and rain and all, you li'ble to make plenty cotton next fall."

"Yassum, I'm li'ble."

"Well, pray hard and come to church," she invited, "and God will change conditions. Be not disencouraged." She could have added that a widow-man with a heap of money and no woman to give it to could buy the church a much-needed lamp next fall, but she knew too much about cotton to start spending anybody's crop before it was picked, ginned and sold.

Nud went on, pleased and happy. For the first time in months, he lifted his voice in song:

"I'm got de world in a bottle;
I'm got de stop-poo in my hand!
I'm huntin' me another woman,
You better find you another man."

He laughed out loud. "I don't need me no woman," he said. "I kin make me a widow-man crop, and den I ain't got to split up my money."

"Who you speakin' wid, Nud?" Mamie T was standing in the middle of the road, laughing at him, and he had not even seen her shadow.

Mamie T was considered the best wife a man could have on Little Bee Bend. She was the best cotton chopper on the place and she was steady, clear to the ground. Never had she divorced off a husband during the work season, nor had there ever been a breath of scandal about her. She lived a strictly moral life by local standards. When she was ready to quit a husband, she did it publicly, and, thus divorced off, she would remarry.

"Aw, I was jest singin' and goin' on," Nud said shyly.

"I hyared you!" Mamie T laughed. "Singin' 'bout how you was huntin' you another woman, and dis woman you ain't got no mo' c'd git herse'f another man."

"Yeah," Nud admitted, "but dat was jest in de song."

"I bet you was singin' yo' secret sorrow."

Nud thought. "Nope," he concluded. "'Cause I ain't huntin' me no yuther woman, and Ruby done got herse'f another man. Name er Filbert. He a block setter over at de sawmill."

Mamie T fell in step. "And you ain't even jealous?"

"How come I'm got to be jealous er ol' Ruby?" he wanted to know. "Filbert's her regular husband. Except when he gambles off his money and she gits mad and quits him. Ev'ybody up around Alden's Bridge know dat."

"Den how come you married up wid her?" Mamie T asked.

"I 'on't know." Nud was puzzled. "I didn't had nothin' else to do. De mill paid off and shet down for a week and hit got to rainin' and goin' on. And den Ruby got mad at Filbert for gamblin' his money away."

"Who winned Filbert's money f'm him?"

"Me."

Mamie T snorted her disgust. "So dat sawmill strumpit married you up and made you feed her all winter. Den when work started, she hauled off and quit you."

"She wa'n't much good, nohow," Nud said. "Giles say hit was good ruddance."

"She spunt all er yo' money befo' she left, didn't she?"

"I spunt some of hit."

"For what?" Mamie T pursued.

"Clothes and stuff," Nud told her.

"Clothes and stuff for who?"

"Me and her bofe."

Mamie T looked Nud over critically. "You's mighty raggity, now."

Nud explained. "She tuck my good clothes when she left. I and Filbert, us is 'bout de same size."

MAMIE T stopped and looked pityingly at her companion. "Nud," she said, "I hyared a heap about sawmill people and I never b'lieved hit. But I'm gonter tell you a fack: cotton people don't be's like dat."

Nud said nothing.

"I ought to marry up wid you right now," Mamie T continued with spirit. "You worked a good crop and you needs a good woman. And I'm de best."

"Uh-uh-ah—" Nud gulped helplessly.

"But I ain't gonter do dat," Mamie T said. "Reub is a fine husband and I'm gonter keep him to a better one come along. And you's too young for a woman like me to have for a husband, anyhow." She looked Nud over again. "And you's too old for me to take in like a po' orphan child." She paused again, hunting for a solution. "So," she concluded, "f'm now on, I'm gonter make you my jiggy-loo."

Nud bristled righteously. "Git away wid dat tawk, gal," he protested. "I ain't gonter put up wid nothin' like dat. I'm fixin' to jine de church dis summer. De Widow Duck done axed me."

"Aw, fool, jiggy-loonin' ain't no sin," Mamie T informed him. "Hit's jest when a woman wid a good husband see a po' fool like you and she feel sorry for him. So when some yuther woman come along dat be's bad for him, she jest run de yuther woman off."

That seemed safe enough and Nud accepted. Mamie T left, and Nud continued down the road. The word was new to Nud but it sounded interesting.

The dago's was practically deserted. Bad Eye, who presided at the crossroads saloon, was dozing behind the bar. A man wearing overalls and carrying a bundle—a traveling man, Nud guessed—was drinking a wine-and-water "thin down," and looking dejected. Another man, probably a field hand from an adjacent plantation, was sitting on the floor, sound asleep.

NUD walked in and sat down.

The purchase of a pint of wine could be a simple process. You could, if you liked, just ask for a pint of wine, give the man twenty cents and the thing was accomplished. On the other hand, it wasn't everybody who could, in the middle of summer, walk in and lay two silver dimes in cash money on the bar and buy wine. It was something to make last as long as possible.

Nud laced his fingers behind his head, leaned back and announced, "Well, I done got my crop all laid by. Giles figgers I might make about twelve bales on hit."

Bad Eye turned slowly and opened his good eye. "You's f'm Little Bee Bend?" he asked.

"Yeah," Nud said. "I jest got done layin' by, so I drapped in to git me some wine."

"Little Bee," the barman explained to the man with the bundle, "turn out a heap er cotton. Dat boy got twelve acres. He li'ble to knock out eighteen bale, next fall."

Nud could have corrected the acreage but he let it pass. Eighteen bales sounded better than twelve, as long as you didn't have to do anything but talk about it.

The traveling man was not particularly interested, but he asked politely, "Dat's about a bale and a half to de acre, ain't hit?"

"About," said Nud.

"Us git about two bale, over at Monroe," the traveling man said. "I comed f'm Mon-roe."

"Y'all done layin' by, over at Monroe?" Nud asked.

"I 'on't know," the man said. "I ain't been at Mon-roe dis year. I been follerin' de public works. I hyar de mill is runnin' up at Alden's Bridge, so I'm fixin' to drap by and git me a job."

"You a block setter?" Nud asked.

"Naw. I'm a stacker, mostly."

"Well," Nud told him, "dey got a block setter, name er Filbert, and dey ain't hirin' no mo' block setters. I 'on't know is dey hirin' any mo' stackers. But dey might be hirin' a sawdust monkey."

"I wouldn't monkey sawdust for no man. I'd druther starve den be a sawdust monkey." The traveler was so emphatic Nud felt embarrassed about his sawmill career and decided to return to the subject of cotton.

"Us kin make two bale to de acre on Little Bee, too," he boasted. "But I ain't fixin' to make dat much, on account er I'm a widow-man. I done all de work, myse'f, and I don't got to split my money wid no woman."

"How much wine you countin' on buyin'?" Bad Eye put in.

"I 'on't know," Nud said thoughtfully. "I ain't hardly made up my mind, yit. I jest got done plowin' and figgered I'd drap by."

"'Bout a gallon?" the bartender suggested. "Dollar fo' bits, cash money, or a dollar six bits, to you sells yo' cotton."

Nud studied the ceiling carefully before replying. "I b'lieve," he announced, "I'll take me some er dat dollar-six-bits wine."

Bad Eye swung a gallon jug from under the bar and brought it to Nud.

"Lemme write you down," Bad Eye said, drawing out a soiled notebook. "What's yo' name?"

"Nebby-ky-neezer Stillwell," Nud said.

The bartender grunted. "How you spells hit?"

Nud grinned. "Jest make it 'Nud.' Dat's my call-name."

Bad Eye wrote and Nud took the wine. He was a little shocked at having bought so much but wholly shocked at having been able to buy without any cash money.

The traveling man finished his glass of "thin down," and looked covetously at Nud's wine. "You fixin' to drink all er dat by yo'se'f, Mist' Nud?" he asked.

"Nawp," Nud told him. "I'm got a friend fixin' to he'p me."

"Lady friend?"

NUD was not a natural liar. It would have been easy to tell the stranger that his friend was Uncle Henry, the aged lotman. But it sounded better to say it was a woman.

"Well, you see," Nud explained, "I'm a widow-man, myse'f, but I'm jiggy-looin' for a lady, name er Mamie T. She got a husband, but dat don't cut no ice." He chuckled fondly. "She a dog, too!"

"Mankind!" exclaimed the stranger. "De tawk I hyars!"

He caught the sound of an approaching truck and left to thumb a ride. Nud sat resting and enjoying himself and waiting for the sun to get lower so the walk home would not be too hot.

Twice during his journey homeward he was tempted to withdraw the cork and sample the wine. And twice he resisted. "I might git dronk," he told himself, "and start chunkin' my hat on de ground."

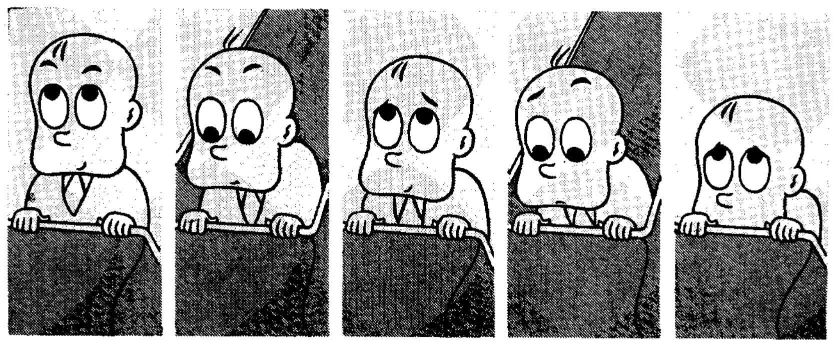
It was just sunset when he arrived at the lotman's cabin behind the barn.

"What you mean bringin' dat big jug er wine hyar?" Uncle Henry demanded. "Giles see me wid dat much wine about de barn, he'd run me plum to It'ly. I thought you was fixin' to git jest a pint."

"When I goes to git wine," Nud said brashly, "well, I *gits* wine."

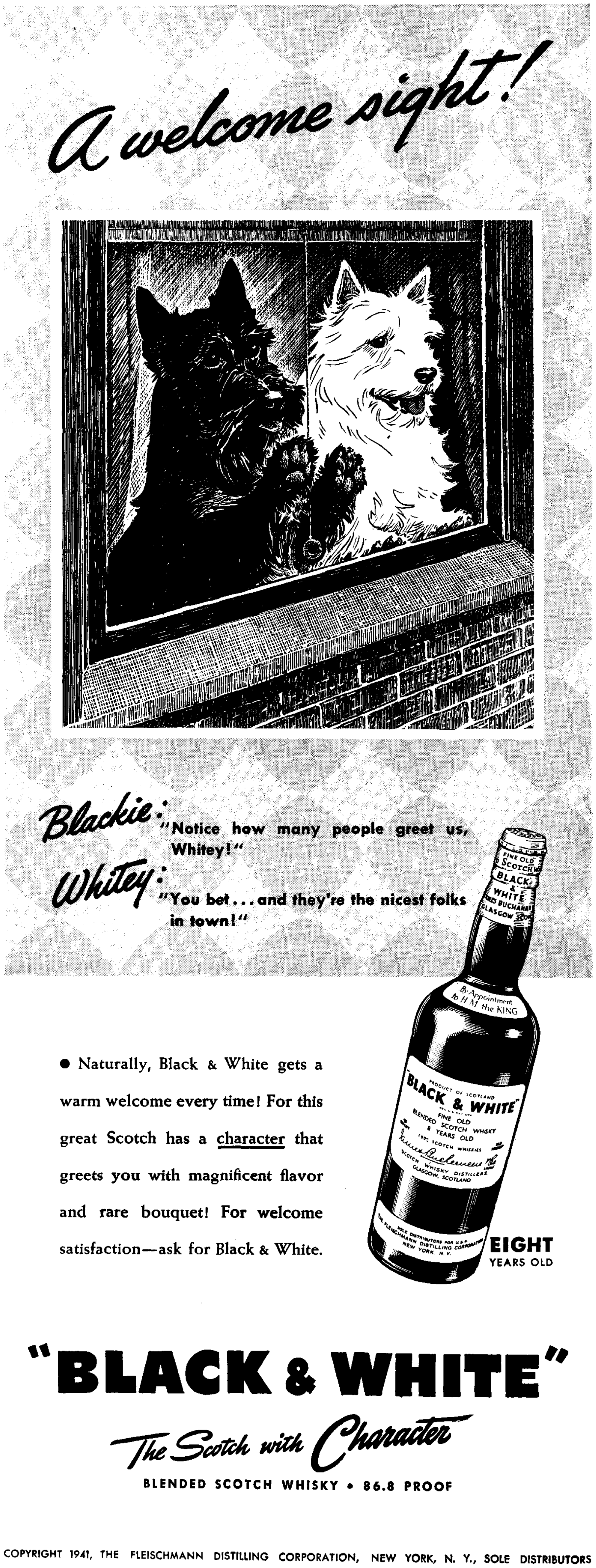
"Well, le's git on away f'm de barn," Uncle Henry suggested. "Giles would blow up and bust, efn he seed dis."

"And efn de Widow Duck ketch you



Roller Coaster

CROCKETT JOHNSON



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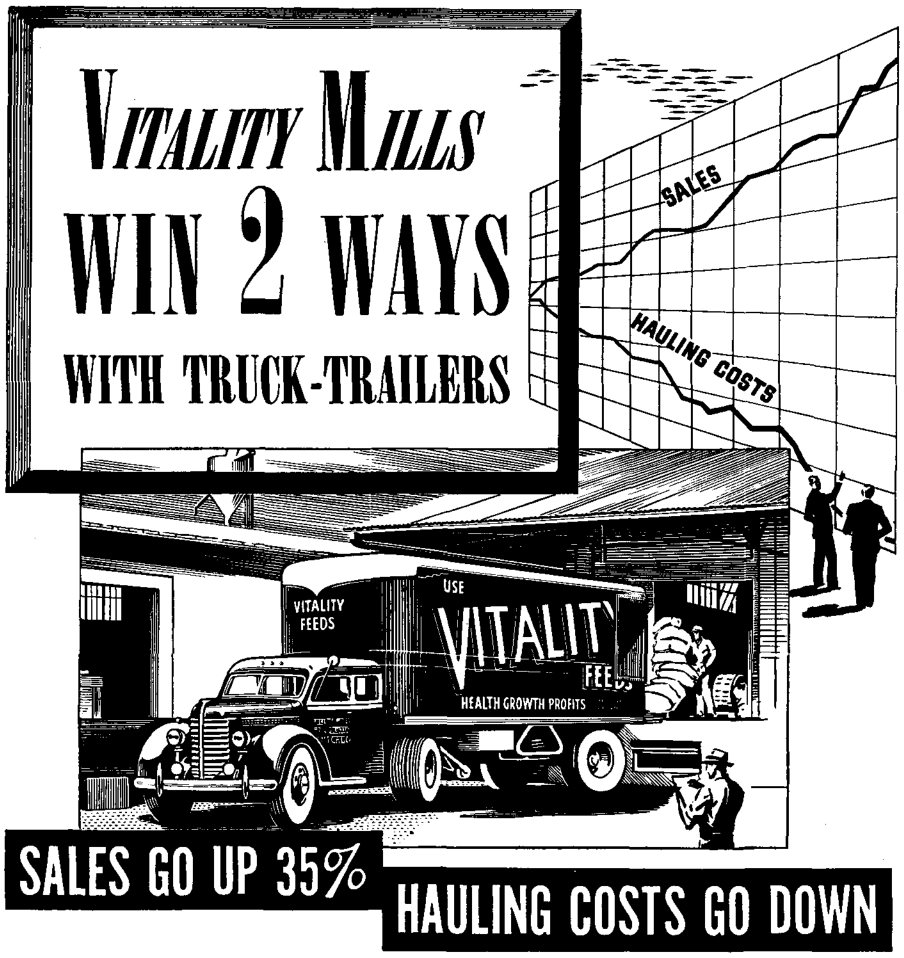

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wid dat jug, she'd git you th'owed outn de church, too."

The unexpected feminine voice made both men jump.

"Mamie T!" Uncle Henry exclaimed. "Whar'd you come f'm?"

Mamie T laughed. "I comed f'm up de bayou path, when I seed Nud draggin' hit in wid dat gallon er wine."

Uncle Henry growled inhospitably.

"Ev'y time you see somebody wid a jug er wine, you figgers hit's got to be a social party?"

"Ev'y time I sees Nud, I figgers hit's my business. You ain't hyared about me and Nud?"

"You ain't divo'ced off Reub?" Uncle Henry was scandalized.

"Not me," Mamie T giggled. "But all de same, what Nud do is my business."

"I'm Mis' Mamie T's jiggy-loo," Nud explained.

Uncle Henry chuckled. "Hit's a heap goin' on round hyar dat I don't know about," he said. He stroked his chin. "And I bet hit's a heap goin' on in dat jug I don't know about, too." He looked at it speculatively. "Yassuh," he said, "I bet, right under dat stopper, I bet hit's a heap goin' on dat all er us don't know nothin' 'bout."

Mamie T made a practical suggestion. "Well, le's pull de stopper out and see kin us learn."

"Not round de barn," Uncle Henry objected. "Hyar, Nud, put hit in dis sack and le's git down to yo' house. Den le's us peep under dat stopper."

NUD did his best at playing host. He produced a cup, a glass and a tin dipper while Uncle Henry worked on the cork. The lotman and Mamie T were gay and talkative, and Nud tried to join them. But the happier his guests became, the more silent and sorrowful he grew. He felt tired and lonesome again, in spite of the stimulating wine and witty company. Mamie T and Uncle Henry seemed to forget Nud as the wine level sank lower. Uncle Henry asked sly questions and Mamie T parried them with coy evasions.

Nud did not laugh. He felt like a stranger in a lonesome land. Tears drained from the corners of his eyes, and he sighed heavily. "I'm jest a po' widow-man," he said, "and a low-down sawdust monkey."

Mamie T tried to comfort him, but Uncle Henry discouraged her. "Leave him be, daughter," he advised. "Hit all come outn de same jug. Jokes and groans. I and you kotched de jokes and he kotched de groans."

"Well, I be daggone!" It was Reub. He had stepped upon the porch with a shotgun crooked in his arm. "Honey, I got de word dat you was snake-in-de-grassin' me wid Nud, but I didn't b'lieve hit." He put the gun against the wall and sat down. "I didn't b'lieve a word of hit," Reub repeated. "I jest brang my gun along in case I jumped a rabbit."

"You brang yo' mouf along in case you jumped a jug er wine," Mamie T laughed. She passed the jug. "Well, take a pull."

Reub drank. "Nawsuh, I didn't b'lieve hit. I hyared two hours befo' sundown dat you was fixin' to snake-in-de-grass me, and when I comed home and found you gone—"

"You jest smelled dis wine," Mamie T interrupted, "and you come a-runnin'."

Reub took another pull at the jug. "Word do git around," he declared.

"I'll say de word git around," wheezed the Widow Duck. She was almost winded from her hurried walk across the field. "I hyared about dis jug er wine down hyar."

"And you come a-runnin'," Uncle Henry accused her, " 'cause you skeered hit'll all git drunk befo' you gits yo' share."

"You, Henry!" the Widow Duck puffed angrily. "You de haid deacon in de church and a-settin' hyar, dronk as a goat!"

"I ain't dronk," Uncle Henry denied.

"You so dronk you can't hit de ground wid yo' hat!"

"I ain't tryin' to hit de ground wid my hat."

"Makin' dat po' widow-man spend all his money for wine, when us need us a new lamp for de church!"

"Hol' on, Mis' Duck," interrupted Mamie T. "Dat widow-man ain't buyin' no lamp for nobody. He my jiggy-loo and I'm perteckin' him f'm spendin' his money on nothin'."

"He you which?" the Widow Duck asked.

"Yeah," Reub seconded, "he's I and Mamie T's jiggy-loo."

"*All* er y'all is dronk!"

"Ain't," Uncle Henry explained. "Us jest havin' a little wine for we's stomach-ache. Jest like de Bible say. And I know you ain't gonter set yo'se'f agin de Bible."

The Widow Duck frowned. "De Bible say dat, for true?" she demanded.

"Sho hit say dat," the lotman told her. "Hit say, 'drink wine for yo' stomach-ache.' "

"Maybe Mis' Duck ain't got no stomach-ache," Mamie T suggested.

"What you know 'bout my stomach, gal?" snorted the Widow Duck. "Gimme." She hoisted the jug. "Well, up yo' laig and show yo' linen," the Widow Duck toasted.

"I'm a sawdust monkey," Nud mumbled, "and some folks had druther die."

"Nud ain't happy," Mamie T explained.

"He had ought to jine de church," the Widow Duck said. "A widow-man wid a fine crop like him and us needin' a new lamp and all."

"I ain't fixin' to let Nud spend his cotton money for no lamps," Mamie T repeated.

Nud fumbled in his pockets. "I got twenty cents which ain't cotton money," he said, passing the two dimes to the Widow Duck. "Hit won't buy no lamp but hit'll buy two gallons er coal oil to put in dat lamp, efn you had one."

UNCLE HENRY grabbed for the dimes and missed.

Mamie T looked thoughtful. "You loaned dem twenty centses to buy jest a pint er wine, I bet," she accused. "And den you was fixin' to he'p Nud drink hit up, and make him pay you back wid cotton money."

Uncle Henry admitted that such might have been the case.

"He ain't payin' you nothin' back," Mamie T declared. "You done drunk mo'n twenty cents er dis wine, already. You's done paid back." She turned to Nud. "Don't pay him nothin' next fall, you hyar?"

"Yassum," said Nud.

"Make me no diff'unce whar de money comed f'm," the Widow Duck said pleasantly. "Long as us got coal oil for de church, us kin let we's light so shine. So say de Sperrit, chilluns. God will change conditions."

"Amen," Reub said solemnly.

While the jug was passed again, a man and woman stepped upon the porch and into the room.

"Hyar hit is, Filbert," the woman said. "And yonder he." She pointed to Nud.

The man waved a bulldog model pistol and aimed it generally about the room. "Don't move, y'all," he ordered. "I and Ruby hyared all about dat money you got, Nud, and us comed for we's share. Gimme."

It took a moment for the happy circle to recover from the shock. Nud protested that he had no money, but the man with the pistol shut him up. It seemed he had it straight from a man who had seen Nud flashing a roll in a saloon. Filbert wanted money and he wanted it immediately.

Reub quietly reached behind him and got his shotgun. "Dat is a two-bar'l twelve-gauge layin' agin yo' backbone," Reub told Filbert. "Now drap dat little Sadday-night pistol befo' I saws you in half!"

Filbert dropped the pistol.

Mamie T got to her feet and approached the woman.

"Ev'ybody hold what dey got," Mamie T said, and to the woman added, "And yo' name be's Ruby, hunh?"

Ruby was silently sullen. Mamie T smacked her full-handed on the jaw. "Dat's for runnin' off and quittin' Nud when choppin' time started."

Mamie T swung with her other hand. "And dat," she explained, "is for stealin' Nud's clothes and givin' 'em to Filbert."

"Dem Nud's clothes Filbert got on?" demanded Reub. Hearing no denial, he ordered, "Take 'em off, Filbert. Take 'em off befo' I shoot's 'em off."

"Take 'em off, son," the Widow Duck advised. "Don't mind me. I ain't lookin'."

"And dis," Mamie T concluded, "is f'm me to you, on account er you's a strickly no-good." She leaped on Ruby with a force and violence that bore her screaming and kicking to the floor.

WHILE Filbert removed his clothes, Mamie T and Ruby fought steadily. Uncle Henry and the Widow Duck watched Mamie T give the sawmill woman a lusty thrashing, as meanwhile Reub held his shotgun squarely at Filbert's spine.

When Filbert was stripped to his underwear, Reub ordered Mamie T to let Ruby get up.

"Dat's enough for a sample," Reub said. "Now, you sawmill monkeys git set to start runnin' on away f'm hyar. Cause quick as yo'all starts, I'm gonter begin countin' up to ten. And when I gits tired er countin', I'm gonter onload dis twelve-gauge at you and you better be long gone."

"Yassuh, us'll run," Filbert pleaded, "only please don't shoot, cause dem guns carry a fur piece."

"You can't hardly count up to ten, kin you, Reub?" Uncle Henry asked conversationally.

"Naw, only to about seven," Reub told him. "Now, git!"

Ruby and Filbert got. They ran rapidly and blindly, almost falling over Giles on the way.

"What kinder doin's is dis?" Giles demanded when he reached Nud's house. "Nekkid folks runnin' up and down de turnrow, clothes scattered all over de floor and all de good church people settin' 'bout a wine jug. I ain't seed such good-timin' since I don't know when."

"Nud is got sorrow," Mamie T explained. "He claim he ain't no 'count for nothin' but a sawdust monkey and he claim he druther die."

"Humph," Giles snorted. "He must 'a' got dat idee outn dat jug. Lemme see dat jug." He drank deeply, and shook his head. "Nawp," Giles said, "hit didn't come outn dis jug."

"You don't know what come outn dat jug, Giles," the Widow Duck told him. "Lot er stuff comed outn dat jug befo' you got hyar."

"Maybe so," admitted the foreman, "but hit's de fust jug I ever seed dat c'd make a good cotton hand like Nud think he wa'n't fit for nothin' but a sawdust monkey. Maybe you shet de wrong eye when you drunk, Nud. Hyar, you pull dis agin and shet de yuther eye, and see what you git."

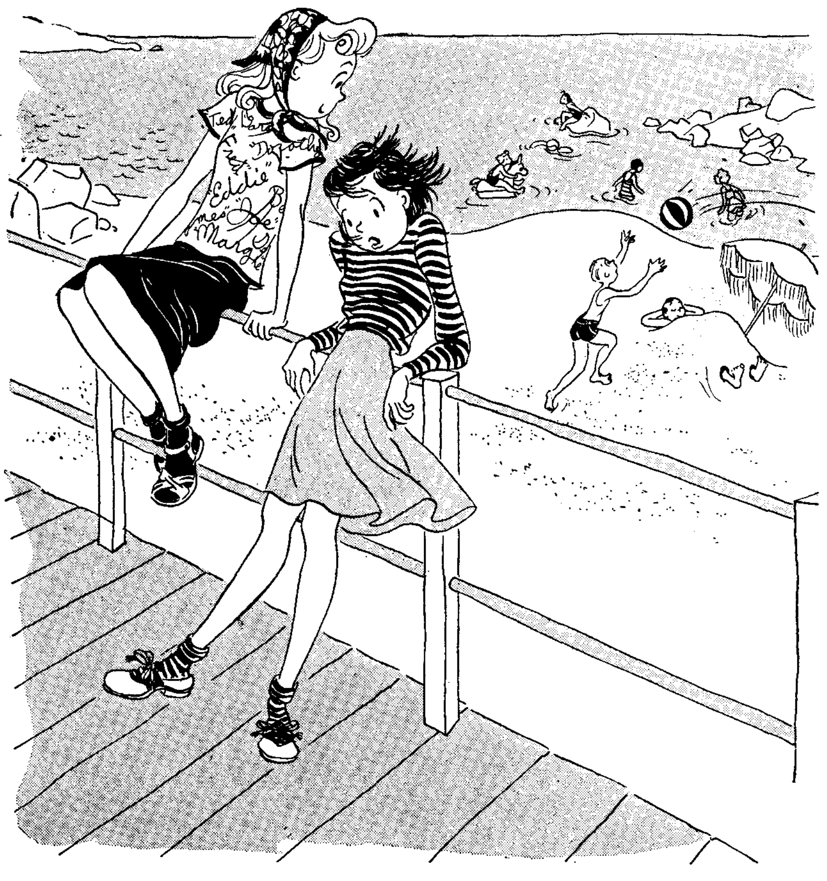
Nud drank and grinned. "Hit's all right," he said. "Only hit is kind er lonesome bein' a widow-man."

"Dat's easy for a good man like you," Giles said. "Us'll scare you up a gal f'm behind some blackberry bush, somewhars."

"What about dat oldest gal er Grant's?" the Widow Duck suggested.

"She won't do," Mamie T decided. "Nud got to have him a smart wife. Hit's a gal I hyared about over on Duke's Bend dat'll jest about suit Nud."

"We'll tend to dat tomorrow," Giles said, picking up the jug. "And we'll save de rest er dis wine for de weddin'. Y'all had enough for one time, anyhow."



"I'd love to go swimming, but I forgot to put nail polish on my toes!"

HILDA TERRY

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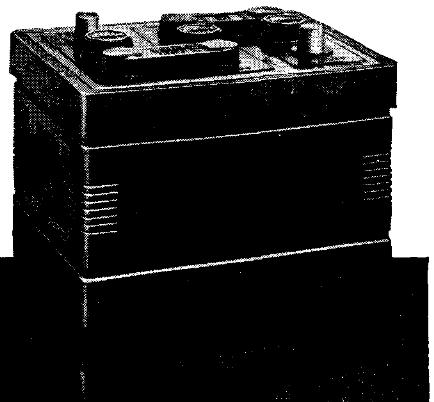

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COCKTAILS
MUST*
BE MADE WITH
BACARDI

*Ruling of the N.Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936

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A LITTLE SOUR,
(Juice of half a lime)
A LITTLE SWEET,
(½ teaspoonful of sugar)
THE TROPIC SUN,
(A jigger of BACARDI, White or Silver Label)
WITHOUT THE HEAT!
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It's tart...it's smart...the incomparable Bacardi Cocktail...always correct ...and always welcome...at every season...and for every occasion. Be sure to make it correctly, with Bacardi, the world's finest rum, since 1862.

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING

RUM 89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N.Y. Copr. 1941

The Fight Goes On

Continued from page 13

quotas. The states alone could themselves never have prevented these interstate shipments. The decision of the Court, however, was that the statute was unconstitutional as a delegation of legislative power to the President.[4]

This was the first time that a federal statute had ever been nullified on such a ground. But, unfortunately, it was not to be the last. This new doctrine—nowhere specifically mentioned in the Constitution—added much doubt and perplexity to framing all future legislation. Some delegation is, of course, necessary if government is to function at all. But neither from the words of the Constitution, nor from the mouth of the Court, came any standards to fix the amount of delegation permissible.

The next decisions were on the question of the government's power to abrogate gold clauses in private and public contracts. These decisions, therefore, involved the entire control by the Congress of the currency of the United States, and the whole gold and silver policy of the duly elected government. This policy was, to a great extent, the basis of the recovery program—the means used to bring order out of chaos in foreign exchange and domestic currency, and to remake the unfair debt structure then in existence. It can well be said that, in these decisions, the Court was passing on the validity of the whole American economy, which had been accepted by the business and financial world almost universally since the enactment of the statute a year and a half earlier, and which was then in process of adaptation to the changing world economy.

Recovery Upheld by One Vote

The congressional action was sustained as to private contracts—but only by a five to four vote.[5] It was held invalid as to public obligations; but by technical legalistic reasoning, the disastrous results of such a holding were avoided by a conclusion that no actual damage had been proved. Even as to this conclusion, four of the nine justices disagreed.[6]

By the slim margin of one human being, this very foundation of our recovery had been upheld. What a slim thread on which to hang the fate of a nation!

Shortly thereafter came the next shock. The Court declared unconstitutional the Railroad Retirement Act which provided a means of paying pensions to retired railroad employees. The Court, five to four, not only invalidated this particular statute, but condemned all attempts by the Congress to pass any compulsory pension act for railroad employees, as not being related to the business of interstate transportation.[7]

Then came, all in one day, May 27, 1935, a unanimous decision that the Frazier-Lemke Act, designed to help farm mortgagors, was unconstitutional;[8] a unanimous decision that the President could not remove a Federal Trade Commissioner,[9] although in an earlier case, in 1926, the Court had stated that the Executive could remove any officer he could appoint, even one with quasi-judicial powers;[10] and a unanimous decision that the National Industrial Recovery Act was unconstitutional.[11]

This last decision was the most far-reaching. It again invoked the shadowy doctrine of unlawful delegation of powers to the Executive. If the Court had stopped here, its job would have been done, and the damage would not have been wholly irreparable. But it went farther, and held that the statute and the code-making power under it were not a valid exercise of the power of the Congress to regulate interstate commerce. This broad, sweeping assertion immediately cast a long shadow of doubt over everything which we had been doing, and were expecting to do, for the benefit of the citizens of the United States through the federal control of interstate commerce.

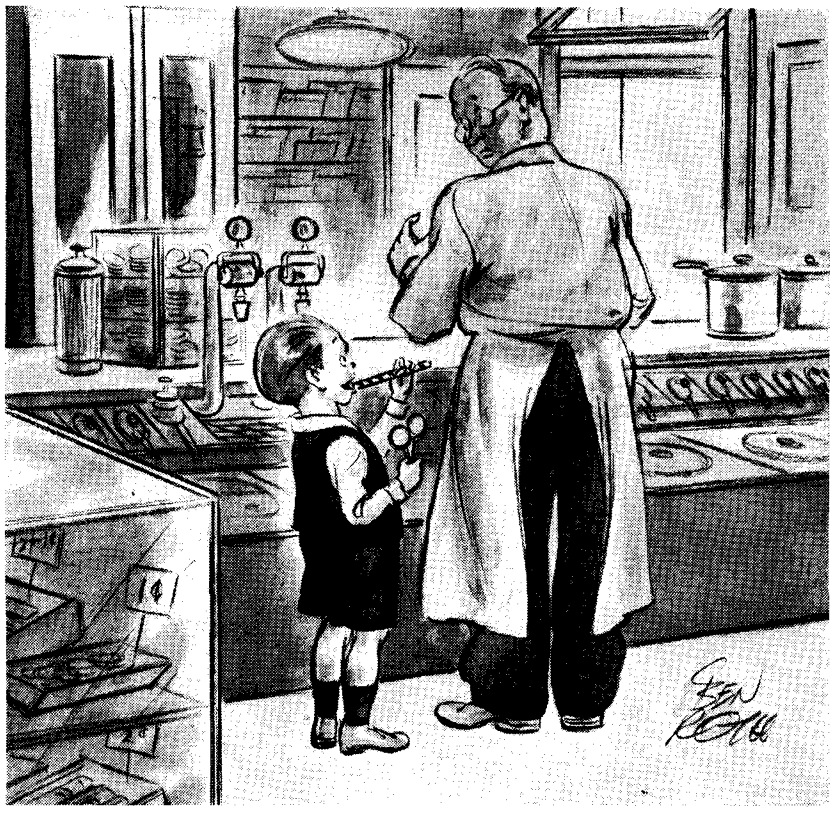
This shadow of doubt became more definite and certain when the Court, on January 6, 1936 by a vote of six to three, invalidated the agricultural adjustment program.[12] The statute thus set aside had been enacted in 1933, and had been absolutely essential to the survival of agriculture in the panic of that year. The states alone were powerless by themselves to cope with the reduced farm income, with the prevailing bankruptcy prices for farm products, with the burdensome surpluses and overproduction of farm commodities. If one state tried by itself, the adjoining state could nullify its efforts. Only the Federal Government could help—and in 1933 it did, almost immediately. The widespread, beneficial results of our farm program enacted to meet the agricultural crisis of 1933 are well-known now. Its benefits extended not alone to the farmer; they spread to all sections and to all groups throughout the land, by furnishing the farmers with purchasing power with which they could buy industrial products and manufactures of all kinds.

But all this effort was destroyed. The basis on which it was destroyed was even more disastrous in its implications than the immediate decision itself. It was apparently set aside on the chief ground, among others, that overproduction of farm commodities and all the dire results of such overproduction were not matters of general welfare but purely a local condition, of purely local concern to the respective states. To remedy this condition, it was held, the Congress could not pay farmers for voluntary crop limitation, under the general welfare clause of the Constitution—which by its terms would seem clearly to give the Congress power to tax and spend for the general welfare. The three dissenting justices characterized the majority opinion as a "tortured construction of the Constitution," and indicated how far-reaching would be the effects of this kind of decision—a decision which was not based upon legal reasoning at all, but upon political and economic bias.

Doubt Hamstrung the Government

In a case decided in February, 1936,[13] the Supreme Court held that the United States could develop water power into electric energy and sell it; but the decision was expressly limited to one dam in the Tennessee Valley, which had been constructed as a war measure. By thus limiting the decision to the strict confines of the record before it, and not deciding the broader question of whether the Government had the same power with respect to all dams, the matter remained in doubt. This lack of assurance as to the future of all our power projects then being constructed in several other parts of the country was bound to hamstring the government in its every attempt to carry out its policy of development of cheap electricity for the farms and homes and shops of the nation.

Next, in a decision dealing with a registration statement which had been filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission and then withdrawn, the Court,[14] six to three, launched a bitter



"I've been working for you a week, Mr. Nixon—how much do I owe you?"

BEN ROTH

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[4] Panama Refining Co. vs Ryan 293 U.S. 388.
[5] Norman vs Baltimore & Ohio RR Co. 294 U.S. 240.
[6] Perry vs United States 294 U.S. 330.
[7] Railroad Retirement Board vs Alton Railroad Co. 295 U.S. 330.
[8] Louisville Joint Stock Land Bank vs Radford 295 U.S. 555.
[9] Humphrey's Executor vs U.S. 295 U.S. 602.
[10] Myers vs U.S. 272 U.S. 52, 135.
[11] Schechter Poultry Corp. vs U.S. 295 U.S. 495.
[12] United States vs Butler 297 U.S. 1.
[13] Ashwander vs T.V.A. 297 U.S. 288.
[14] Jones vs Securities and Exchange Commission 298 U.S. 1.

Infectious Dandruff is a Liability

WHAT A MISTAKE TO THINK YOUNG PEOPLE ESCAPE IT

"I used to think dandruff troubled only older people. But not any longer! Soon after I got engaged, I developed a nasty case of the infectious kind of dandruff. Thank heavens I found out about Listerine Antiseptic and massage!"

SCHOOL CHILDREN ARE BY NO MEANS IMMUNE

Many a schoolboy and girl has scalp trouble. Every school nurse knows how often dandruff scales, itching and irritated scalps are in evidence among children of school age. Such symptoms may warn of an infection.

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THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.
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Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

GET AFTER IT NOW WITH

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO WASTE TIME when flakes and scales give you fair warning that your hair and scalp need special attention. Dandruff is recognized by outstanding specialists as often infectious; those flakes and scales may be signs that germs are at work on your scalp.

BEFORE THE TROUBLE GROWS ANY WORSE, start at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Just douse full strength Listerine on the scalp, morning and night, then massage vigorously and persistently. The treatment is simple, easy, and delightful. Yet it has shown truly amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases.

In one clinical test, 76% of dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day, within a month showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff. And thousands of enthusiastic letters from all parts of the country give outstanding evidence of the success of Listerine Antiseptic and massage as an easy home treatment. Don't delay if you have the slightest symptom of a dandruff condition. You may have a real infection—so begin at once with Listerine Antiseptic. Be sure to buy the large size bottle of Listerine Antiseptic, because it actually saves you money.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

attack upon the Commission itself with what Mr. Justice Cardozo called "denunciatory fervor." Its effect was bound to hamper the work of the Commission, and to seek to discredit the motives and manner of operation of this agency set up to protect investors from fraud and dishonesty.

In May, 1936, came the next deathblow—this time to our efforts with respect to another great industry of the United States—bituminous coal. In an attempt to banish chaos from the industry—arising from overproduction, cut-throat competition, violent labor disorders and wastefulness—the Congress had passed a statute providing that prices were to be fixed as minima and maxima, and making provision for establishing minimum wages, maximum hours and collective bargaining. These standards were to be fixed by agreements reached among producers themselves, and between producers and employees. The Court, six to three, set aside the statute on the ground, among others, that the business of mining, and the labor relations therein involved, were all purely local questions, even though the coal went into interstate shipments after it was mined.[15]

The climax to this course of destruction was the five-to-four decision of the Court in June, 1936, nullifying the statute of New York setting up a minimum fair wage system for women in industry. Since the Court had already held that the Federal Government could not provide for such minimum wages, there seemed to be a complete "no man's land," in which no kind of government could protect laboring women from the oppressive sweatshop wage scales which had been traditionally forced upon them in the past. The language of the opinion was so broad and inclusive that it seemed hopeless for any state to try legislation of this kind in any form.[16]

By June, 1936, the congressional program, which had pulled the nation out of despair, had been fairly completely undermined. What was worse, the language and temper of the decisions indicated little hope for the future. Apparently Marshall's conception of our Constitution as a flexible instrument—adequate for all times, and therefore able to adjust itself as the new needs of new generations arose—had been repudiated. Apparently the physical conditions of 1787 in farming, labor, manufacturing, mining, industry and finance were still to be yardsticks of legal power for dealing with the wholly different world of one hundred and fifty years later. Those of us who had been taught by the great exponents of the Constitution that it contained enduring principles of wisdom and justice, which could be applied to any new set of conditions, had apparently been listening to false prophets.

But was it really the fault of our Constitution? Or was it the fault of the human beings who, in our generation, were torturing its meaning, twisting its purposes, to make it conform to the mold of their own outmoded economic beliefs?

It did not take long for the answers to these questions to be found.

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[15] Carter vs Carter Coal Co. 298 U.S. 238.
[16] Morehead vs New York ex rel. Tipaldo 298 U.S. 587.

The President concludes his story of the Supreme Court fight next week.

The Bells of the Mountain

Continued from page 15

Never had he seen so many great horses together, fit for drawing the heaviest plows. And here the men had good steel shirts, well oiled and cared for. How kindly they greeted him!

"Almost you were too late, Rorik, my sir," said Weiphart, pouring wine into his own steel cap. "Before daylight we advance up. Yes, already have the high sirs given orders."

"Good," nodded Rorik the Yngling. "Good! Then you will have me with you in the battle."

Weiphart and the Genoese breathed hard over their meat. "You will win this battle for us?" asked the Italian crossbowman anxiously.

"I do not say that," replied Rorik modestly, "but no man could stand foot to foot with me in Jonsson's dale."

Conrad the *Schwarzreiter* looked up at him. "Have you ever," he snarled, "stood in the line of a battle?"

Rorik shook his head. "The messenger of the emperor said in Jonsson's dale that his majesty called for men broad of shoulder and long of leg. To me he gave a silver thaler. I walked to Cologne, where they said the army was up the river. *Pfut,* at the river they said it was here, in the mountains of the Swiss. Eight gold florins they will pay me for a battle."

"Eight—gold!" grunted Weiphart.

Rorik the Yngling nodded. He remembered the amount very well. And he had calculated what he could buy with the gold. "Eight they said, and eight it is."

"Dane gold," said Conrad.

Conrad thought that he had never seen a recruit with such broad shoulders and so little wit. "This one," he nodded at Weiphart, "is *doppelsöldner*—front-line-pay man. For an open attack he gets one gold piece and for an assault on fortification, one and a half pieces."

They were all veterans of long campaigns from Spain to Bohemia—the Genoese being in a high-paid class, with the best of the new steel crossbows. They had horses, body armor, while Rorik seemed to have lugged along only the heavy two-handed sword.

"Eight it will be," he said, "for me."

"For using that woodchopper?" Weiphart reached over and gripped the handle of the Dane's long sword.

"Yes," said Rorik.

With a grin Weiphart tried to raise the point off the ground. Using one arm, by straining he could raise it; taking both hands he swung it once in the air, and it sagged down.

"Great Lord of heaven," grunted the *doppelsöldner,* "no one can cut with it."

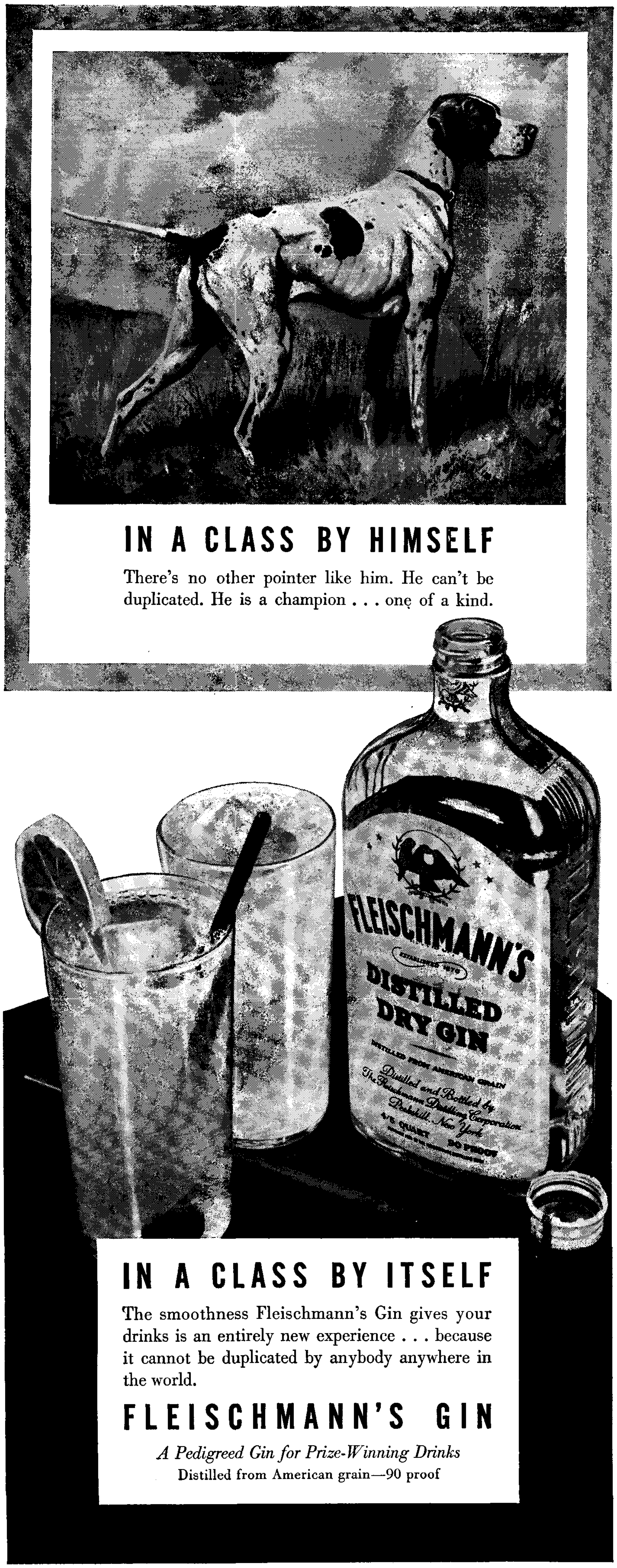
It seemed to Rorik that this German was disparaging his sword. He took the handle himself, gripping with both hands. He planted his feet, and the muscles of his long body tensed. His arms shot up, and the five-foot blade slashed the air over the soldiers' heads, whistling.

AT THE edge of the firelight two men stopped to look. One wore a cloak with an eagle embroidered on the shoulder, a silver chain shone under the other's beard. Conrad, who noticed everything, sprang up when he saw them.

"If you have not found one, my sirs," his clipped words came, "I offer, with gladness, Conrad, captain in the Thuringen riders."

"We have not decided," the cloaked man said, watching Rorik. "Who is your Hercules?"

The two were staring at Rorik the Yngling as if at a new breed of war horse, marking his stand and his points as he sheathed the two-handed sword.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"My sirs," said Conrad, stiff, "it is a Dane from the farmlands who fancies himself the best of us."

"He's the tallest, certainly," observed the officer with the armiger's chain. "Too tall, eh, Strube?"

"A lighthouse has its uses. It can easily be seen at all times."

"But he has as much wit, my sir," Conrad grated, "as your Livonian mare. Less."

"That also has its use." The official of the eagle walked around Rorik, studying him. Suddenly he looked up into his eyes. "So you are a mighty man at arms, Dane?"

"True enough," agreed Rorik.

"Would you like to be given armor fit for a noble. Or even—an emperor? From helm to spurs, eh?"

"Well enough," Rorik smiled, pleased, "if it is for the battle."

"It is for the battle."

HE OF the eagle glanced once at the armiger, who nodded. Then between them they conducted Rorik the Yngling away from the fire, through the lines of the Black Riders to a pavilion that glowed with candles. Young squires who were oiling saddles and cleaning leather sprang up at sight of them. And here, where swords and armor were stacked, the armiger took charge of Rorik.

Not once did he look him in the face. First he tried a hauberk of fine linked steel on the giant Dane. It gleamed as with silver. The boys fitted mail to his legs, and tried low boots on his feet until a pair was found to fit. They fastened shoulder pieces etched with gold up against his neck—they clasped a cloak over his shoulders. They even combed out his long hair while he admired his gleaming limbs. The steel mesh, being too small for him, gripped his muscles tight.

"With the padding out, it will do," decided the *armiger,* and the one named Strube nodded.

They studied the effect and seemed satisfied. Strube hung a gold chain around Rorik's neck, while the armorer fetched a shield with two eagles, black, painted on it, and a half-helm with tiny silver figures and an eagle spreading its wings for a crest. "My sir," said the armorer carefully, "I will bear your shield, of course, but you must take the war helm on your arm. So."

With pleasure Rorik contemplated it. The boys were fastening a belt over his hips.

"You understand," pointed out the one called Strube, "that this is the armor of majesty." He gestured at the pavilion. "You wear now the insignia of empire."

Rorik nodded, hardly understanding, but well content at this kindness.

They laid out some swords for him to look over, asking him to take the one he fancied. Suddenly Rorik stopped, shaking his head. If it was a question of swords, he wanted none but his own. For the first time the two officers looked ill-pleased. Strube said it would never do to carry such a thing—the armorer could not hang it over a horse's side. Rorik explained that he shouldered it.

"Oh, strap it on his back," cried Strube, "and take him along. God's thunder—we have no more time to waste."

When they hung the two-handed sword along his back, the armorer signed to him to hurry, and went before him to a pavilion entrance where a knight stood with drawn sword by the standard pole. Within the pavilion, voices hummed with long words—the night advance to surprise the Swiss—the *Schwarzreiter* maneuver — flanks refused — holding back the charge—

Making nothing of this, Rorik watched the sentry who moved only his eyes. A voice rose over the others: "Have they the mock king?"

Heinrich barked, "Here—at command."

Then Heinrich pulled Rorik down to a knee, whispering "*Altesse.*" A tall man, muffled in a robe, stepped out, yawning. And Rorik knew that this was the emperor, who slipped a ring from his finger and pressed it into Rorik's hand.

"Faith," said a drowsy voice, "you have found one as tall as the standard itself, Heinrich."

"At command!"

And the emperor went back to his officers.

Ring in hand, Rorik walked away with the armorer. Beyond the stir of the men at arms, the calling of orders by the horse lines, he heard the echo of a distant bell. When the wind blew, the chime came clearly, and he thought of that cowbell. But this was a great, chiming bell. Restlessly, Rorik stirred. "Heinrich, I would like a horse."

"In two hours, my sir—when we advance."

"No, not in two hours—now, Heinrich."

"Why now?"

"To see the girl—the little Maera."

Heinrich grunted. This was not the time, he pointed out, to think about a girl. She would keep well enough, until afterward—when Rorik could do what he pleased. Didn't Rorik understand that now he wore the arms of majesty? He would carry them into the battle, wouldn't he? He would get his eight florins, wouldn't he? Wasn't he content?

And Rorik had to say he was content.

When the armorer hurried off to his duties, he suggested that Rorik drink some wine, and stay within sight of the great pavilions. He told off an esquire at arms to follow the Dane and see that he did not stray.

When Rorik thought of wine, he thought of his companions at the fire, and he walked over to show himself to them. When men passed him, carrying a torch, they stared at the immense figure holding the crested helm, and they saluted.

ONLY Conrad sat awake by the embers, still drinking. He lowered the jug when the Dane stepped into the embers' glow, with the small squire behind him. The hilt and wide hand guard of the huge sword seemed like a cross behind his bare head.

"Eyes of God," breathed Conrad. "They have done it."

Pleased by the effect on Conrad, Rorik sat down in the straw, examining the gold ring. The ring had a flat jewel that shone, and on the jewel were traced letters that meant nothing to him because he could not read. But when Conrad inspected the ring, he interpreted the letters. *Gloria.*

"Is that a sign?" asked Rorik, curiously.

"A kind of sign," said Conrad, pondering, "to many men. Do you know what they have made of you?"

Rorik shook his head. Truly, something in this puzzled him.

"They have made you the mock king."

"How, the mock king?"

The words sounded both pleasant and ominous to the Dane. Giving him the jug, Conrad explained, low-voiced. In an hour Rorik would be mounted on a high horse and placed at the head of the *gewaltige Haufen.* With the half helm on his head, he would appear to be the emperor himself to all those who were not close to him, or in the secret. During the fighting, the enemy would drive at the one who seemed to be emperor, to kill him. Probably they would reach him and kill him. But the real emperor, in plain dress, would be directing the battle elsewhere, unharmed.

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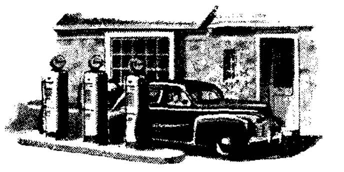

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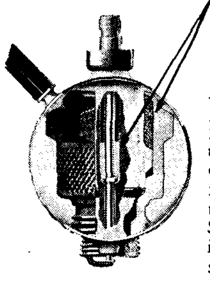

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"you will turn up your toes this morning."

Rorik thought about that.

The eyes of the *Schwarzreiter* searched beyond the fire glow, where the squire, seeing Rorik seated, loitered carelessly. Groups of men were in motion already, toward the head of the valley, although they carried no torches and no trumpets had sounded. He knew the step of the Italian mercenaries. He listened to the movement at his own horse lines, where the sergeants called and cursed. The Black Riders would go up with the advance, with the Genoese covering them. His troop mates would be calling for him in a few minutes.

"Don't let them make a fool of you, Sir Rorik," he whispered, straining his ears. "What's the sense of becoming chopped meat—with your face bashed in, belike?"

"Mine?"

"Yours. Look—I know the horses of our troop. We can edge over to the lines now, and get two of the best. We can rein *down* the valley. Before full light we can be four leagues away. Safe enough. We can pass this ring and stuff to the usurers, and live like lords. We can pick over the girls, Rorik."

"Where?"

"Take our choice—Basle, Munich, Paris—"

Reaching out, Rorik took back his ring, while Conrad still breathed words. Rorik had no wish to go to Paris. He wanted to stay here in the valley. Conrad changed his tone:

"Rorik my sir, you've never felt your bones broken in as I have. The Swiss poleaxes can cut the head from a horse—"

He checked at a quick step near him. A voice called, "Thuringen troop in the saddle . . . Conrad."

The Black Rider got up, with his gun. "At once!" The step went on. "Quick, Rorik—we can get away."

Rorik shook his head. For an instant Conrad stared at him, then swung off toward the horses. Steel clanked as men swung themselves into the saddle; troop commanders called as they led off their men. Rorik did not want to run off from this. They had made him like a king. He would be the first in the battle. And if he left them, where would he get his eight florins? Conrad, with all his cleverness, had not thought of that.

WITH the sun full on the valley, Rorik the Yngling was riding up in majesty, with the battle standard swaying in the wind behind him, and Heinrich carrying his shield beside him and the squire leading another great horse. Rorik was riding on a great bay charger, his swords strapped fast to him, and the helm on his head agleam with silver.

Ranks of men at arms paced beside him, their spears rising like a forest of young, slender trees. Thousands of riders moving up the valley, toward the pass where they could see the spire of a church.

It seemed to Rorik that these marching ranks were fine, and surely he was the first of them. He could see nothing of the real emperor, although he heard the fanfare of trumpets blowing commands. Heinrich, he noticed, listened closely to the notes of the trumpets, but watched the narrowing fringe of pines on either side.

"Tell us, Heinrich," he said, "what to do."

"Nothing," muttered the armorer, "but what you are doing—sit in the saddle."

This suited Rorik, but he had another question to ask: "Heinrich, why do we go up this valley?"

"By command."

Rorik nodded. "But for what?"

"To break the infantry of the Swiss cantons."

The armorer answered with half his mind, because the other half was listening to a faint popping and crackling somewhere ahead. So, the Swiss were making their stand in front of the pass.

For a while Rorik thought about it. "But why is there war with the Swiss?"

In the mountains, Heinrich explained, the Swiss refused to accept the sovereignty of the new Reich. They were, he said, commoners having no king. They had no generals. They had only infantry. They called themselves free men of the cantons. They were stubborn, meeting together like a mob, refusing allegiance to the German emperor whose sovereignty in this new plan of the Holy Roman Empire would dominate from Frankfurt over the continent, from sea to sea.

"They rolled down rocks on Maximilian's array of knights," Heinrich grunted. "They broke back the lancers of his grace of Burgundy, when those dismounted to fight on foot. But no infantry can stand against the cavalry of the Reich."

RORIK was looking up the mountainside, where a rock summit jutted beneath a snow peak. Barely he could make out the patch of Maera's potato field.

"Is that the battle," he asked, lifting his steel headgear to let the air cool his skull, "going on ahead of us, where the noise is?"

Laughing, Heinrich explained that was only their advance, skirmishing with the Swiss, to bring the Swiss into action. Undoubtedly the Swiss would charge with their main onset from the screen of pines here, on one flank. So thought the sir commanders of the Reich's army. And then the Swiss would be charged by all the horse of the *gewaltige Haufen,* held back in readiness for just such a maneuver—

"But still, Heinrich, I do not see any fighting."

It was noon and Rorik was tired, before he saw it, while the hot sun made him sweat in his steel mesh and the apple orchards around him smelled fragrant with the heat. Stone walls hemmed in the peasants' fields here, and the heavy German chargers labored over plowed land.

Through these trees Rorik could watch a line of Swiss pikemen pressing down the valley with the sun flickering on the steel of their pikeheads. Behind them another brown line carried long axes, coming on slowly, keeping step without trumpets, climbing over the stones. Those lines seemed small in the face of the German regiments now crowding into the narrowing valley.

"Why," muttered Heinrich, "why, they come here—they make no maneuver."

In front of the brown ranks the *Schwarzreiter* wheeled in troops, snapping off their pistols when they were close to the Swiss. Bands of Italian crossbowmen sifted back through the trees, fast.

"Bad ground," Heinrich observed. "But now comes our charge—ah, so!"

Suddenly—hearing a call from the trumpets—he caught the rein of Rorik's horse, leading it to a knoll where the figure of the mock king could be seen above the apple trees. Past that knoll the German cavalry surged, with lances down, sweeping up the disordered Italians, forcing the Black Riders off to the flanks.

Through the orchards the packed ranks of horsemen edged around the trees, plunging over the low stone fences. The horses, tired and heavily weighted, slowed in the plowed land.

The Swiss did not stop. The Swiss came to meet the cavalry, closing together. Against those steel pikes, longer than their lances, the German horses

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piled up, rearing, the first ranks forced into a mass by pressure from the rear. Into the crush of riders the Swiss poleaxes beat like flails. Steel clanged and roared as if a thousand hammers were beating forges.

"Good Lord!" breathed Heinrich.

He heard the trumpets calling to the horsemen to reform and charge. Crowded regiments tried to get clear of the press. The steel of the Swiss flashed at their heels. The Swiss were shouting now, digging their feet into the plowed ground, slashing down everything in front of them. They were coming up the knoll where the mock king waited by the standard.

Rorik heard the armorer calling, "Go back—"

"No," said Rorik the Yngling, "now we can fight."

Swinging down from his charger, he pulled clear the two-handed sword. He stepped out toward the Swiss who shifted their pikes lower. He planted his feet, and his heavy sword drove down the pikes. Heinrich held the great shield in front of Rorik, and he elbowed the shield away for arm room. He felt swordsmen pressing against his right shoulder—then the steel pikeheads pushed them back.

Rorik did not feel tired now. His arms threshed, swinging the two-handed sword at the bearded men stepping closer. Foot to foot. Something clanged against his headgear and it went off. He could see better to strike now.

A splintered pike shaft jammed into his shoulder, and he leaned to one side to free himself. A two-foot ax blade ripped the steel rings down his arm. "Ho," he roared, "a good one, that."

NEVER had he seen so many honest bearded faces in front of his sword. His heavy sword smashed them back, and Heinrich flung up the shield to catch the swing of a poleax. Another blade came down, and Heinrich fell on the stone wall.

Steel struck at Rorik from the side, and he stepped back against the stones of a well. Turning, his long arms threshing, he kept a space clear about him. "Stand up to them, mates!" he shouted, his feet gripping the earth. But he was alone now on the knoll.

The broken cavalry troops, reining back past the knoll, saw this figure in imperial armor fighting on foot. They went on back, knowing that this was a mock king, meant to draw the enemy's attack.

Conrad, getting clear of the orchards at last, stopped to watch, and nurse a broken arm bone. He saw the Swiss close in around Rorik, while the tall figure climbed up higher on the stones. The standard was gone and Rorik was alone.

"What if he had been the king?" Conrad wondered, watching until the man on the stones went down, and the Swiss came on over the mound.

And Conrad turned his horse's head. He had kept within sight of a group of officers around a man in plain armor, with four trumpets behind them. They were riding now down the valley, in silence, away from the mountains.

HARD cobbles pressed against Rorik's neck, and a church bell clanged above him. His shoulders ached and a bone's end grated in his hip. Faces of women and bearded men looked down at him and passed on. Blood caked the fingers of a hand when he looked at it, and Rorik thought he was lying here like a calf in the market place for the Swiss to stare at. Then one woman did not go away, and he recognized Maera.

Now, he thought, she sees nothing good in me. His steel mesh was ripped, his cloak a rag around one arm, and he could not move.

"Well," he said, "I tried to come back to the hut to show you, but I could not."

She shook her head, staring at him, trying to wipe the blood from his hand. Then Rorik remembered. He pulled the ring from his little finger and gave it to her. She held back from taking it, her eyes startled.

"Girl," said Rorik the Yngling, "even if I am not a soldier, and cannot hold my ground, I can make you a gift. Somehow," he went on, shamed, "I like you."

He could feel her hair brush against his face, and it was pleasant to have her bending over him. "What does it say?" she whispered, looking at the letters inscribed on the jewel. *Gloria.*

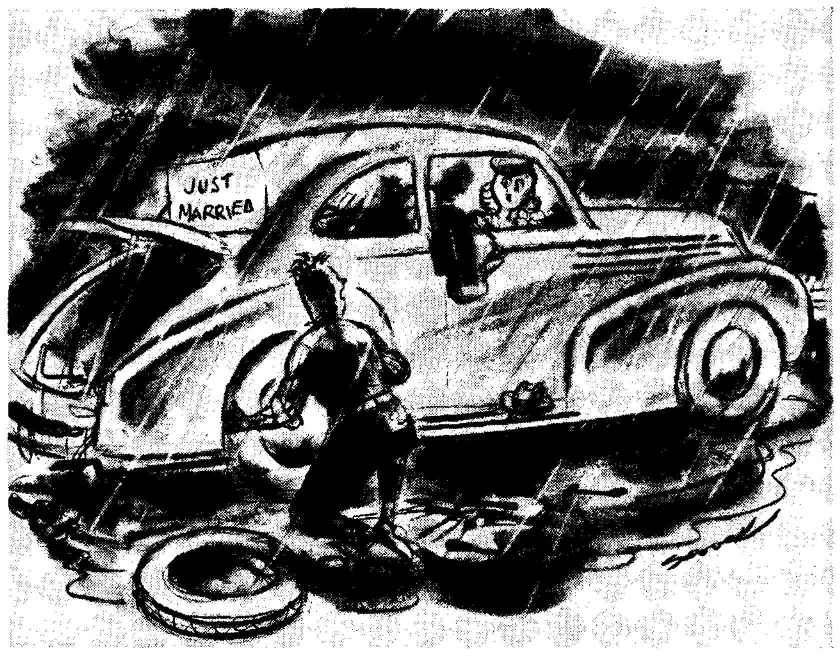
"That I do not know," said Rorik, who could not read. "That is for you to tell me."

Tight she gripped the gold ring, closing her eyes.

"My father says," she whispered, "there was no one like you, in the valley. So I am proud, and I will take your ring and be your wife."

Rorik looked up at the bell tower, to think about this. He had wanted to be first in the battle, to get his gold, and perhaps a girl. Maera had arranged matters in a way of her own, and he found that he liked it.

"They can ring their bells," he agreed. "For Rorik the Yngling will stay in these mountains."



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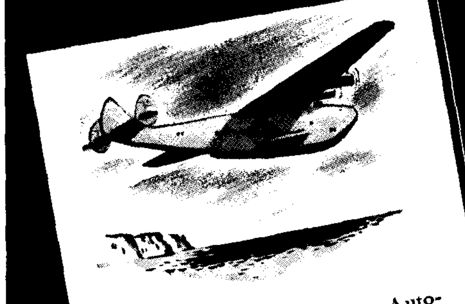

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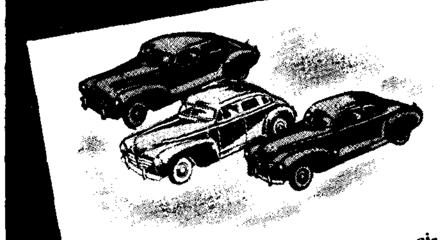

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THE gym," his brother said fondly. "The brick one beyond is Old Chester. And here's the pool."

Jimmy Smith said, "Where you put the police car Halloween night," and laughed shakily. He was nervous, and trying to hide it. Bill Smith said, "The cops' car. You know, I'd forgotten that." He stared down. "Funny, you should think of it. What made you, anyway?"

"I don't know. I just remembered you telling about it, I guess," said Jimmy.

"Well, keep it to yourself. It's probably still an unsolved mystery in Crusty Wayne's books," his brother said, laughing. He led the way across the campus. "This is it—Beekman Hall."

"I know," Jimmy Smith said faintly. The wide sandstone steps of Beekman Hall were familiar, as if he'd already climbed them a thousand times.

His brother was surprised. "You *know?*"

"They're just like the snapshot in your scrapbook, Bill." Looking up, he was almost startled not to find his brother's stocky, S-sweatered figure leaning against the middle column. Instead, a placard rested there: *New Boys Register Within.*

"Want me along?" Bill Smith asked. "Because otherwise I'd like to walk down to the gym and shake hands with MacWade, see how he thinks the team will shape up this year."

"I can register by myself," Jimmy Smith said.

"Sure you can."

Jimmy Smith started up the worn sandstone steps, stopped halfway, and stood watching his brother's jaunty, athletic stride until the tall young man had vanished around the corner of Beekman Hall. He thought: Smith, '36. Quarterback of the football team, captain of the team his senior year. Trackman. Holder of the school discus-throw championship. Palmer Prize orator. President of the Delphinian Society, secretary of Delta Kappa, member of just about every other society and club on the campus—the Class Book phrases jumped and jumbled in his mind.

IT WAS going to be an awful responsibility, trying to live up to Smith, '36!

He guessed Coach MacWade was going to be disappointed—when he saw Bill Smith's kid brother in football togs. He wasn't so *much* smaller than other thirteen-year-olds; he was just slow and awkward at games—any game.

He thought: Anyway, I can study hard. Harder than Bill ever did.

Only, being a grind didn't get a fellow *anything.* It wasn't the way to get into Delta Kappa or become a class officer. Grinding made you unpopular with your classmates, matter of fact.

I'm going to be dumb-miserable here, he thought. If it had been any other school in the world—*any* school where nobody'd ever heard of Smith, '36. He wasn't afraid of being hazed, or of getting homesick, or anything like that. It was, well, just the thought of having to live up to his brother's record.

It had always been that way at home, and it was going to be the same here.

He went in, glumly. "Full name?" said the man behind the registrar's desk.

"James Radforth Smith. I'm Bill Smith's brother."

"What?" the man asked.

"Smith, '36," he explained.

"Oh. That was before my time. . . . Here, take this card to Headmaster Wayne's office. He'll advise you about your class schedule."

Headmaster Wayne. Crusty Wayne. The neatly eye-glassed, spade-bearded figure was familiar, even before he'd opened the door. He knew all about Crusty. It was exactly what he'd expected: the quick handshake, the little talk about school spirit and tradition—

"Yes, sir," Jimmy Smith said. "I understand. You see, I'm Bill Smith's brother. . . ."

"Eh?" said Crusty.

"Bill Smith, '36."

There was a pause. Sunlight from the open window flashed the width of Crusty Wayne's eyeglasses. Incredibly, the headmaster sat there shaking his head.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "We have so many boys passing through here—and it's a common name."

Jimmy Smith swallowed. "He played football."

"Indeed?" And then Crusty Wayne's face cleared. He chuckled. "I remember your brother very well. Splendid lad, splendid player. Never wore a helmet, as I recall—proud of that shock of red hair, no doubt."

Jimmy Smith was shocked. "He—his hair is black, sir."

"Stupid of me," said Crusty Wayne. "Why, I'd have sworn Wilfred Smith's hair was red as fire."

"It wasn't Wilfred. William. He was a quarterback, and captain of the team."

"Then it's another Smith I'm thinking of," said Crusty. "But it doesn't really matter in the least *who* your brother was. We wouldn't want you trying to coast through on the coattails of his reputation, and I'm sure you wouldn't want to do that—eh?"

They looked at each other.

"Smith, '36, was a long time ago. You'll forgive me, but really I'm a great deal more interested in Smith, '45. . . ."

The smile began at the corners of Jimmy Smith's mouth. It was drowned in a rosy tide of color that brimmed to the roots of his hair. His heart thumped happily against his ribs.

"Gosh!" he said. "Gee, gosh!"

"I beg your pardon?" said Crusty Wayne.

"Nothing. I mean, yes, sir." It was pretty hard to believe. But for the first time in his life, he guessed he was going to be a human being in his own right. In the excitement of it, he dropped the registrar's card and got turned around in the office on his way out.

"No. Not that door," said Crusty hastily. "The one behind you, the same door you came in."

WHEN Jimmy Smith had gone, the headmaster swiveled in his chair to face that other door. It opened, and Smith, '36, stood there smiling.

"Thanks," said Smith, '36. "He's always been the baby of the family, you see. I've known for months he was worried about coming here. So I tried to sell him the idea by telling him what good times I had—football and track and all of it. And sell him the idea he'd do the same. I knew he wouldn't, knew he couldn't, but I never thought he'd get to brooding over it—feeling he had to equal me, you know."

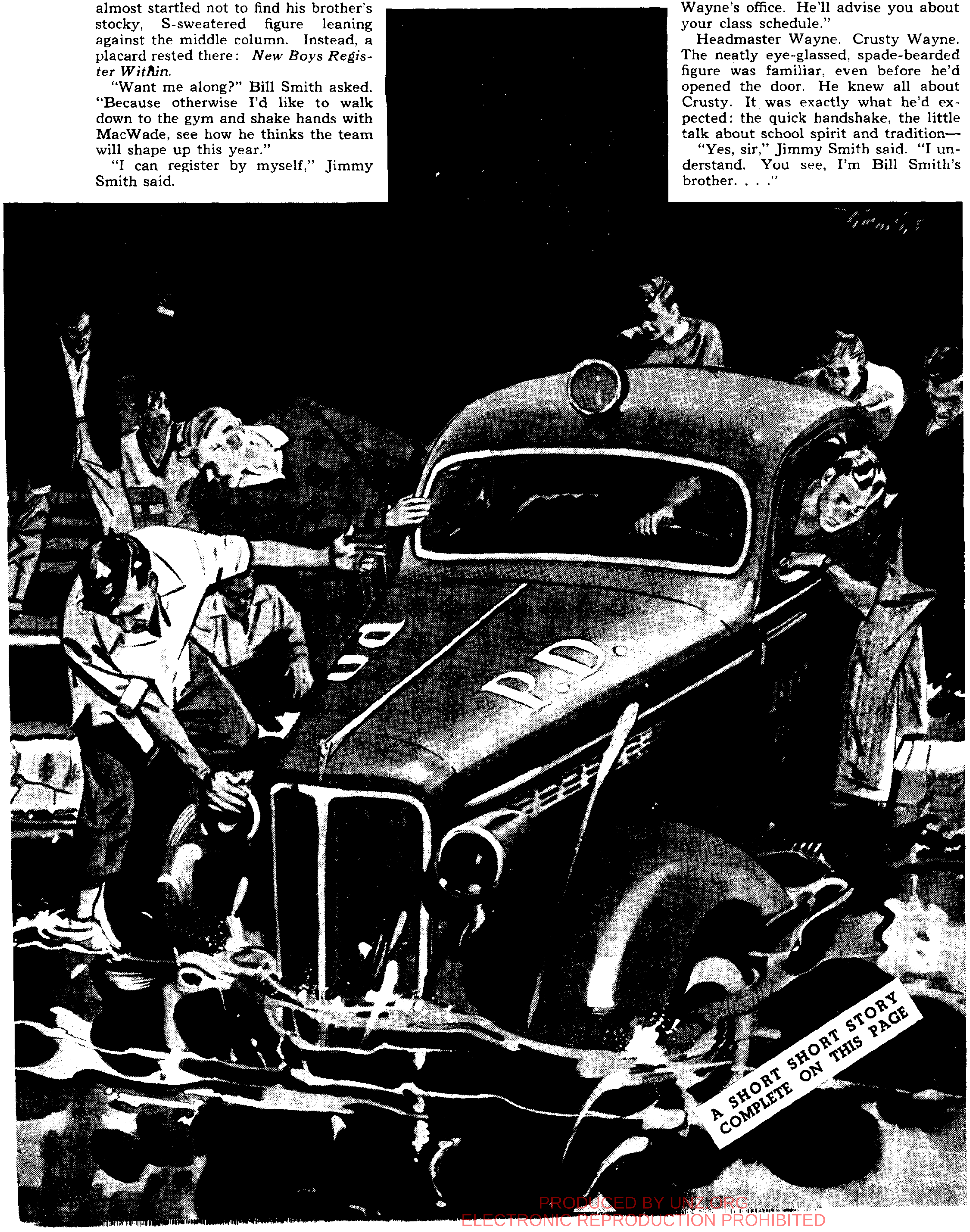
"So?" said Crusty.

"It was a mistake. It's been preying on his mind. I didn't get it, until today at the pool he said—well, he said something that showed me he'd been thinking a lot about my career here."

"So that's it!" the headmaster said. He sat up straight, the eyeglasses flashing. "Do you know what I thought when you stepped in here and asked me to pretend I didn't remember you? I was trying to think who the devil you were!"

He could have been trying to set Smith, '36, down a notch, of course. Or he could have meant it—Smith, '36, would never be sure which. . . .

"Fact." Old Crusty tugged his beard. "And it's just come to me. You're the Smith I always suspected drove the police car into the pool."



"It's just come to me," he said. "You're the Smith I always suspected drove the police car into the pool"

"SARAH," THE CAPTAIN SHOUTED, "WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT A NEW 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT?"

1 "KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON," I answered back. "For here it is . . . the *new* Post Toasties! Guaranteed to put a smile on the face of every grumpy husband in the land." . . . "Who's grumpy?" snorted my charming spouse! "You often are in the morning, dear," I told him—"but this new 4-star breakfast treat will change all that. Try it," I said. Well—he did. Quick as a wink he was back for more. "Sarah," he exclaimed, "these Post Toasties are *marvelous* . . . the swellest corn flakes I've ever tasted. *Where* did you discover 'em?"

2 "AT A GOSSIP PARTY," I explained. "Julie told us . . . and her husband is a doctor, you know . . ." She said, "Post Toasties are *crisper* than ever, *easy* to digest, and *packed* with food values that quickly give us the energy we need to start the day right. Most important, they contain Vitamin B_1, the vitamin so necessary for abundant energy, sound nerves, normal growth and appetite." ... "Say," my Captain-husband interrupted, "Post Toasties have *really* got it!"

3 THAT AFTERNOON, the Captain and I met Julie at the Commissary. She was talking again about Vitamin B_1 . . . "It's known," she said, "as the 'missing vitamin' in America's diet. 3 out of every 4 people *don't get enough of it* in their daily food. And Post Toasties are now generously enriched with it." . . . Then the Captain wanted to know how expensive Post Toasties are. And when he found out the price, he was amazed! They cost *surprisingly* little . . .

MORE DELICIOUS
New Post Toasties are *crisper* corn flakes—rich in America's favorite breakfast flavor!

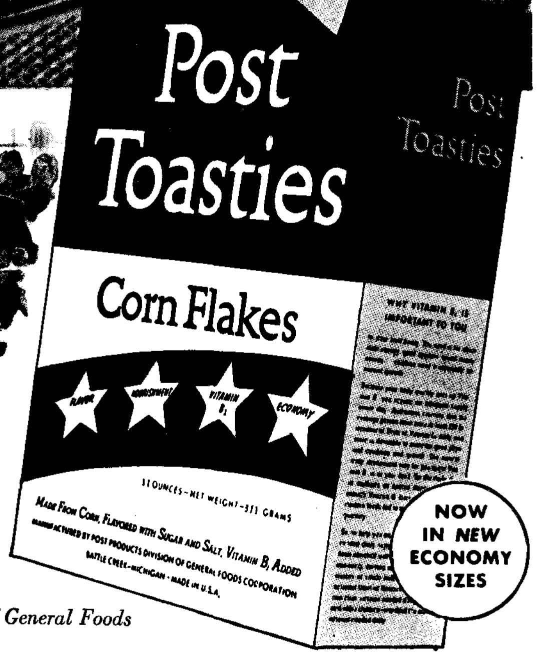
MORE NOURISHING
New Post Toasties with Vitamin B_1 are richer than ever in easily digested, quick-energy food values.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
Of all cold cereals, corn flakes cost the least—and new Post Toasties with Vitamin B_1 give you extra corn flakes value at no extra cost.

RICH IN VITAMIN B_1
the "missing vitamin" in 3 out of 4 diets.

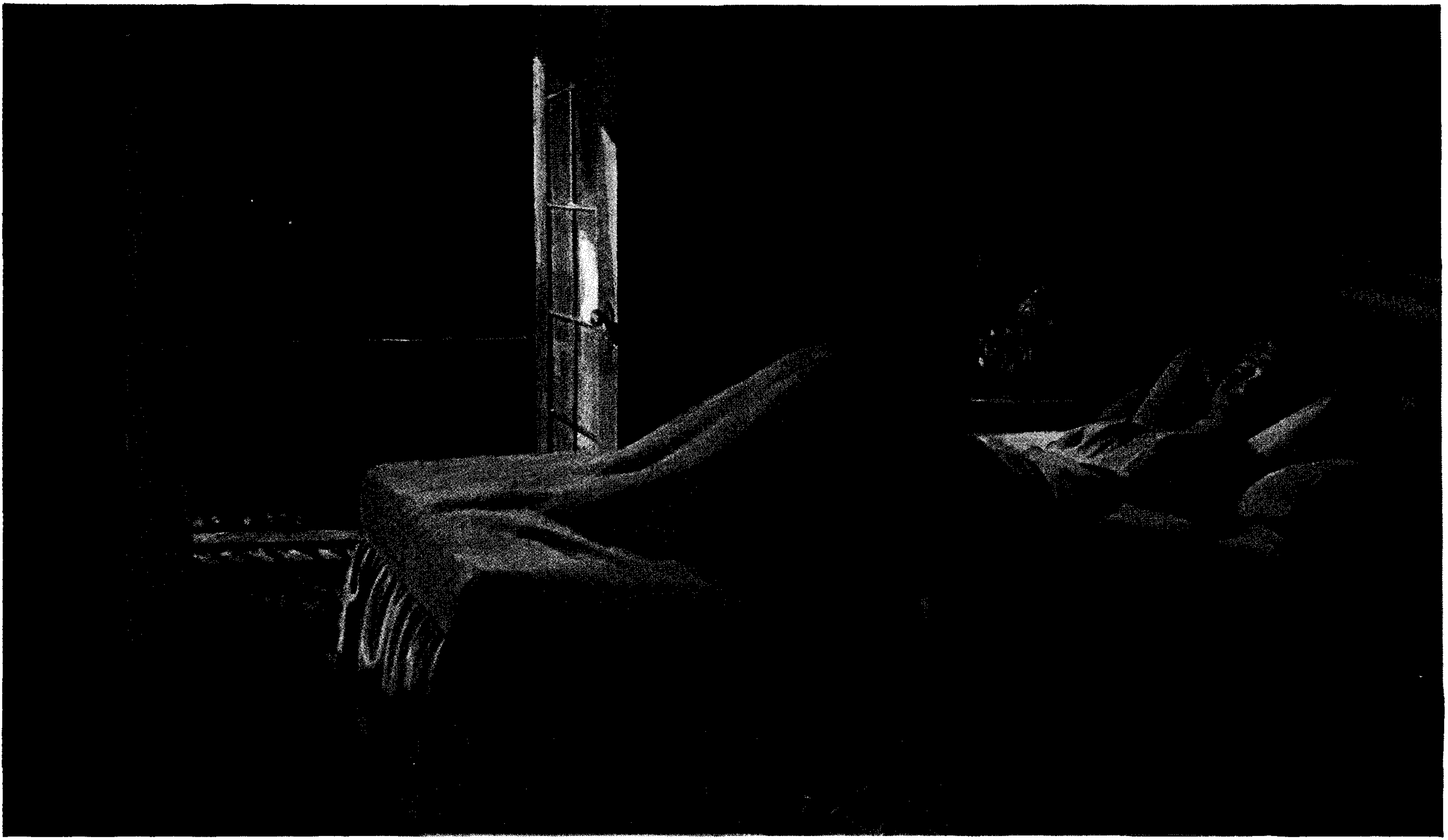
4 "THE MESS SERGEANT *must* be told about this," the Captain said . . . "Post Toasties are just the thing for our boys," he told the Sergeant next morning. "They taste swell . . . help produce energy." . . . "But, Captain, sir, we've been serving Post Toasties to the men *for a long time*," the Sergeant explained. "Look, they're having 'em right now!" . . . And sure enough, the boys *were* eating Post Toasties. You've got to go a long way to get ahead of *this* army!

A Product of General Foods


Post Toasties
Corn Flakes
Post Toasties
FLAVOR
NOURISHMENT
VITAMIN B1
ECONOMY
11 OUNCES—NET WEIGHT—311 GRAMS
MADE FROM CORN, FLAVORED WITH SUGAR AND SALT, VITAMIN B1 ADDED
BATTLE CREEK—MICHIGAN—MADE IN U.S.A.
WHY VITAMIN B1 IS IMPORTANT TO YOU

NOW IN NEW ECONOMY SIZES

ENJOY THE NOURISHING *NEW* POST TOASTIES
FOR A 4-STAR BREAKFAST TREAT!



"NO MORE LUXURIOUS COMFORT ON EARTH." It has been said that no other man-made invention gives a deeper, more thoroughly satisfying sense of complete rest and relaxation than the Beautyrest. This famous mattress cradles every tired inch of you in unashamed, toe-wriggling, *luxury* comfort.

The inside story of mattress comfort

1. Did you ever walk on a bare mattress?

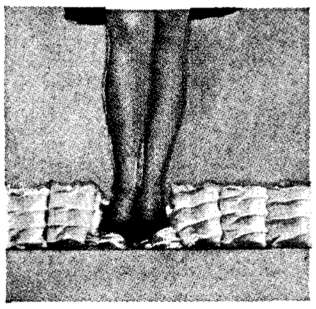
The kind of "bare" mattress we mean is one whose cover and padding have been ripped back to expose the "inner works"—the coils. A few steps on only *two* such mattresses (a Beautyrest and any other) will tell you the whole story of mattress comfort.

For *looks* can tell you nothing about comfort. Comfort depends solely on what's *inside.* And there are two main types of mattress "insides."

2. The ordinary mattress sags under your weight

This is the usual type of mattress "insides." The springs are joined one to another. So, when you push one spring down, the others around it must go down, too. This is the age-old principle of "sag" support. The whole mattress must slope toward the spot where your greatest weight lies.

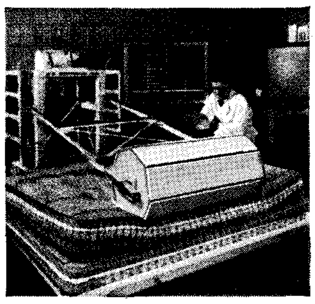
Now see how the Beautyrest operates: why it is the only mattress that offers you *luxury comfort.*



3. But the Beautyrest cradles you

The Beautyrest is different from other mattresses. Its 837 coils are *separate*—not joined together. Set in its own muslin pocket, each coil acts independently. That's why the Beautyrest gives you that blissful sensation of *floating* . . . of *buoyant* support. Your body is gently, evenly cradled from head to toe—in its *natural* position.

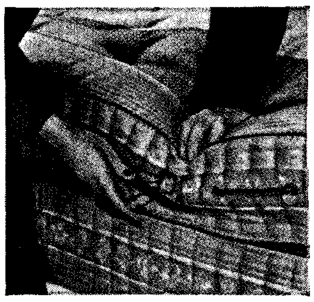
That's the secret of Beautyrest's *luxury* comfort. Other mattresses just don't give it!



4. Can such luxurious sleeping comfort last?

Let a famous independent laboratory answer this question. The U. S. Testing Co. tested seventeen makes from all popular-price lines on their Mattress Endurance Machines (Cert. Test #11760). *Beautyrest lasted three times longer than any other!*

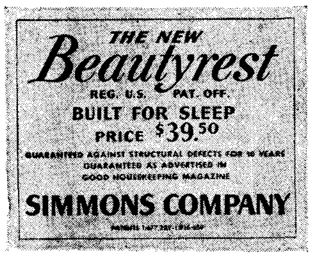
So our staunch guarantee to rebuild your Beautyrest free of charge if any structural defect occurs within ten full years—is really *conservative!* With care, it will probably last *much* longer.



5. Here's why it stays firm and "fresh"

The Beautyrest has eight ventilators around its deep sides. Ventilators that really work. Sit on a Beautyrest and feel the air breathe out. As you rise, fresh air is drawn back in, to keep the mattress fresh and clean and sanitary always.

Thanks to a patented "sag-proof" border, the edges of a Beautyrest stay firm and neat and even. Lumps and hollows won't form, either. So you need turn your Beautyrest only 4 or 5 times a year!



THE NEW
Beautyrest
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
GUARANTEED AGAINST STRUCTURAL DEFECTS FOR 10 YEARS
GUARANTEED AS ADVERTISED IN
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE
SIMMONS COMPANY

This is the Beautyrest label.

6. Yet it costs only a penny a night!

Based on our conservative 10-year guarantee alone, Beautyrest—world's most luxurious sleeping comfort—figures out to only *a penny a night!*

Why, many mattresses priced far *less* than Beautyrest's $39.50 (slightly more in Canada) actually cost far *more*—over the years! Remember, no mattress tested stood up one-third as long. So get the *most* for your mattress money. Beautyrest.

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, $19.75.

Our New Army

Continued from page 40

uniform length and standard design, and let's keep spans handy to the bridges; then when we get a flat (in a manner of speaking) we can easily replace the damaged part. A swell idea, chorused the Federal Roads Administration and the Maine and New Hampshire Highways Depts. Other officials please copy.

MARYLAND

FORT GEO. G. MEADE. Sgt. Ralph Barnes was inducted last April but he's still wearing his civilian shoes, because the Army doesn't stock any under size 4. The sergeant wears size 2½. The Army's trying to meet him halfway by supplying him with half soles. At the other end of the shoe spectrum is the Fort Bragg soldier with the size 14½ EEE foot about whom an observer said: "Why, that man simply isn't maneuverable!"

THE 115th Infantry's Pvt. Ben Sufrin, better known as Sufferin' Ben because he began his Army career as a patient in the post hospital, is still suffering. Pvt. Sufrin, who fancies himself something of a comic, has done his stuff in several camp shows, each time repeating his satirization of the medical detachment. The medicos took it as long as they could, then decided to become active stooges. The last time Ben yelled, "Is there a doctor in the house?" two of the medical detachment lads leaped to the stage with bandages and castor oil and liberally applied both to the funny man.

ON a hot, sultry day Co. H, 104th Medical Regiment, on its way to field maneuvers in Caroline County, welcomed a brief halt near a country store. The proprietress paled as a couple of hundred men tried to crowd into her shop, but seven fast-thinking soldiers came to her rescue. Six of them got into aprons and went to work making sandwiches and doling out soft drinks; a seventh took charge of the storekeeper's infant while she supervised and collected.

VIRGINIA

FORT BELVOIR. One of the most colorful units at this engineers replacement center is Co. B, 3d Training Btn. Two of its platoons are made up of Yankees; the other two of Smoky Mountain hillbillies. The latter have come to be known as The Wailing Willies—whenever the company is on the march the mountain lads give vent to their nostalgia by realistic imitations of fowl, crow and catbird calls. At any rest stop the 'billies hit for the tall timber, and on several occasions the officers have had to resort to somewhat indelicate persuasion to bring some of the boys down out of the trees so the platoons could maintain some sort of status quo. It takes all kinds....

CAMP PENDLETON, Virginia Beach. Come what may, the boys of the 244th C.A. claim they'll stop it. Sample of their work: When the regiment rumbled out in 275 trucks on a 600-mile jaunt to the Blue Ridge Mountains, Pvt. Joseph L. Sterbenz was sent out as an M.P. ahead of a truck column to see that nothing halted the convoy. Nothing, you understand? Yes, sir. Pvt. Sterbenz and his motorcycle reached a rail crossing some seconds before a long freight did, so the unflagging M.P. leaped from his machine and flagged the train to a grinding stop. As Army trucks lumbered by for half an hour Pvt. Sterbenz explained to the fuming, choking red-faced train crew that orders is orders.

NORTH CAROLINA

FORT BRAGG, Fayetteville. When the German High Command held its maneuvers some years ago the soldiers were told that sham battles would be made "more interesting" by the process of slipping an occasional loaded cartridge among the blanks. It was a good way to impress the men with the necessity of taking cover and proceeding in all attacks with caution, but our new Army hasn't reached that stage yet. To ascertain casualties, the umpires (Collier's, Aug. 30th) use a percentage basis for determining the number of men "killed or wounded." Every so often a soldier will be approached by a medico who says, "You're hurt," and has him carted off to a dressing station. Other lucky lads play dead. The taking of prisoners, though, is based upon the actual capture of "enemy" soldiers, and here's where plenty of gold-bricking takes place, because a prisoner doesn't have to lug his pack and rifle through the brush and sand. Like Ferdinand, he just sits and smells the flowers, if he can find any. So the technique of the tired soldier is to "fight" for a spell and then get himself captured.

ONE of the boys at Bragg has been amusing himself by studding his speech with pure unadulterated Broadway double talk. If you haven't heard any, it sounds like this: "Yes, sir, I'll do it right after I've fernicrantzed this resartus hook, sir." The officer or noncom on the other end of this kind of jargon usually walks away feeling vaguely that something is sort of vague, or something. The double-talking lad met his Waterloo the other day, however, when a fresh importation of New York officers included one who speaks the language. Our man tried his stuff on a new captain and got an answer in kind, with an extra "sansafran on the boosterbilt" tossed in. Now the soldier says, "Yes, *sir!*"

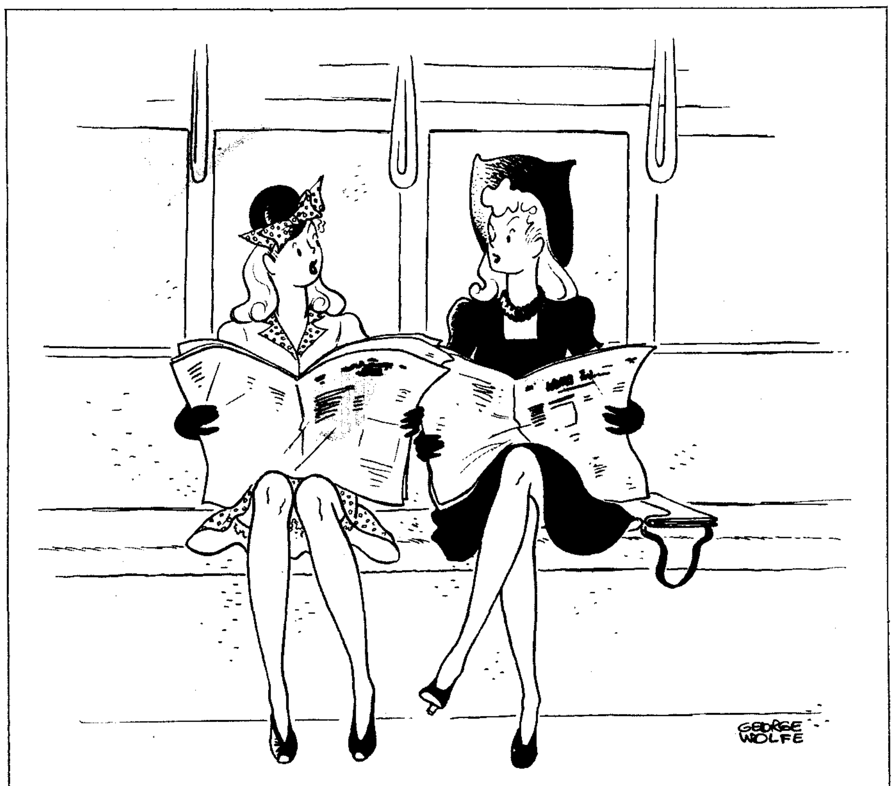
GEORGIA

CAMP WHEELER, Macon. Pvt. Albert Becker has passed on to another post but the boys won't forget him in a hurry, for it was he who caused much unseemly laughter during basic instruction in the care and feeding of the heavy machine gun. When it came Pvt. Becker's turn to dismount the gun and name each piece as it was removed he got along very well until he had the hammer lock in his hand. It was then that an expression of bewilderment came over his pan and an officer asked him if he knew what the gadget was. "Yes, sir," said Albert. "Well, go ahead and name it, then," the officer prodded. Becker fumbled for a minute. "I'm sorry, sir," he finally said, "but you see, it's a military secret."

RECOIL

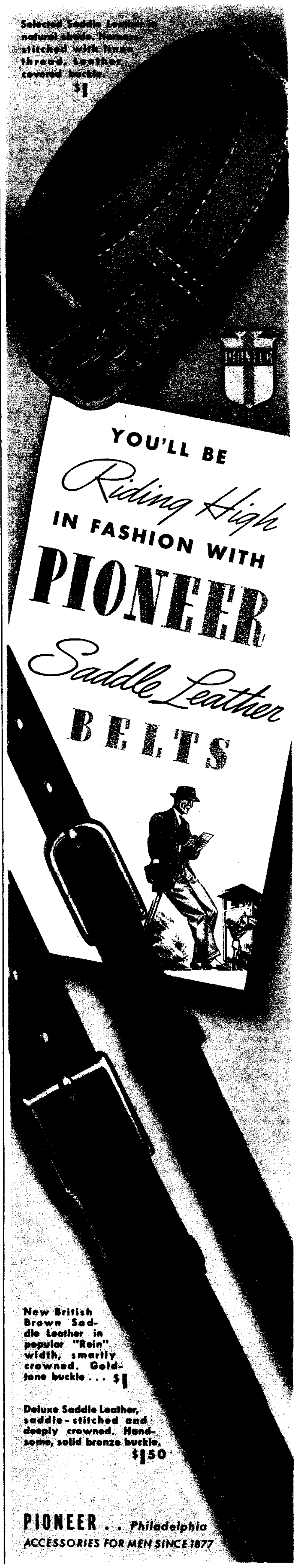
A COUPLE of sergeants writing independently but in what seems to be some collusion, from Camp San Luis Obispo's 40th Division, say we've been misinformed about certain items. We have—and often. What they didn't like was our report in this department for July 26th that (1) soldiers and their partners can't sneak out during intermissions at service-club dances and (2) week-end passes are limited to one a month. "Nobody ever stopped me or anyone I know from leaving between dances," states Sgt. Frederick M. Cranston, Co. F, 159th Infantry. "At the present time," writes First Sgt. Charles F. Atkinson, of the same company, "twenty per cent of the organization is required to be in camp on Saturdays or Sundays or both, but men not on duty may obtain good conduct passes at any time, including week ends. Your source of information was biased. Newcomers do not grouse about camp regulations."

WE APOLOGIZE for that fernicrantz report. Everything's resartus. Comma? G. W.



"I worked out a budget today—I took the amount of money appropriated by Congress and divided by 130,000,000!"

GEORGE WOLFE


Selected Saddle Leather in natural shade. Harness-stitched with linen thread. Leather covered buckle.
$1

YOU'LL BE Riding High IN FASHION WITH PIONEER Saddle Leather BELTS

New British Brown Saddle Leather in popular "Rein" width, smartly crowned. Gold-tone buckle . . . $1

Deluxe Saddle Leather, saddle-stitched and deeply crowned. Handsome, solid bronze buckle.
$150

PIONEER . . Philadelphia
ACCESSORIES FOR MEN SINCE 1877

BLASTS BULLS-EYE 99 OUT OF 100!

but couldn't knock the "bite zone" out of his pipe!

Any pipe mixture containing only one or two tobaccos forms a "bite zone" in your pipe AFTER THE FIRST FEW PUFFS!

5 Different Tobaccos Cut 5 Different Ways—

means no "bite-zone" with Revelation!

Perique (champagne of tobaccos)
+
Burley (cool burning)
+
Carolina (adds sparkle)
+
Virginia (rich flavor)
+
Latakia (spicily aromatic)

Ordinary mixture: Particles of tobacco, all cut same way, mat down—retain heat—often cause soggy heel.

Revelation: Five different cuts pack perfectly . . . porous, so your pipe "breathes"—burns more evenly, coolly.

No "straight" or near-straight pipe mixture *can possibly* give you this sweet, cool flavor that lasts right down to the bottom of your pipe bowl!

Five finer tobaccos—a real, balanced blend—make REVELATION sensationally *different . . . finer!* Each tobacco supplies its own special flavor and aroma. Each tobacco is cut separately to the size and shape that makes *ALL FIVE blend* best, *burn* best, *taste* best!

Try a tin of REVELATION and see for yourself—it's *milder, cooler, more richly gratifying* than anything you ever smoked!

15¢
POCKET TIN
REVELATION

REVELATION PIPE MIXTURE

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

Hitler's Peace Map

Continued from page 20

Poland, the present central government, will be shrunk to a small nation around the capital of Warsaw.

As to Russia in Europe, that is, west of the Ural Mountains, the Germans plan an array of separate nations. The Ukraine and White Russia will be probably the largest of these. Governors have already been picked out, including the renowned Dr. Rosenberg for the Ukraine. The present German Volga Republic of the U.S.S.R.—settled by Germans under the auspices of Catherine the Great—will be expanded and known as Eastland. It will be the Reich's outermost buffer against Asia. Moscow will be the center of a new political state—as yet, in German programs, undefined and unnamed.

Of Asia, German map makers as yet speak only in vague terms of spheres of influence, not of precise boundaries. You get the impression they have not thought much about it; and that, certainly, no responsible German, at this stage of the war and its prospects, contemplates partitioning the British Empire. For Africa, they plan an interesting and unique future:

Africa, they declare, is the "South America of Europe"—a more needful relationship, indeed, than that which exists between North and South America, because habitable Europe lies in more northerly latitudes and thus has a lesser variety of resources. Therefore, while present South Africa will be an independent Boer ("Germanic") state, all the rest of Africa will be thrown into the pot as a sort of colonial raw-materials factory for the pro-rated benefit of all Europe. It will be administered jointly by Germany-France-Italy, with token representation of smaller European nations on the commission.

Such an enterprise would have to be inaugurated if Germany is to be consistent with the theory behind her new map of Europe. That theory is: "Continental economy." And the United States is "the perfect model of continental economy" which German propagandists hold forth to the German people in support of their new map.

America Sets the Pattern

The United States is great, they say, because it embraces all of earth's good things—from wheat in the Dakotas to oil in Texas, from pasturage and timber in the North, to citrus fruits and cotton in the South; with the whole nation contributing to the vital needs of New England and Middle Atlantic industry; with only a few necessities imported—and even those either feasible of growth within our own soil and climate, or production in "ersatz" by the ingenuity of our chemists. If, however, they go on, Pennsylvania and Texas and the rest of our states were independent nations with different currencies, engaged in neck-slitting competition, then North America would have a tradition of war as bloody and unreasonable as Europe's.

As the German map makers see it, the resources of the earth—food and the critical and strategic raw materials necessary for any nation's industrial, economic and commercial greatness—are scattered all over the globe, in every belt of latitude and longitude, climate and soil. No single nation, however densely populated, can be a great nation unless it has a measure of control in all latitudes, enabling it to tap a variety of resources. In fact, density of population becomes a detriment to a latitudinally bound nation. Germany, stuck in north central Europe, between latitudes 47 and 55, has only those limited resources which such latitude affords. Coal is virtually her only abundant resource. Even her land is not fertile, being largely glacial plain. She has no oil, few minerals, in an age of mechanization. Yet her population is the largest and most fecund among European nations.

Germany Makes Her Choice

So, you are told by German businessmen as well as officials, four possibilities lay before her:

1. Resign herself to being a secondary nation.
2. Get back the colonies which the Allies took from her at Versailles, and become a "competing" empire. In 1913, they point out, Germany's trade had grown to 14% of the world's total: which bred war with those nations that considered her continued expansion against their interests.
3. Wrest England's empire away from her—or France's, or Holland's.
4. Create a new order.

Conversely, if England wins, German economists see only two courses open to the British if this fight is not to recur every generation. To break Germany into small pieces will not suffice, they maintain, because the moment peace has settled, federation would begin again. She must:

1. Exterminate Germany. Or,
2. Arrange a new order in which Germany's one hundred million would have an equal chance with England's forty-five million.

Neither of those points being attainable, the German people are told, the Fuehrer chose the fourth of the ways open to him: A new order—in other words, a new map. And the plans for this are deep-laid and self-confident. They consider world commerce after the war. "Commerce used to be gold," one German economist said, "now it is *Blitz*—lightning. That is, get there first with the goods. The *Blitzkrieg* translated into commerce—or *Blitzhandel*. Former economies were based on ship and rail transportation. Those will be secondary in our scheme—air and motor trucks come first. Our autobahnen, or national auto highways, will be extended all over Europe. There will be only one currency in Europe—we hope, in the world. On this score we will be most emphatic. Exploitation and sharp dealing in international exchange by international banking swindlers has been one of the most mischievous forces in the modern world."

It is known that Dr. Fritz Todt, renowned designer of the Siegfried Line, and now Reich minister and inspector of highways, has conceived, modeled and completed the preliminary engineering details of a system of highways from Berlin to Shanghai.

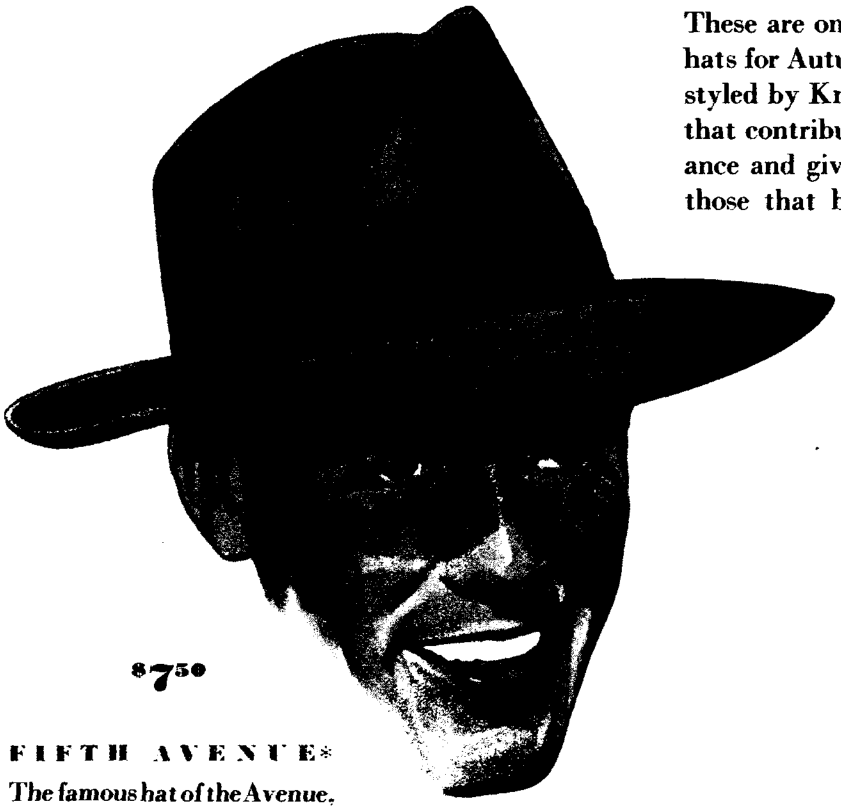
But aside and above all other reasoning, those arguments, together with this comprehensive new map, are now held out to the German people as the symbol of abiding peace in Europe. For the German high command knows that the only thing that sustains any people at war is not the hope of conquest, not even the promise of fantastic prosperity, but only the hope of peace, of security, for the little people of the big nations.

One German declared: "We have such great faith in the workability of our new order in Europe that we look for immigration, especially of skilled workers and technicians in search of peace and security, from the so-called New World to the so-called Old World."

KNOX

Announces the Leading Hat Styles for Fall

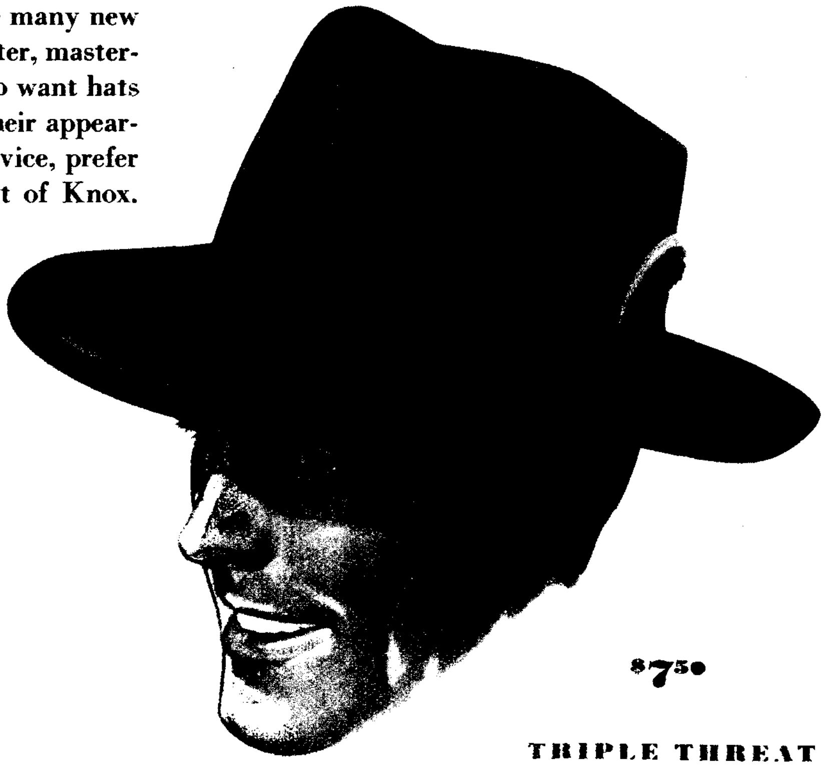
These are only four of the many new hats for Autumn and Winter, master-styled by Knox. Men who want hats that contribute most to their appearance and give most of service, prefer those that bear the Crest of Knox.



$7.50

FIFTH AVENUE*

The famous hat of the Avenue, with smart folded band and distinctive Crestwelt edge.



$7.50

TRIPLE THREAT

New flare-brim for younger men, with triple-tone grosgrain brim-binding.

MOVEO ET PROFICIO
KNOX

$7.50

SUNSET FELTS

Outstanding new ease-weight felts for season-'round wear in town and country.

$6.50

THE VAGABOND*

Famous Knox casual lightweight hat, exceptionally adaptable for country and travel.

Other Knox Hats $5 to $20

KNOX HATS

KNOX THE HATTER · 452 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

NOW BEING SHOWN BY YOUR KNOX DEALER

*Trade Mark

China Can't Lose

Continued from page 22

The strategy of the war was Chinese in design and performance. That is why China did not collapse when the Germans were sent home upon the insistence of Japan.

Japanese publicists shouted with delight when the Germans departed late in 1938. Now that what they regarded as the pillars of the house had been removed, surely the edifice would tumble. It did not. Strangely enough, no change took place, except that the Chinese suddenly became more successful.

This ignorance of the existence, in its true colors, of the national army, or appreciation of it, as a fighting force, was Japan's second serious error. A third, and a greater, was her wish to believe that China could not change in any way from her historical habits. The Japanese jeered at possibilities of political unity, for their agents had successfully engineered civil wars in the past. They laughed at the New Life movement and similar developments as child's play.

Fourth and Worst Error

In reality, however, the old war lords had been swept away, and these new movements worked like lightning, cleaning up villages, stimulating towns, giving the people spiritual impetus and a new view of life and responsibilities. Education developed; highways were built until every province could be reached from every other province by motor, and provincial jealousies were obliterated. Then the Japanese pounced like barbarians. Their orders were to "beat China to her knees" in three months. That was the fourth error. The world watched with amazement. With great masses of tanks, mechanized units, and airplanes, the Japanese struck ruthlessly. Artillery blazed. Cities were ruined, towns and villages razed. Airplanes swept over cities burdened with aged, defenseless and helpless, and bombed and burned them. Over distant, smiling valleys flew the engines of death and destruction and laid the land in ruin. The vast population fled before the advancing armies. Airplanes machine-gunned them; artillery shattered them. The survivors fled for hundreds of miles.

Japanese soldiers wallowed in crimes as disgusting as they were common. They raped, robbed, killed, burned. Trucks carried off the loot. Behind them they left the broken bodies of raped girls and women, and the slain masses of men. Wherever they went they sowed a blight. They were out completely to destroy the means of livelihood of the people, and to terrorize the survivors.

All respect for the noncombatant was abandoned. His possessions were destroyed or looted; if he protested he was slain offhand. Every opponent who could be caught was killed. The small factories, the handicraft workshops, the big mills were all purposefully attacked and destroyed. Every piece of metal was taken to Japan. Good machinery was dismantled for use elsewhere. Chinese businesses were taken over by Japanese, who tried to operate them. Steamerloads of loot were taken to Japan. Vast has been the demolition of historical monuments; so devastating the ravage that people abroad would not believe the appalling stories that came out of China.

All this the Chinese people have taken. The belief that they could not, or would not, take it is the fifth mistake of the Japanese and it is a vital one. They forgot the mass deaths through famine or floods of the Yangtze, the Yellow and the Hwai rivers, which involved deaths from a few hundred thousand up to two million. They forgot the twenty years of civil wars, many fomented by Japanese agents, which had blown or burned the Chinese people out of their homes time and again as if in training for this terrible calamity. The Japanese are learning, but too late, that the Chinese are too familiar with gigantic calamities and death en masse to be frightened into subservience by more of it. What the attempt to terrorize them did was to make them stand up and fight as they never had before.

To these various errors has to be added the most startling result of the war. Demoralization of the Japanese army by the barbaric nature of the campaign, and by the very character of the orgies in which officers and men have been able to indulge. The maxim that "he who commands the sea commands the land" does not apply in China. What the Japanese navy does in blockading the coast is undone by the Japanese military officers who are making huge fortunes out of robbery and corruption.

China has no fleet, mercantile marine or great industrial centers. She has not been able to strike one blow at Japan's sea power. Her coast is shut tightly by an unchallenged navy, yet materials and munitions and all manner of trade articles, have passed, for a price, into Free China. This war has been reduced to the greatest racket the world has seen or heard of. From the highest ranking Japanese officer to the lowest private, graft is an order of the day. China has been freely looted of its treasures and art owned by the people. Money is squeezed from every available source by officers or stolen from the common people by privates. The gigantic octopus of graft has its tentacles into the tills of the customs, opening ways for materials to get through the lines and closed ports, and penalizing the people wherever the Japanese prevail. Shanghai and other ports are bonanzas.

The Graft Piles Up

Only last March and April—after three and a half years of war—the Japanese navy made a sudden, much advertised sweep down the South China coast and announced that it had been gloriously engaged closing up smuggling holes through which arms and munitions and war materials had been seeping from Hong Kong to the Chinese army. The navy did not announce that those ports had been under control of envied Japanese military officers for a couple of years at least, nor did it state whether naval officers intended to take their share of the graft the Chinese were ready to pay to get goods through.

Look at the blockade of the British Concession at Tientsin. The Japanese ran barbed wire round it; prevented foodstuffs from entering on the plea that they were trying to persuade the British to release to them a large quantity of Chinese dollars held by one of the banks. They collected squeeze on every vehicle and parcel that entered. The blockade was sustained for many months. Japanese officers collected personally some $60,000, Chinese currency, a day. Only when the situation became intolerable did the Japanese take down the wire, but the Chinese dollars remain in the British Concession except for a portion which it was said was paid out for "flood relief" purposes.

This piling of the Ossa of corruption upon the Pelion of loot has assumed enormous proportions throughout the region occupied by the Japanese. It has long been more important than winning the war. Coupled with efforts to sweep out of existence the interests of Britons and Americans in China, at Tientsin and Shanghai, two rich centers of population, Japanese officers have opened gambling hells, brothels, dance halls. They run opium-smoking houses, sell narcotics, and employ low-class Japanese and Koreans to spread the evil broadcast. It was easy to adapt for personal enrichment an evil scheme devised officially to demoralize the Chinese people. What these officers did not foresee, however, was that while on the one hand it would not halt China's resistance, since those resisting were not the froth of coastal cities, it would, on the other hand, contribute largely to the demoralization of the Japanese army.

Things That Make Men Fight

There could be but one end to such terrible errors and happenings. The "invincible" Japanese army was soon clogged in its movement by its orgies, bogged down by the weight of the loot and the lust it loosened. Unexpectedly the Chinese sprang to oppose it. The German-built national army developed into a vast force. Men volunteered or were conscripted to its ranks. It had little mechanized equipment, only about one hundred airplanes, and no money or transportation to get many more. Its artillery and antiaircraft weapons were scarce and were outclassed by those of the Japanese. But it had manual weapons and machine guns. It also had high spirit and confidence. It was fighting for its country, for its bleeding people, for its burned homes. And how it fought! Soon it learned that it could outfight the Japanese man for man; that it could dodge the hail of shells and bombs. But the weight of Japanese explosives, the inadequacy of the Chinese defenses, caused city after city to fall. At Shanghai, in full view of foreign technical observers and people in general, the Chinese fought for three months before the tremendous and mishandled array of Japanese might could send them flying through the paddy fields and canals to other lines.

"You're beaten, now surrender," yelled the Japanese, but to the astonishment of the alleged victors the Chinese did not know they were beaten, and fought elsewhere, ever moving westward, until Hankow was abandoned. Then positional fighting was also abandoned. In the subsequent mobile operations the Chinese outfought and outmaneuvered the Japanese so badly that exasperation and bewilderment produced near chaos. Never were the Japanese able to destroy a Chinese army. In time they were forced to look everywhere for escape. They tried to shorten their lines, to lessen their commitments. They tried vainly eight or nine times to secure peace on ever-diminishing terms. They tried to take advantage of the international situation to escape the toils of China and harvest more empire elsewhere. They were stopped by the Chinese mud which clung to their boots; by the promise of help to China by America and Britain.

Today they find themselves being broken in China. Only a rift in the Chinese lute can give them hope there, for Chiang Kai-shek always softly says: "There can be no peace while any Japanese soldier remains on Chinese soil." That is the only answer he ever has given to proffers of peace.

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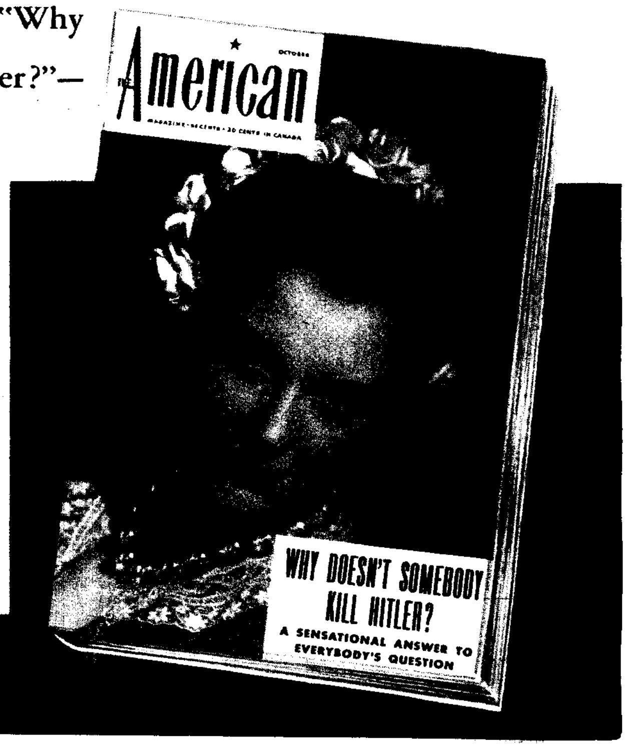
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Mercator Island

Continued from page 16

voices," Bob remarked to Mrs. Kingman.

"What you want ah please?" the Japanese was saying.

"Lounging pajamas, beach pajamas," Bob said. "Missy wants them," and he turned to Mrs. Kingman.

"Yes," Mrs. Kingman said, "an embroidered coat and trousers—Chinese embroidery, like that one over there."

The storekeeper gave a polite and happy hiss. "If don't fit we fix in ah one hour for missy," he said. "Beautiful silk, lovely sewing. Everything very lovely."

"Haven't you got a man here," Bob asked, "named—what's his name?" And he drew the card from his inside pocket. "Oh, yes, Moto."

The bony shopkeeper glanced sideways from the shelves.

"Mr. Moto," he said, "oh, yes, Mr. Moto busy now. So sorry."

MRS. KINGMAN had been looking through a heap of embroidered Chinese jackets and now she lifted one up—blue silk, richly embroidered with blues and black and white. She held it up in front of her.

"How does this look?" she asked, and it looked very well with her black hair and her dark eyes and her red lips.

"It looks fine," Bob said, "but then I say—you can wear anything."

"I wish there were a mirror," Mrs. Kingman said. "It's rather large, isn't it, and the trousers are perfectly enormous."

The shopkeeper hissed politely: "We fix, we fix for missy in one hour," he said. "If lady would like to go in back, very nice ladies' dressing room upstairs —looking glass—everything for ladies."

"All right," Mrs. Kingman said. "I'd like to try it on. You don't mind waiting, do you?"

The shopkeeper opened the door in back and called out something in Japanese and a slight, pale boy appeared.

"He show you," the shopkeeper said. "Very nice ladies' room, up one flight," and Mrs. Kingman followed the boy through the black shadows of the doorway, and the shopkeeper closed the door carefully.

"You say you want shirts?" he said. "Very nice shirts," and he began lifting them down from the shelves, talking in the same loud voice.

"All sewed right here. Everything here we make."

"Yes," Bob said, "I suppose there's a whole nest of you working upstairs in back. Have you got a silk coat to fit me and some ties?"

"Oh, yes," said the Japanese, "very nice coats, very nice ties."

He was reaching for the rack of ties when a sound from behind the closed door made Bob Bolles look up.

"What's that?" he asked, and the shopkeeper moved toward the rear door.

"Nothing," the man said, "I hear nothing."

"I thought—" Bob said, and then he listened and he heard it again. He was sure of it this time. Behind the closed door he heard a woman scream.

There was something so completely unexpected about it that he must have stood there frozen for a moment, and then he plunged toward the rear door. The shopkeeper stood in front of it.

"Please," he said, "against orders to go up there."

Then Bob grabbed him by the shoulder and flung him away so hard that the man crashed against the shelves of silks. Then he snatched the door open and found himself running up a black, narrow flight of stairs.

"What is it?" he called. "What is it, Mrs. Kingman?"

The whole place had a musty, spicy smell that he at once associated with Japanese trains and railway stations. He heard a scuffling of footsteps and voices above him, and then he was on a landing, turning the knob of a flimsy little door. It opened into a room lighted by two windows, obviously a fitting room with a mirror and a chair and a table. And there was Mrs. Kingman. Her shoulders were bare. She was clasping her dress in front of her, facing three chattering Japanese.

"Look here," Bob said. "What's the matter? Did you scream?" Something must have happened. He was sure of it, because her eyes were wide and staring and her face was ashy-white. He pushed his way through the Japanese boys and walked toward her.

"Why, Mrs. Kingman," he said, "what is it?" She opened her mouth and closed it. Something had frightened her, something had frightened her terribly.

"I never thought—" she said, but her voice was hardly more than a whisper.

"It's all right," Bob told her. "What happened? Did any of these boys—"

Then her voice was louder. "Take me out of here," she said, "take me out!"

"Why, yes," Bob told her, "of course I will. It's all right. Just tell me what happened."

She drew a deep breath and her voice was steadier. "They all came in," she said. "I think they were going to—" She stopped and stared at the door.

"Going to what?" Bob asked her. "It's all right, Mrs. Kingman."

"Going to kill me," she said. "But—" and then her words were steadier, "but it's all right now. Just take me away."

"Oh, come now," Bob said. "Something just startled you," and he turned to the boys and scowled at them. "You boys get out of here. What the hell do you mean breaking into this room?" None of them answered. They only stood staring at him with wooden, vacant faces, and he heard Mrs. Kingman draw in her breath sharply.

"It's all right now," she said again. "Just take me out."

THEN Bob Bolles heard quick, light footsteps on the landing, and he saw the man he had seen earlier that morning. It was Mr. Moto.

"Oh," said Mr. Moto, "what is it, please?" And he spoke to the boys sharply in Japanese. "Was something wrong, please?" Mr. Moto asked.

"Look here," Bob said. "Something happened to this lady when she was trying on a dress. I was down in the shop and she screamed."

"Oh," said Mr. Moto, "oh, so sorry. I know now. A misunderstanding, please. These boys they work so hard. They came to fit the clothes. So very stupid of them. So sorry. They do not understand the foreigners, the boys," and Mr. Moto rubbed his hands together and bobbed his head. "So very, very sorry for the lady. Excuse it, please. So very sorry."

"I tell you something happened," Bob Bolles said. "What was it, Mrs. Kingman?"

"It's all right now," Mrs. Kingman said. Her dress was on again and the color was back in her cheeks. "But I want to leave this place—*quickly!*"

"Come on," Bob said and walked down the stairs with Mrs. Kingman and through the shop, with Mr. Moto following.

"So sorry," Mr. Moto kept saying. "Will Madam please excuse?"

"I'm awfully sorry you had a fright like that," Bob said. "Of course I can see, up there all alone—"

But he could not be sure that something else had not happened, for out in the street she clung to his arm. Something had frightened her, and she did not seem like a person who was easily frightened.

"Let's go away," she said. "You'll help me, won't you? Please help me."

"Why, of course," Bob said. "I guess I'd better take you back to Mr. Kingman."

Her grasp on his arm grew tighter. "Oh," she said, "not that, no. Please, listen to me, Mr. Bolles. There isn't much time. I—you'll have to help me."

"Why, yes," said Bob, "of course. Just forget what happened up there. It was really a misunderstanding. No one can hurt you here possibly."

SHE gave her head an impatient shake and then she dropped his arm. His words must have reassured her somehow. At any rate she seemed to have recovered.

"You've been awfully nice," she said. Her voice was suddenly warm and friendly: "When you came running up those stairs—I should have known that you'd be nice."

"Why, that's all right," Bob answered. "It wasn't anything."

"You'd say just that, of course," she said, "because you're nice. I'm afraid you think I'm an awful fool, going to pieces like that."

"It's all over now," Bob said. "We'll find Mr. Kingman and then you can forget about it."

"But why are you in such a hurry to find him?" she asked, and she smiled at him in a way that made him feel very peculiar. "Girls aren't always tied to husbands. I think he's going to be busy for quite a while. There's no hurry, is there? Just suppose that he weren't here at all."

"What?" Bob asked her.

She looked up at him, half-questioningly, half-laughingly, so that he could not tell whether she was serious or not.

"Just suppose he weren't here at all," she said. "Just suppose that you and I had met somewhere and that neither of us cared much about convention or anything. I don't and I don't believe you do."

When Bob looked back at her he knew that it was true—he did not care much about convention. "All right," he said, and somehow her eyes made his voice unsteady. "Suppose he weren't. He's probably still down there talking at Henry's."

"Just suppose we'd known each other for a little while longer," she said. "Suppose we'd talked about a lot of things and suppose we'd danced together. Suppose I told you that I was sick and tired of everything."

"I've been told that before," Bob said, and he was thinking about the times he had been told, but no one who had told him looked like Mrs. Kingman.

"Suppose we liked each other. We might, you know," she said.

"That's true," Bob answered, and he did not mind at all dealing with the supposition. "We might have once—when I was in the Service, maybe—but I'm an ex-naval officer now and I'm pretty nearly on the beach," and he laughed.

"I know," she said. "We heard about you from Henry. You see, I'm not very happy and you're not very happy, don't you see? And I suppose there are times when you don't care much what people say. That's why I say—just suppose—"

"Suppose what?" Bob asked.

"That I told you I was in a great deal of trouble." Her eyes were on him, half-serious and half-questioning. "And that I wanted you to take me away on your boat—anywhere to get away from here. I wonder if you'd do it?"

"You'd have to be in an awful lot of trouble to ask me that," Bob said.

"I suppose so," she answered, "but I'm not so sure—if we'd only known each other longer. I wonder if you would. Would you?"

The strange thing about it was that she spoke as though the question were serious, as though there were actually something between them, and he could almost wish there might have been.

"If you put it that way, I might," he said, and Mrs. Kingman laughed, but somehow she was still half serious.

"Suppose we went right now, right down to the water, and rowed out to your boat, me with nothing but what I have—just this handbag and this dress—and suppose you just pulled up the anchor and hoisted up a sail. We'd be a long way off before anyone knew, wouldn't we?"

"Yes," Bob said, "we might be," and then he laughed. "But you see, there's Mr. Kingman. That's the trouble with supposing."

"Oh," said Mrs. Kingman, "but just suppose—I have plenty of money. I'm quite rich, really."

Bob Bolles felt his face grow red again. That talk of money was the first thing that put him in his place.

"You don't do things like that for money," he said. "At least, I don't," and then he laughed again. "We'd better go and find Mr. Kingman. It's getting late. I imagine he's still down at Henry's. He had to see someone there."

Then he heard Mrs. Kingman catch her breath sharply. "He had to see someone?" she repeated. "Who?" And Bob's mind went back to noon at Henry's when he had been sitting in the shady barroom and all the make-believe was gone.

"A new arrival," Bob said, "just off the plane, nice-looking, rather tall, rather young. He said that he particularly wanted to see Mr. Kingman. It was the first time I heard your name and Henry gave him a room upstairs."

Mrs. Kingman grasped his arm again and her voice was very sharp. "Did you hear his name?" she asked.

"Why, yes, I did," Bob answered. "He said he came from Portugal. His name was Durant. Why, what's the matter?"

A spasm of sickness seemed to have struck her. For a second her eyes were half closed and her body swayed against him, and then she steadied herself and stood quite still.

"It's nothing," she said. "It's so hot—the sun—Mr. Bolles—"

"Yes?" he said.

"Will you take me on your boat? Will you right away?"

THEY had come to a standstill on the corner, near one of the white banks on the square, and all the slow life of Kingston was moving past them unheeded.

"Do you really know what you're talking about?" he asked.

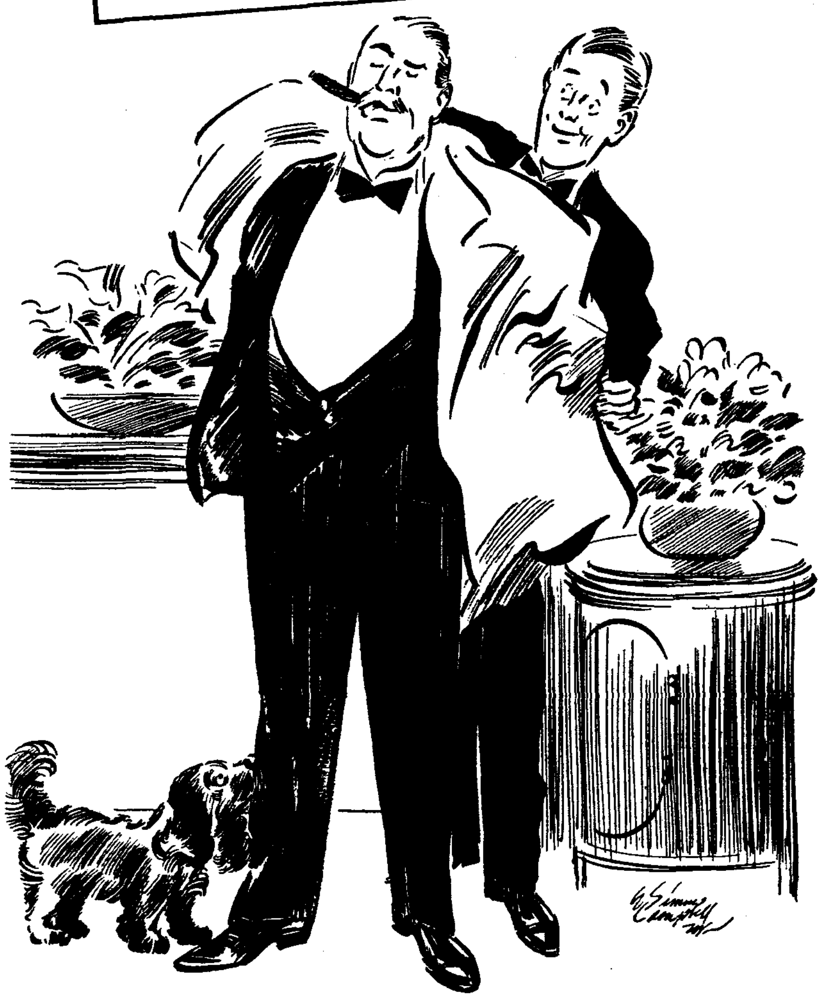
And he could almost believe she knew. She stood there—lithe and straight and tall. The curve of her lips, the curve of her chin, the steadiness of her eyes all told him something. It was more than an impulse with her. It was more considered than that. She half smiled at him, making him look at her, making him see that she was desirable, and all the time she was trying to read everything about him, because something must have made her desperate.

"Yes," she said, "I really know."

She might regret it later, but she was telling the truth. Something had made her desperate—not afraid, but desperate.

"You'd better tell me what it's all

"The Boss comes to dinner!"



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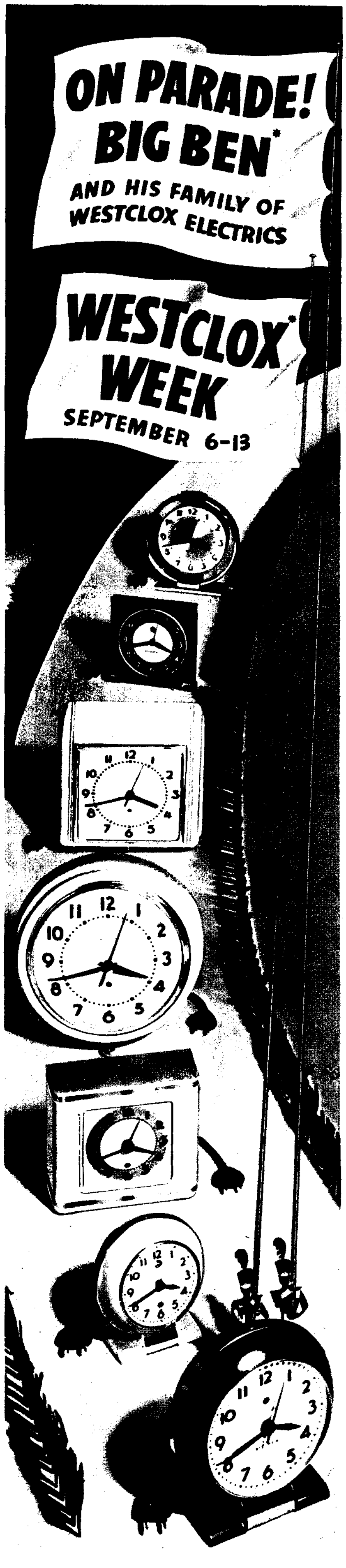

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about," Bob said, and her answer came promptly, almost breathlessly:

"There isn't any time to talk now. It's just you and me—you and me. I'll tell you when we get aboard your boat."

"Well—" Bob Bolles began, but he never finished. Mr. Kingman came around the corner by the bank, walking very fast. He saw them and waved his hand and hurried toward them. She must have seen him at the same instant and her whole manner changed.

"Why, Mac," Bob heard her say, "there you are!"

Although Bob could not define it, there was something a little ugly about it, something surgical and cruel in Mr. Kingman's smile, something very wary in his eyes.

"Hello," he said to her, and his glance never left her face. "I thought you were shopping, Helen."

"We were," Mrs. Kingman said. "I was just going to get a—a taxi to go back to the hotel."

"No, you weren't," Mr. Kingman said. "You were talking. I've told you, my dear, it isn't good for you to excite yourself by talking."

"I think Mrs. Kingman is a little upset," Bob Bolles said. From their faces it seemed to him necessary to make some sort of explanation. Mr. Kingman's eyes were icily cool. He was giving every word a complete and flattering attention.

"Upset?" he asked briskly. "How?"

"It was just a little matter in the Japanese store," Bob said. "She will tell you. It wasn't anything, really."

"The Japanese store?" Mr. Kingman said. His voice was light and humorous, but there was no humor in his eyes. "You shouldn't have gone without me, my dear. Don't be afraid. I'll see it doesn't happen again. Nothing will trouble you again, because I'll be with you—always."

"Yes, Mac," Mrs. Kingman said. "Don't be silly."

"I shall not be, my dear," Mr. Kingman said, and his eyes were back on Bob Bolles. "I should have told you, Skipper, that Mrs. Kingman isn't very well. I hope there wasn't anything that puzzled you. She didn't possibly suggest that you might run away with her?"

"Why, no," Bob said, "of course not, Mr. Kingman."

"Because if she ever does," Mr. Kingman said, "don't take it seriously. Helen's a charming girl, but she's here for a little rest." His arm shot out suddenly and his fingers grasped Mrs. Kingman's elbow. "We really have a—a jolly time together, don't we, dear? We'll get one of those cars over there and go back to the hotel."

BUT Mrs. Kingman did not move. "Mac," she said, "you've seen Charles?" Mr. Kingman's fingers were still on her elbow, gripping her very hard.

"What?" he began. "What the devil do you know about Charles?"

"Don't lie to me, Mac," Mrs. Kingman said. "Charles called to see you at that saloon and you've been talking to him. Where is he now? What have you done to him?"

Mr. Kingman beckoned to a driver in a car across the square. "My dear," he said, "we will talk about it quietly in just a minute. And no emotion now, please. You must excuse her, Mr. Bolles. She'll be better at five. You'll see. Say goodby to Mr. Bolles, dear."

"Don't," Mrs. Kingman said. "You hurt me, Mac." Mr. Kingman's hand dropped from her elbow. "Oh," he said, "so sorry, dear. See you later, Skipper." And then Mrs. Kingman smiled at Bob Bolles as though nothing had happened at all.

"Goodby, Mr. Bolles," she said. "Thank you very much."

The touring car and the driver were at the curb and Mr. Kingman helped her in.

"Careful," Bob heard him say, "careful, Helen." And then they were gone and Bob Bolles was left standing at the corner.

"Now, what do you know about that!" Bob Bolles said.

Perhaps Mr. Kingman had been right. Perhaps she was upset and tired. He had seen other married couples— He shrugged his heavy shoulders.

"Maybe it's just as well," he said softly, "that I never married, but it's certainly taken me out of myself."

He must have stood there for quite a while, thinking of everything that had happened, and it had certainly taken him out of himself. Mrs. Kingman had made him forget his own problems almost entirely. He had almost forgotten that he was standing on the corner by the bank, when he heard a voice behind him calling, "Bob—Bob Bolles!" It was like a voice in his own thoughts when he heard it, for no one in Kingston knew him well enough to call his name, but he understood when he turned—and all his old life was back. He had forgotten the destroyer that he had seen entering the harbor, and now he saw a young officer in starched, fresh whites. It was a long jump from Mrs. Kingman when he saw him. It was Bill Howe, whom he remembered very well at Hampton Roads. He was a junior lieutenant now and of course he would be assigned to the Smedley.

"Hello. How are you, Bob?" he said. "Captain Burke's at the hotel. He sent me to find you."

Bob Bolles felt his face flush. "What's the captain doing on the Smedley?" he asked.

"Flagship of the division," the lieutenant answered. "Captain Burke wants to see you."

"How the devil did he know I was here?" Bob asked.

"You know, we talk about you quite a lot," the lieutenant said. "They said at Key West that you'd bought the Thistlewood and the captain picked her out when we came in this morning. He sent me to find you, Bob. It's orders."

"Well, that was damned thoughtful of him," Bob Bolles said. He paused and looked up and down the street at the coffee-colored policemen, at the fat old women with their shells and baskets, at the tropical trees in the square and at the automobiles and the hack horses. "You can give Captain Burke my regards and tell him I'm not forgetting that he sat on the board that passed me over."

The lieutenant looked hurt.

"It wasn't the captain's fault he was on the board," he said. "He said he's got to see you. You're just acting childish, Bob."

That last remark made Bob Bolles angry. "I'll act the way I damned please," he said. "All right. Come on."

They began walking up the streets past the shops again.

"Bob," Bill Howe began, "you shouldn't take it this way. The captain thinks a lot of you. He says so."

"For Pete's sake," Bob Bolles said, "shut up!"

The boy was hurt, but he shut up. It was all a good deal worse than Bob thought it would be. Everything that he was trying to forget came back. He felt exactly as he had when they had told him he had been passed over. He felt the same anger and the same bitterness. Burke had not been his commanding officer, but Burke had been on the selection board.

HARRY BURKE was in a bedroom on the third floor of the hotel. His coat was off and he was lounging in an armchair with a tall lime-juice drink in front of him. He looked about the same as he had when Bob Bolles had seen him last—forty-five with gray in his hair, thin and acid and leathery. He stood up and held out his hand.

"So you found him, did you, Howe?" he said. "Bob, it's nice to see you."

Bob Bolles did not answer and he did not shake hands.

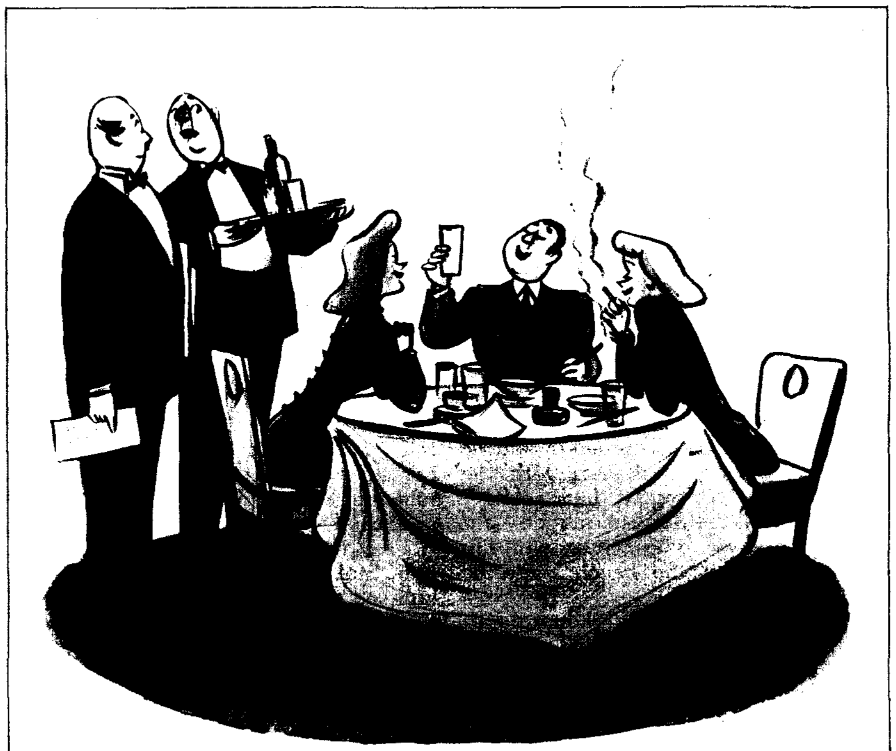
"You'd better go, Howe," the captain said, and neither of them spoke until the door closed. "I never thought you couldn't take it, Bob," he said.

Bob drew in his breath sharply. "Let's skip how I act," he said. "You went into that with charts and numbers, didn't you?"

"All right," the captain answered. If he had got mad it would have been better, but he did not get mad. "How about a drink?"

"I don't rank enough," Bob said, "to drink with you. What did you want me for?"

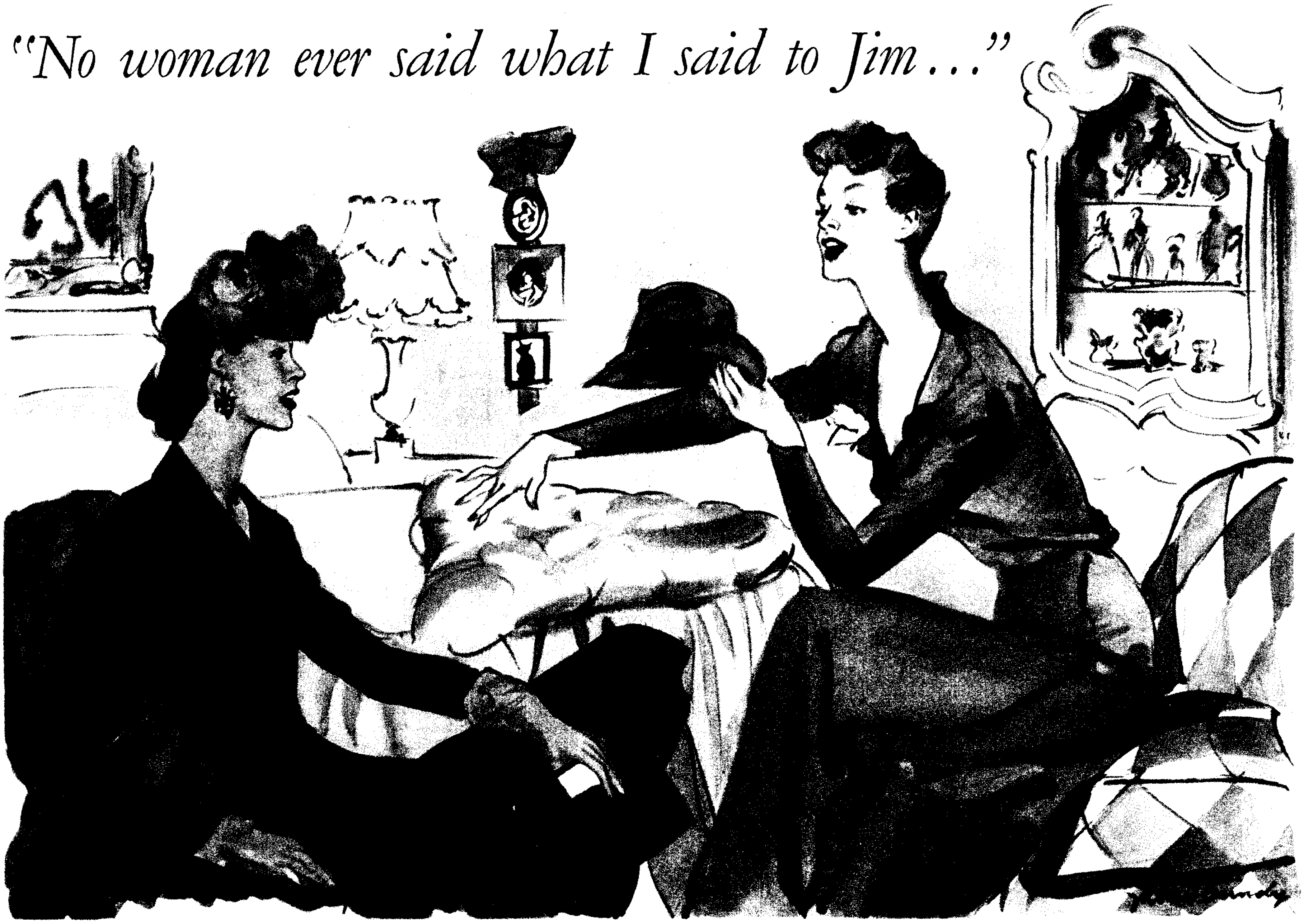
Captain Burke sat down again and waved to another chair. "Listen, Bob," he said. "I wish you wouldn't take it



"I think we're going to have trouble with him —his check comes to twenty-two dollars"

IRVING ROIR

"No woman ever said what I said to Jim . . ."



ANN: What was it?

SUE: Here's what I said...I said, "Jim, I'm spending too much money on my clothes. From now on, I'm spending *less,* and you are spending *more.*"

ANN: Was he unconscious long?

SUE: He was blacked out for about a minute...but I put on his disgusting old hat...like this. He got the point, all right!

ANN: It certainly is a nerve-shattering hat! And my husband is being ruined by one just like it.

SUE: See, there's his new hat...the Stetson "Playboy" ...a honey, hey? Comes in all the new, good-looking colors, too...and see that Stetson label? How men enjoy showing *that* off!

ANN: Yes, I've noticed that too.

ANN: Jim, you look wonderful...very handsome hat you have there. It gives me ideas about my own hero.

JIM: Sue has good hunches sometimes. And from now on, no wife of mine is going to be ashamed of my looks, if I have to break every bone in her budget!

The STETSON *Playboy*, $5

STETSON HATS ARE ALSO MADE IN CANADA

May I Come In?

"Good morning! I'm from Hawaii, the land of lovely flowers and gorgeous sunshine. This glass of Dole Pineapple Juice reminded me of home. I'd like to tell you something about it . . . May I?"

"Well, first of all, Dole Pineapple Juice is the true juice of big, ripe, Hawaiian pineapples. When you drink it at breakfast —or *any* time—it certainly tastes good!"

"Here's something else—Dole Pineapple Juice is a good source of Vitamins B_1 and C, and contains Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus. It's high in quickly available food energy, too."

DOLE
PINEAPPLE JUICE

"And you'll find Dole Pineapple Juice is so convenient. Just shake a chilled can—punch—pour—and drink . . . So now I hope you'll enjoy your breakfast . . . Aloha!"

DOLE

Pineapple Juice from Hawaii

personally. Everybody's name comes up. I couldn't help being on the selection board. You didn't seem to make much of a hit with one of your last C.O.'s and we couldn't disregard the way he rated you."

"Look here," Bob said. "I won the Schiff Trophy. Didn't that make any difference? It was personal prejudice and you know it."

"Maybe it was," Burke answered. "They couldn't select you on your record, but you needn't have got mad. You should have waited. The next selection board might have been entirely different. You knew it would consist of an entirely new group of officers. Look what happened to Spike Jones last year. He was selected after a 'pass-over.' Plenty are, you know."

"It was personal prejudice," Bob said again. "I've been trying to forget it. Let's skip it."

HE SAW Harry Burke still looking cool and friendly, and what was worse, he knew that Burke felt sorry for him.

"You don't look as though you had done much of a job forgetting it," Burke said.

"If this is all you want to see me about," Bob said, "I'm going."

But he knew he was not going to go. Now that he was there he would have to go through with it.

"That isn't why I wanted to see you," Captain Burke said. "What good has it done, spending all that money on a schooner and bumming around in it? Now, wait a minute. Sit down. Don't take it personally, Bob. A lot of other good boys missed out on their half stripe. One of your commanding officers gave you a two-point five in co-operation, but he thought you were a damned good flier. If you hadn't written out your resignation—"

"If I were a 'yes man' I'd have got a four," Bob said. "Is there any good reason why I should sit here—"

"The reason is it will do you good to hear some common sense," Captain Burke told him. "That particular commanding officer had some reasons for what he gave you. There was the time when you took that plane to call on that girl in Baltimore. And there was the time at Kelly's in Panama during the maneuvers."

"My C.O. didn't give me a chance," Bob said.

"You could have a chance now," the captain answered. "If you went up to Washington—"

"Thanks," Bob told him. "Why should I go to Washington? I was perfectly right and you know it."

There was a moment's silence and Captain Burke sat looking at him, and Bob Bolles looked out the window toward the harbor.

"Bob," Harry Burke said, "you shouldn't have thrown it all away, without waiting for another selection board."

Perhaps he was right, but it was finished.

"I'm glad to be out of it," Bob said.

"Listen, Bob," Captain Burke asked. "How would you like it if you were with me? On the Smedley for a couple of weeks?"

He thought he had put it all away from him, but he knew he hadn't as soon as Harry Burke asked him that question.

He had tried to tell himself a good many times that it had not been as bad as a court-martial. Yet in a way it was worse than that, because being passed over for promotion had been a reflection on his personality. It made him doubt himself and it made him hate to see anyone whom he had ever known.

"Do you know what the C.O. said?" Bob asked. "In his opinion my attitude made me unfitted to carry out any mission. How would you like to have that stamped on you?"

"Listen, Bob," Captain Burke said. "That's water over the dam." He had the same look that other friends had worn when Bob Bolles had talked to them—the embarrassed look of people who do not want to listen.

Bob Bolles did not answer.

"Well," he said finally, "don't be sorry for me. I can't take that, Harry."

"How about coming aboard?" Captain Burke asked again. "A couple of weeks on the Smedley?"

"What's the idea?" Bob Bolles asked. "How does a civilian rate that?"

"They say you've been cruising around the Caribbean quite a bit," Harry Burke said. "That's so, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's so," Bob Bolles answered. "Since I bought the schooner I've been aboard her nearly all the time. I know every rum joint in the Caribbean—Guiana, Trinidad, La Guayra. I've put the Thistlewood into a lot of funny places—just to get away from myself. It doesn't work. You can't."

Harry Burke's manner was suddenly brisk and cheerful. "Well, you're just what we want," he said. "I'll take you on as a pilot. I have Naval Intelligence authorization. It's just what I've been telling Welles."

"Who's Welles?" Bob Bolles asked.

Captain Burke looked up at the ceiling. "Intelligence," he said. "He's with us on this trip. We're on a sort of wild-goose chase, looking for something. I told Welles you might have some ideas."

"What are you looking for?" Bob Bolles asked. "Or is it confidential?"

"It's confidential," Harry Burke answered, "but I can tell you some of it. While you've been out here have you ever heard of the Aquitane, a French merchant vessel, five thousand tons, Captain LeBoeuf commander?"

BOB BOLLES remembered the Aquitane and it made him forget about himself. "If you're looking for her, Harry," he said, "you'd better learn deep diving. She was down here taking on cargo at Guadeloupe, but they sank her last June off the Bay of Biscay. You don't mean to say they don't know that in Washington?"

"They're not as bad as that up there," Harry Burke said, and he smiled. "There's a rumor—it may not mean anything, but it's important enough to have Intelligence down here with us—there's a rumor that two of the crew were picked up and brought to Brest. Intelligence got their story through the British. LeBoeuf was carrying something—something he had taken aboard in New York."

"You know," Bob Bolles said, "cargo ships usually do."

"Not always something that worries Washington," Harry Burke answered. "This was for the French government. LeBoeuf was down here when he got the news that the whole business in France had collapsed. The story is that he left what he was carrying down here somewhere, because he didn't want the Nazis to get it. Now the word is the Nazis know it too and they're looking for the crate."

"Crate?" Bob Bolles repeated.

Harry Burke pursed his lips together as though he had tasted something sour. He was clearly trying to decide how far he could go in explaining a confidential mission.

"Suppose it was a knocked-down plane," he said. The captain's face was wrinkled and careful.

"I didn't know," Bob Bolles told him, "you were so short of planes back home."

He sat there wondering what the captain would answer.

"It isn't the plane as much as a part of it," Harry Burke said. "If it's at the bottom of the sea that's all right. It's a gadget we don't want used by anybody else. Just one was turned out as a sample. France had an interest. It doesn't matter what it is, except that it's important."

"Not the bomb sight?" Bob Bolles asked.

The captain shook his head.

"Never mind what it is, as long as you know it's important. I'd like you to come along."

"Why?" Bob Bolles asked.

"Well." Harry Burke looked at his glass, but he did not touch it, and then he looked back at Bob Bolles. "If the Aquitane dropped that plane off it wasn't at one of the regular ports, or we'd have known about it. If it's anywhere it's been left at some out-of-the-way place, some old harbor."

BOB BOLLES did not answer. The captain, sitting there in his clean white uniform, reminded him of what he had lost, and he was filled again with his old resentment.

"It'll do you good," Burke was saying. "It's time you got hold of yourself."

Slowly Bob Bolles pushed himself out of his chair and stood up. "So you're trying to give me a hand, are you?" he asked. "Thanks. I don't need it."

"Now wait a minute, Bob," Harry Burke began.

"It's nice of you," Bob said, "thinking this up for me, but I can worry along by myself. You can get along without me all right and you know you can." He put his hands in his pockets and smiled. "Besides, I've got business. The Thistlewood was chartered for a month this morning. We're leaving this afternoon."

Captain Burke loosened his coat collar with his forefinger and pushed his head forward.

"You mean right this morning somebody wanted to charter that schooner of yours?"

"Yes," Bob answered, "right this morning. It was quite a lucky break. The cops had just asked me to leave."

"Yes," Harry Burke said, "I'd heard about that."

"Well, you needn't worry about it," Bob said. "I'm all right. Don't have me on your mind."

"What sort of a party is it?" Harry Burke asked. "What did they want with you?"

Bob Bolles laughed. "Nothing to worry you or your Mr. Welles of the Intelligence," he said. "A couple from New York, a lawyer and his wife, both a little nervous, just down here for a rest."

The sharpness left the captain's face and he looked at Bob again as he had before, in an embarrassed, friendly way, and then he stood up too.

"Whoever they are, I wish you'd walk out on them. Let them relax with someone else. You could be a big help to us. It's time you saw some friends."

Bob felt hot and uncomfortable. He had never realized how through he was, how definitely everything was finished.

"Captain," he said, "it doesn't work. I wouldn't ship with you as an outsider for a million dollars. Just get it into your head that it's goodby to all that. Incidentally, there's quite a lot in the world besides the Navy. Well, so long."

"Bob," Harry Burke said, "haven't you got any sense? What's the use of your making a mess of your life? It's about time you straightened out, Bob. I wish you could look at yourself in a mirror."

"I did," Bob Bolles answered, "right this morning." Then he lost control of his voice: "Say—are you trying to put me on the carpet?"

"Quite a picture, isn't it?" said Harry Burke. "You taking out a sailing party?"

Bob Bolles turned on his heel and opened the door.

"Wait a minute," Harry Burke called. "Come back, Bob."

BOB closed the door behind him and walked down the hall toward the stairs. If you started out in one direction you had to keep right on. Yet when he closed the door he had a feeling that he had closed it on the last chance he would ever know. He had the feeling of being completely without a country, entirely by himself. His familiar feeling of doubt was eating at him again and what he needed was a drink.

He walked past the desk, hoping that the clerk was not looking at him. He walked so fast that he almost ran into a small man near the door. It was the Japanese he had seen that morning.

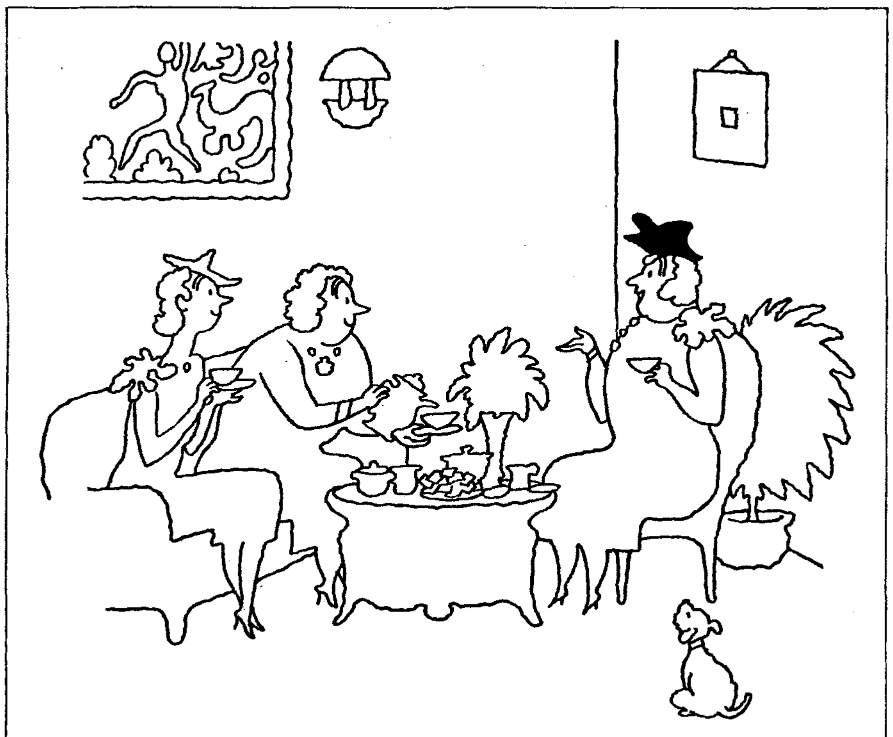
"Why," Bob said, "I'm sorry. I didn't see you, Mr. Moto."

Mr. Moto stepped aside and bowed. "Thank you," he said. "So very careless of me too, Mr. Bolles."

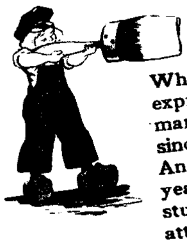
"Selling shirts to the guests?" Bob Bolles asked.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Moto, "oh, yes, shirts."

(To be continued next week)



"We're going to lay in only perishable foods. After all, in a war, those are the hardest to get!" GARDNER REA



DUTCH·BOY WHITE·LEAD·IN·READY·TO·USE·FORM
Dutch Boy
PURE WHITE LEAD PAINT
OUTSIDE WHITE

Defend Your Part of America . . .
"Home"

Protect it as your Forefathers did, with
PURE WHITE LEAD

What is America—what is it we defend? Isn't it all expressed in the simple word *"Home"*? Cottage or mansion, this is what our fathers have defended—since that first shot that was heard 'round the world. And fighting shoulder to shoulder with them, every year of the way, has been America's Home Guard—sturdy Pure White Lead. Stubbornly repelling every attack of hail and rain, of sun and cold—this stalwart paint has brought many a Colonial home safely through the years. Today, as it has been for generations, weather-defying White Lead is America's First Line of Home Defense.

Now, a New Form . . .
Ready for the Brush!

Today a new home defender—the new Dutch Boy Pure White Lead *Paint*—steps into line beside the Dutch Boy's famous *Paste* White Lead. Bringing you, in ready-to-use paint form, all the proven protection of white lead. It hugs tight, hugs long...wears down slowly, *smoothly*, instead of cracking and scaling. Thus, like the original Dutch Boy, it keeps houses young in appearance, and saves you the expense of burning and scraping off the old paint when you finally do repaint. Yet the new Dutch Boy gives you the extra quality of White Lead at a cost no greater than that of regular quality paint.

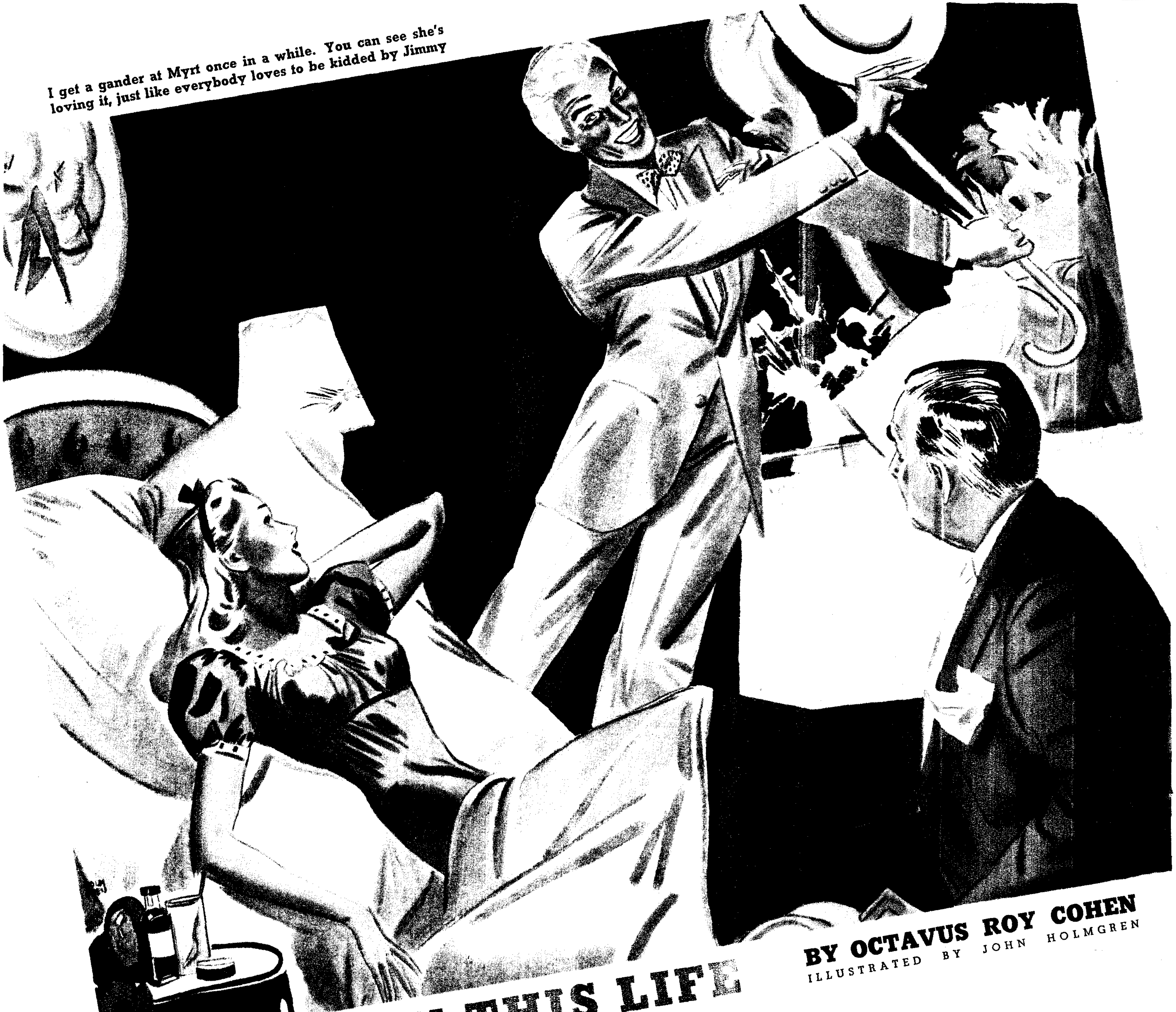
Remember, when you buy a paint job—it pays to hire a good painter. And whichever form of Dutch Boy goes on your home—the new *paint* or the famous *paste*—"You're money ahead when you paint with white lead."

Make yourself an expert at buying a paint job... write for the Dutch Boy's new, color-illustrated booklet, "Styling with Paint the Dutch Boy Way." Address Dept. 365, care of the nearest branch office listed at the right.

2 COAT WORK: *The new Dutch Boy comes in two forms—Exterior Primer and Outside White—specially designed to do a real white lead job on new or old wood in 2 coats.*

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY: 111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 West Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 1376 River Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

New DUTCH BOY PURE WHITE LEAD Paint



I get a gander at Myrt once in a while. You can see she's loving it, just like everybody loves to be kidded by Jimmy

MORE THAN THIS LIFE

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Explaining Jimmy Carson, who sidestepped the women—all but one

THIS Jimmy Carson was a panic. Always cracking wise. Like when maybe I'd say, "Now you take Manny, for instance . . ." and he'd snap me right up and say, "You take him, Chuck. Him and his bicycle, both." Never serious, that guy wasn't. Always laughing and making jokes out of whatever come along. I guess that's why he was such a wow in the Inferno.

Never heard of the Inferno? That makes you unanimous with about seven million other New Yorkers. Me, I own the Inferno, and I haven't ever figured out am I smart. It's lost somewhere on 52d Street, and nobody you ever heard of did the interior decorating. Our hooch packs a low-down wallop and we live on suckers, plus drunks who overflow from the class spots along the sizzle stem. We got a four-piece band that don't play good but does play loud, and there's a dame who peddles ditties. Also we got Jimmy Carson.

We call Jimmy our master of ceremonies, which sounds nifty enough. The guy is not very couth, but he is funny as a crutch. He's slim and blond and he's got a smile that sinks in deep. He's got an instinct for kidding, which is important when you're all the time dealing with ladies and gents who've had plenty. You got to know how far to go and when to stop, what I mean. That is, if you don't crave to get a punch in the nose.

Well, Jimmy's that kind of a lad. You could tell by just looking at him that he didn't have a care in the world, and that sort of made you feel good, too, provided you was looking for a lively evening. He'd go into his routine and grin at you and pretty soon you'd get a wot-the-hell feeling, which was plenty good for business.

Jimmy M.C.'d for the Inferno, mixed with the cash customers as much as they seemed to want, and also did two or three tap routines. But good. Maybe he hadn't quite mastered McGuffey's First Reader in school, but what that tomato didn't know about plain and fancy hoofing wasn't ever thought about. Easy and graceful, and those taps came out perfect, just like castanets. It was a treat to watch him because you'd get the idea that he was doing it for fun and not for money.

I PAID him all I could afford, which was forty bucks a week. Sometimes he got tips, so you'd maybe say that he averaged fifty, but when you've said that, you've said it all.

I always knew the guy was worth more, but a feller can't pay more than he's got. Jimmy used to rib me about how the Inferno would fold up in my face if he ever took a powder, and he wasn't kidding, although he figured he was. Everybody liked him and was all the time asking him to have one, and the dames . . . Mister, I'm leveling . . . young and old, they went for Jimmy.

But there's the pay-off. As far as I could dope it out, Jimmy wasn't having any. He talked sweet to them that was seeking honey, and rough to the ones who sort of felt like raising hell. Pretty or not made no difference to him. He played the field, and kidded the hats off them.

He M.C.'d the same way. He'd needle the customers so that they'd start laughing at themselves. That is, when we had customers. So I was grateful to him . . . which didn't have anything to do with the fact that I liked him, too.

I didn't really know much about him. He'd show up at ten and leave after we'd poured the last lush into a taxi. Then he'd slip out to some armchair jernt for a slug of java and I wouldn't see him again until the next night.

The dame angle, I understood. Jimmy

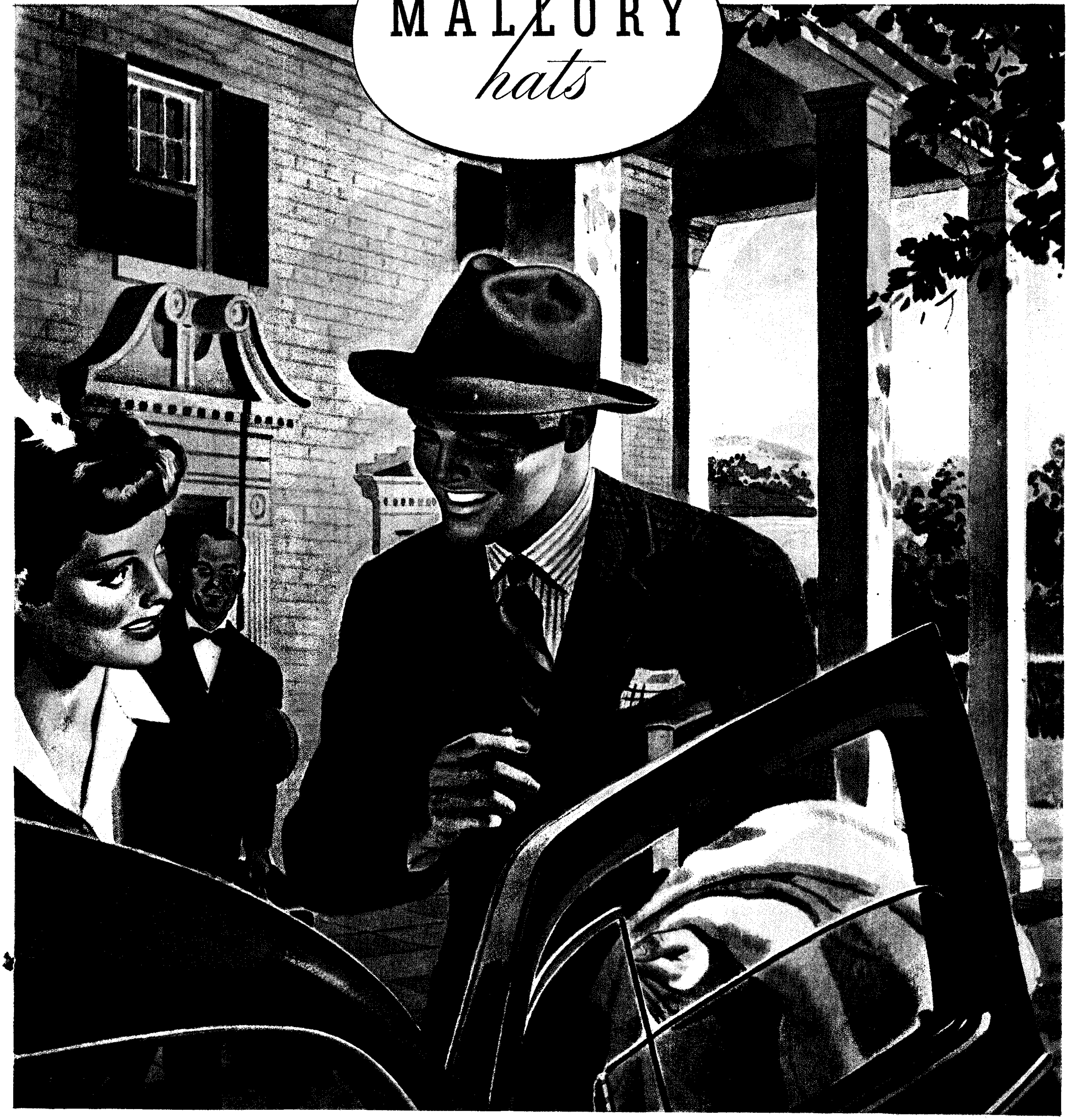
*Head*lines for Fall

YOUNG MAN GETS HEAD START! He's off for new horizons of higher education—with a good head on his shoulders, and a good hat on his head. He'll be in the company of his classmates who also value taste in hats as well as in books. From the very first he feels at home in this casual Mallory STOWAWAY—sleek snap-brim . . . comfortable, head-soothing new Pliafelt process . . . choice of dashing autumnal shades—all for Six Dollars!

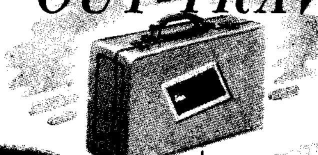
PLIAFELT is the revolutionary new Mallory process that makes a hat as soft as a wind in Indian Summer, yet as shape-retaining as the sturdy models. Result—Miracle in comfort, by Mallory!

MALLORY HATS ARE PRICED FROM $5 TO $10 AT LEADING MEN'S SHOPS

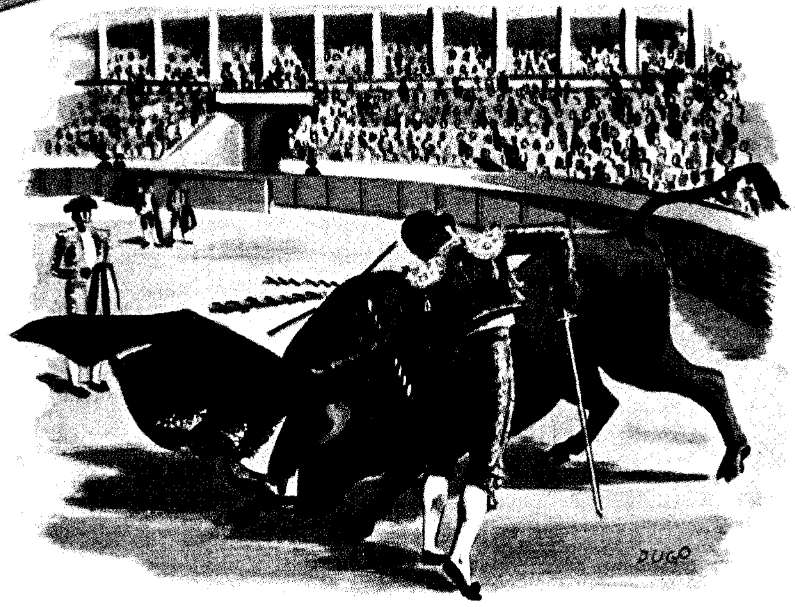
MALLORY *hats*



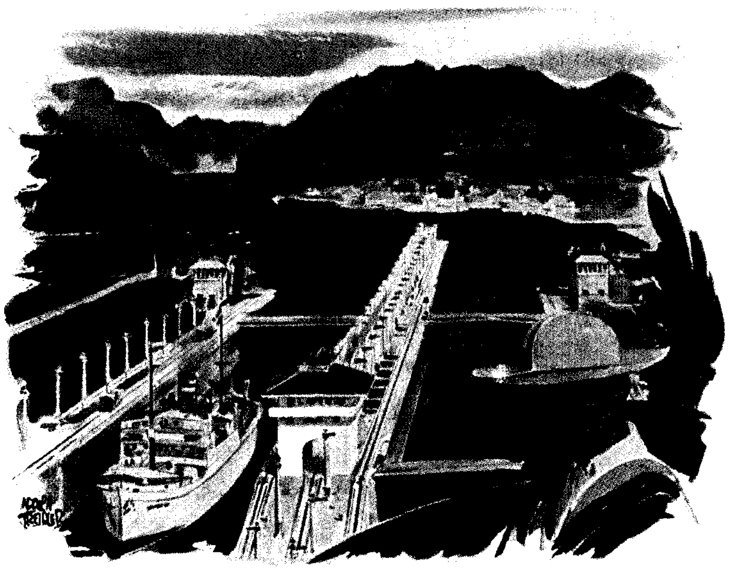
WHY YOU'LL NEVER OUT-TRAVEL THE BLACK LABEL



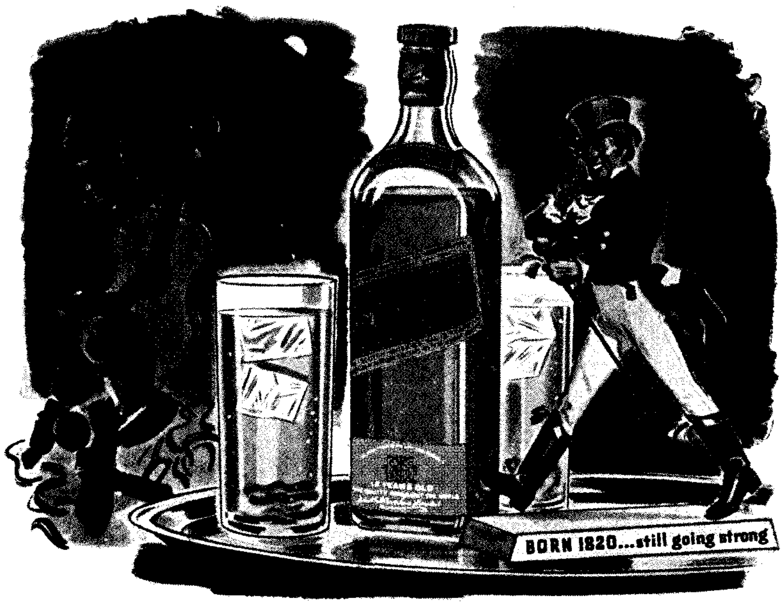
GO TO GUATEMALA where volcanos build pillars of fire in the sky and mysterious temples mark a civilization that's beyond the reach of history. Even here you'll find that old Scottish mark—the Black Label of Johnnie Walker.



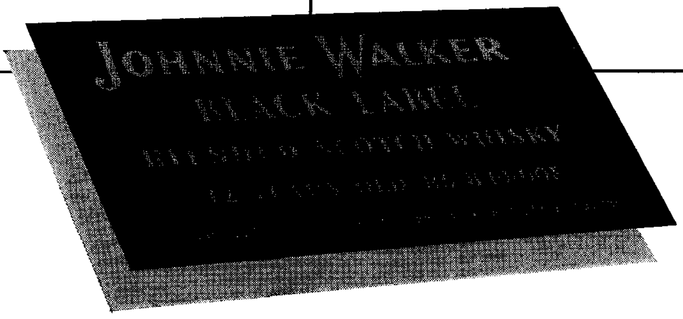
GO TO CARACAS, mountain city of bull-fights and fine living, where streets are lined with mahogany trees and orchids. In this rich land, too, the symbol of richness in whisky is the Black Label of Johnnie Walker.



GO TO PANAMA—"The Crossroads Of The World." To this cosmopolitan city, men from the far corners of the earth have brought many pleasant customs, among them the enjoyment of mellow Johnnie Walker Black Label.



WHEREVER YOU MAY TRAVEL you'll come upon this famous mark of Scotland's treasured whisky. It is a mark of good taste, a sign that you appreciate perfection in flavour and smoothness, to name Johnnie Walker Black Label.



was married—some babe he used to dance with, and I figured she must have something on the ball because passing up female invitations was a habit with him. Of course, being Jimmy, he'd kid about it. He kidded about everything.

"I don't dare to step outa line," he'd say. "Myrt has got three Pinkertons tailin' me all the time. She's got so many sense it adds up to a dollar. You oughta meet her once . . ."

I figured that, too. But Jimmy keeps his wife out of circulation. Way uptown. A sleeper jump on the subway. Crazy about her, too; about her and baseball, to hear him talk. But not once has she ever poked a nose into the Inferno.

"I keep her under lock and key, Chuck," Jimmy tells me. "Am I a sap, I should expose her to three million men? What they don't see ain't gonna make 'em wild."

"Okay, Jimmy," I says. "If you ain't gonna be serious—"

"But I am serious. And also we like to play house, see. But you wouldn't understand."

SO I lay off Jimmy. I always do. What that lad doesn't want you to know, he ain't telling you . . . but you never get sore. Nobody ever gets sore at him. He's got what they call personality, which is why I wasn't surprised when something happened one night.

It didn't seem like nothing at first: just three men and two dames drifting in at three-thirty ayem to add more snorts to the snootfuls they already had. I give 'em a double take and tell Jimmy he'd better sling another show on account they'd need a lotta noise and entertainment.

So the band rides it loud, the babe we got yodeling for us sells a couple torch numbers and Jimmy goes into his act. You'd think from the way he worked that he was playing the Music Hall instead of a forgotten spot to a collection of five drunks and another guy off in the corner who was so far gone he didn't know was it Tuesday or October.

"Welcome to the Penguin Club," he starts off, naming the most expensive rookery on the street. "We got everything they got except a cover charge, good service and decent licker. So make yourselves at home."

He's got a knack of sizing up folks, and so he goes into a snappy tap routine, backed up by just the piano. It's good, and every once in a while, they watch. He's all the time kidding along with them, and when he's finished that one, he delivers another—trickier and fancier. They invite him over for a drink, one of the dames begins to paw him as usual and as usual he laughs her off, and when they ask for more dancing he obliges.

They pay their check and walk out in the middle of a number. Jimmy nods toward the drunk in the back and says that if I don't want to put on another show for him he'll be drifting. "Got to get plenty shut-eye. Big ball game tomorrow."

"Who's playin' where?" I ask.

"Giants," he says. "Or maybe the Yanks. Anything but Brooklyn. The game starts promptly at."

The next night at nine when I'm sitting at the bar swapping lies with Louie, who walks in but one of the gents who had been with us the night before. He's cold sober, and that usually spells trouble.

But this time it doesn't. He gives me the sign and we go to a table. He comes right to the point.

"Who is this Jimmy Carson?" he wants to know.

I'm cagey. "Just a guy," I tell him.

"Been here long?"

"It's a good hide-out. Nobody ever comes here."

"The boy can hoof."

"So what?"

"And he's got personality." You'd think this feller was sittin' alone, the way he's talking to himself. "Yes—a rather amazing personality. That low-down line of his, like he'd never read a book . . . It'd be a novelty. . . . I think they'd like it." Then he suddenly remembers I'm alive. "Look," he says, "I'm Max Hanfer. Maybe you've heard of me."

"And how," I says. "You book bands and unit shows."

"Yeah. And I'm sending out the hottest band in the world for sixteen weeks. One-week stands. No name now, but they'll have one soon. Everything about the outfit sizzles. I was thinking that this Carson might fit in for M.C. and a couple fast-moving tap routines."

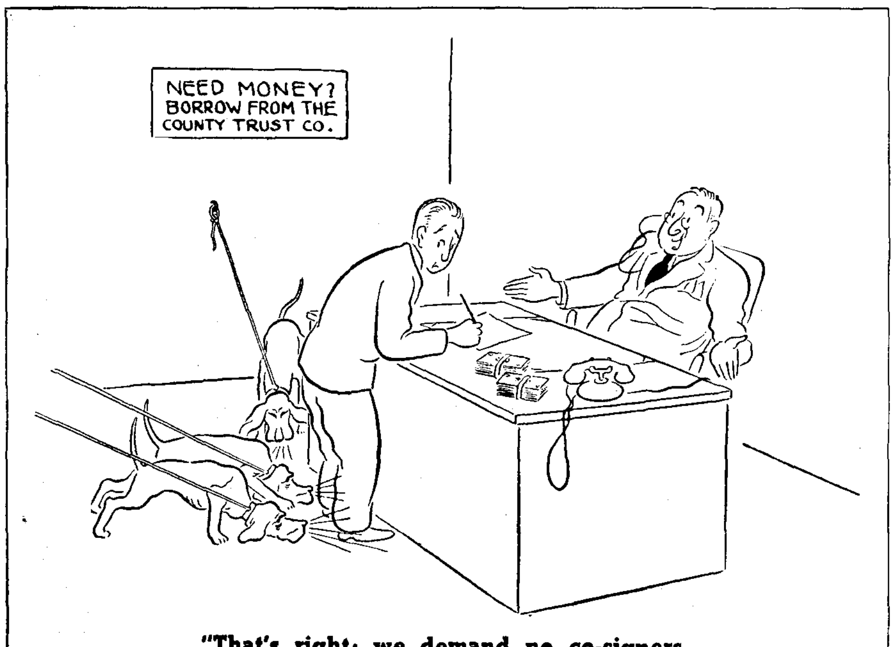
"How much?" I want to know.

"Not enough to get him excited, unless he's willing to gamble on a click. Hundred and fifty a week."

Just then Jimmy comes in. He gets the eye from me and breezes up to the table. Gives Hanfer a tumble and says, "It ain't true, Mister. We didn't pad your check. Not much."

"Siddown," says Hanfer. "We got things to talk about." He turns to me and says, "Glad to've met you." So I take the hint and scram.

They stay in a huddle for about half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"Illukiaratha! Feels like North Pole here, since
(ESKIMO FOR "OH BOY!")
I discover Icy MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED Shave!"

Crave Coo-o-ol Comfort? Man, start each morn with an icy Mennen Menthol-iced shave! How that cool, bubbly lather refreshes your face. And wow, how whiskers wilt! No yank or pull. Want to start each day *bright?* Say to your druggist, "Mennen Menthol-iced for mine!"

Mennen also makes a plain Lather Shave, and a swell Brushless, too!

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MENNEN
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BIG PARTY LAST NIGHT

Fit as a fiddle this morning!

HOW HE DID IT

Last night he saw to it that his highballs were mixed with White Rock

Before going to bed and again in the morning, he had a glass of plain White Rock.

Beneficial, natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity. Help protect you against over-acidity. Make you feel better next day. Improve your highball.

ALWAYS MIX WITH...

FEELING FINE THANKS TO
White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

an hour, and then this Hanfer lams. I stick around waiting for Jimmy to pop, but there's nothing stirring. Finally I sit down with *him*.

"When's the take-off?" I want to know.

"The what?" he asks, innocentlike.

"The take-off. The walkout. The vamos."

"Double talk the guy gives me."

I says, "Now look, Jimmy: I know what that egg wanted, and I know what that dough means when it's stacked up against what I'm paying you. So it's a day."

Jimmy grins wide. "Chuck," he says, "I ain't havin' any."

"Are you crazy?"

"Nope. I know which side my bread is buttered on. Sixteen weeks is sixteen weeks. Here it's salad every Saturday night. I'm sticking."

"But it doesn't make sense—"

"Lets, hear no more about it. Chuck," he says. There ain't no use throwing good breath after bad."

I'M WORRIED. Making a bit of gravy out of Jimmy Carson is one thing. Slapping him down when he's got a real chance is something else again. No use trying to argue with him: Nobody can't make that guy talk serious. So I decide to step in where I ain't got no right. I don't know this wife of his, but I figure if Myrt is half the dame he says she is—she'll shove him out on the road with that Hanfer unit. I got all the dope on where he lives because of tax forms I gotta make out for him, so the next afternoon, knowing he's at the ball game, I invest a nickel in a subway slot.

It's a nice neighborhood just this side of the North Pole. I press the buzzer in a neat, new walk-up and the door-latch clicks. I climb up to 4-C. The door is opened by a colored gal, she can't be more than fifteen, and she asks me what I want, so I say, "Mister Carson works for me, and can I see Mrs. Carson?" She disappears and then comes back and says I should come in.

The foyer is tiny. The living room is about the same size, but neat: just what you'd expect from a forty-dollar hoofer, only maybe less. The colored girl thumbs me on, and I walk into the bedroom. There's a dame on the bed.

It's Myrt.

Don't ask me how I know it's Myrt because she doesn't check with anything Jimmy ever told me. But I know it is, and I know a lot more than that, too.

I take one gander and wonder whether they got the sheets pinned down, because it seems like a good breeze would blow this Myrt away. I didn't know what was the matter with her, but whatever it was, you could bet your last ash can she'd had it a long time and wasn't expecting to lose it soon, either. She looked like she weighed ten pounds less than a feather. Her eyes were big and blue, with a sort of peaceful look in them like life hadn't treated her so bad after all. She nods me to a chair and gives me the office. After we've said we're glad to meet each other, she wants to know what gives.

So now I'm backed in a corner. I ain't no dope, and I know two and two makes four if somebody tells me the answer. The whole thing fits now: this build-up of Jimmy's, the way he never brought her downtown, his turning down of a hundred and a half per week because you could see right away that she'd never stand the road . . . and he wasn't leaving her.

This was a brand-new angle on Jimmy. Him: kidding all the time, and making out that life was one big laugh; Jimmy ribbing the suckers that stray into my jernt. . . . Jimmy passing up a big break to take care of an invalid wife.

I do the only thing I can, which is to act like a stumblebum. Can I spill it to this Myrt that Jimmy has got a good chance if he'll ditch her for sixteen weeks? Can I mention Hanfer at all? Can I do anything but talk like a sap?

So I make out like I was just roamin' in the neighborhood and dropped in to say hello. She takes it—or pretends like she does. And then she starts talking about Jimmy, on account she figures I'm his buddy.

She's got me reeling in twenty seconds. She doesn't lay it on thick; she doesn't build nothing up. She just tells me things, plain and simple.

Sure, she was a dancer once; sure, they once planned an act . . . Jimmy still kids about it, she says, like he kids about everything. He keeps her laughing all the time when he's home. He makes her think that he's the luckiest guy in the world on account of her being an invalid, because what chance would a mug like him have if she was walking around loose. The same smoosh he tells me, but this time I ain't smiling.

About that time the door busts open and Jimmy breezes in. He's got an armful of groceries and he's kidding before he gets halfway through the living room. "Hi, Sugarfoots," he's calling. "I just doped out a new routine. Nifty . . ." Then he sees me. A few words show him that I haven't spilled any dope, and so he goes right on with his act.

"You're welcome, Chuck," he says. "You ain't pretty, so I ain't jealous. Myrt been talkin' your ear off?"

I says, "Yes, she has . . ." and he keeps right on chattering. I get a gander at Myrt once in a while. She's not only smiling, but you can see she's loving it, just like everybody loves to be kidded by Jimmy. I'm still piecing things, from what I see and from what she told me. I know now that Jimmy ain't seen a ball game in years—not since she got slapped down by whatever it is she's got. The colored maid: She fits in at a few bucks a week to keep Myrt company from late afternoon until Jimmy comes home from work at five-six in the morning. And I can see from Myrt's face that he ain't playing up for me. This is the way things go. This is the McCoy.

He nicks off a couple of new steps for her, and says it's time to cook supper. A cheap, Fifty-second Street hoofer playing nursie to my cookstove. He's still kidding when I grab for my hat and state that I gotta scram.

JIMMY follows me to the door. I brace myself because I know I've stepped out of line and I'm about to get took to the cleaners. I got my guard down and my chin out. I asked for it and I'm gonna get it, which is okay by me because if there is a sign in front of the gates of Heaven which says "No Trespassing," why, a guy ain't got no right going contrary to it.

So we stand at the door, kind of awkward and quiet. Then Jimmy Carson starts to talk.

He says, "Get this, Chuck—and get it right, because this time little Jimmy ain't cracking wise." He jerks his head toward the bedroom back yonder:

"This setup suits me fine, see. It suits me better than any lousy out-of-town job. It suits me better than anything you could dream up which would be different. And one more thing, Chuck. Maybe this'll be hard for you to believe . . . but I'm tellin' you straight . . . I'm happy."

And, walking down the street toward the subway a few minutes later, I give Jimmy's last remark a heap of thought.

All his life Jimmy Carson has kidded. In all the years I've known him, I always felt like I'd be a sucker to believe anything he said.

But this time . . . when he cracked about being happy . . . well, this time I really did believe him.

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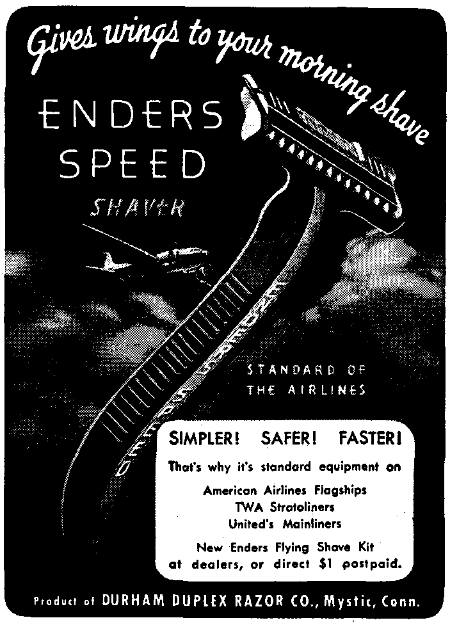

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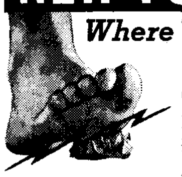

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Onward, Christian Sailors

Continued from page 17

song and testimony. It was Mr. Trotman's homely quarters in a Long Beach boardinghouse. But Mr. Trotman took to religion with the same headlong vigor that had characterized his unregenerate life.

Today, from Bremerton, Washington, to San Diego, California, and on to Honolulu and Manila, the Navigators wage an all-out war on Beelzebub, and the Lord has blessed their passion, measure for measure. They have no real estate to call their own but scores of churches and missions, all of them dedicated to vociferous evangelism and uncompromising fundamentalism, call them brother.

Courted By the Big-Timers

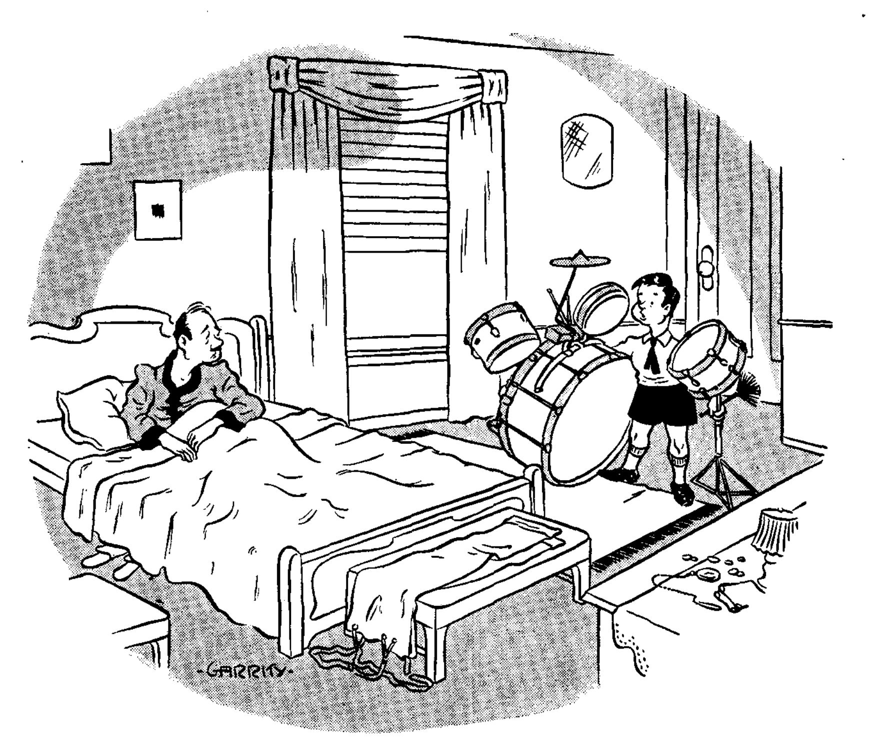
When it started, Navigators hiked or took streetcars or busses to their meeting places. Today they have their own motorbusses awaiting them at base and Navy-yard gates. Unknown a few years back, today a dozen big-time evangelists, including Aimee Semple McPherson, court them—a tribute to their increasing numbers. But their hearts belong to Mr. Trotman. They have written no articles of faith, no formulae, no tenets, no catechism, contending that to have such would be a presumptuous attempt to better the Bible. There are no formal prohibitions, proscriptions nor regulations of conduct, but no Navigator will dance, play cards, attend a theatrical performance—movie or stage—sing secular songs (patriotic anthems excepted), attend social functions or parties that are not held under church auspices, read novels, visit art museums where the nude human figure may be exhibited. Because there are certain Navy regulations which they can do nothing about, and chief petty officers like John Emmett Murphy to see that nothing unconstructive happens to said regulations, Navigators will work on Sunday, Deuteronomy 5:13-14 notwithstanding. Mr. Bell told us that Colossians 3:22-23 took care of that. And it is scarcely worth mentioning that a Navigator will not smoke, chew, curse, drink beer or liquor, play billiards, pool or games of chance.

The Navigators are still overwhelmingly a West Coast and Pacific Fleet organization although they have small but vigorous roots in the East. Mr. Bell said that when the fleet was in New York a dozen churches and missions sent delegations to escort them to worship. Also a considerable number of Christian men and women entertained them in their homes, one lawyer coming down to the docks with six motorcars in which he carried thirty Navigators to his estate in Westchester to participate in a solid week end of Bible-reading, hymn-singing, prayer and testimony, interrupted only for food and sleep. Mr. Bell said that he'd never had a better time in his life, nor expected to. It was a modern Pentecost.

Naturally it is scarcely possible to be a Navigator on a warship without occasionally having one's patience sorely tried. The Navy's new personnel may be all that Mr. Murphy says, gentlemen almost all; but the non-Navigators and others who find it difficult to curb the heathen spirit at all times badger Mr. Bell and his fellows now and then. As we've said, they are a bit wary of Mr. Bell himself, because when he lashes out it can be extremely painful indeed. Then, too, many of the officers, including those whose duty it is to see that nothing subversive to Navy discipline be tolerated, have been darkly suspicious that the Navigators may be the unwitting agency of un-American interests. Probably nothing naval or otherwise could have as little factual foundation. But there are plenty of officers who haven't got used to the Navy's new personnel, who are still thinking in gobs.

The suspicion took form when Mr. Bell and other leading Navigators requested that Navigators be permitted to hold their own religious services on Sundays instead of attending the conventional ship services. Some officers were pretty sure that there was something unhealthy afoot when the Navigators said that they'd like to worship by themselves in private. Anyway, they weren't allowed to.

So while it is becoming accepted that the Navigators have no desire to lend



"Will you be using this side of the room for the next hour or so, Dad?"

MARTIN GARRITY

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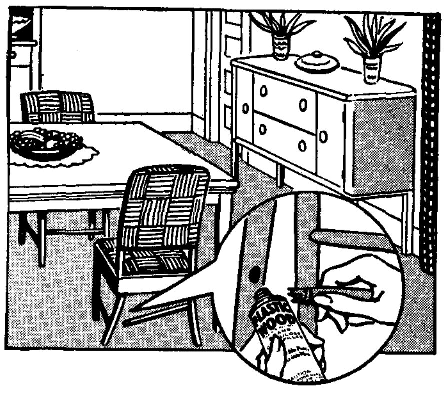

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Great Success
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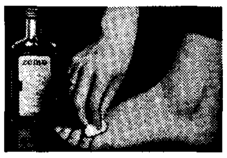

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No matter how tortured you are from itching, or cracked, peeling raw skin between toes—just feel how *promptly* liquid Zemo relieves distress. Zemo ALSO gives the irritated skin a chance to heal *faster*. Zemo is one product that *really* works!

Use Zemo freely—soon your discomfort should disappear. Over 25,000,000 packages of this highly successful home treatment to relieve distress have been sold. It MUST be good! 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. ZEMO

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Use
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aid and comfort to any political racket other than our own beloved American brand, there are still some in authority who look with suspicion upon anybody desirous of a little privacy.

Some of the duties to which Navigators were detailed became tests of their spiritual sturdiness. Because he's no mushroom with his dukes and because it appealed to a certain sense of humor, Mr. Bell was assigned to a season of shore-patrol duty in Bremerton and Seattle. Moreover, he was assigned to patrol certain sailor-favored districts wherein houses of ill fame flourished in spite of the higher moral standard of the Navy's new personnel. Mr. Bell conducted himself with distinction although some of the lads did their best to pierce his armor.

The Wages of Sin

On Mr. Bell's beat there was a hotel famed as a fleshpot. One evening as Mr. Bell was passing, night stick in hand, a couple of shipmates ran out to inform him that a third shipmate was inside drunk and in immediate danger of being rolled for his dough. Mr. Bell did not hesitate. He entered. Before he had time to push his investigations farther than the foot of the stairs, a large woman named Goldie threw her arms around him, announcing in full cry that Mr. Bell was hers, that he was a dweat, big, bootiful mans and, let her sisters in sin have their prejudices, she for one doted on cops, particularly shore patrolmen. Mr. Bell thrust her aside.

But she was not trained in the Paul Bunyan tradition for nought. She collared Mr. Bell with a flying tackle that sent him staggering against the wall. Again Mr. Bell thrust her aside and attempted to be off about his duty. Twice repulsed, the lady became vexed and took a strangle hold. Furthermore, she addressed him in terms remote from the truth while the shipmates who had lured him into the place urged her on to greater and greater efforts. It was then that Mr. Bell's patience gave out. So did his left hand.

With a tear in his eye and a prayer on his lips he slapped the lady down. And while someone ran for a pail of water, Mr. Bell took his Testament from his breast pocket and read aloud the first eleven verses of the eighth chapter of Saint John. Then, while they were reviving Madam Goldie, he cleaned out the joint, dragging several very rough characters off to the brig. On the following day the lady was standing in the doorway waiting for him to pass by—a battered Thais on the lurk for an uncompromising Athanael.

"Listen, baby," she peeped, "I didn't know you was such a good man."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Bell. "I ain't. I'm just a-tryin'."

And he handed her a tract. It started with: "The wages of sin is death."

Mr. Bell is an honest man, the possessor of a conscience that is no still, small voice. Furthermore, he has shrewd powers of appraisal. It was not more than two minutes after Mr. Murphy had introduced us to him that Mr. Bell leveled his fingers at us and told us that we were a child of sin. This was not news and we hastened to admit it.

"So are we all," he added, taking his Testament out of his pocket. "We're born in it and to it. But original sin is not as great as ignoring repentance."

"Is there anything in what you Navigators believe that would prevent your complete participation in war?" we asked. "Some of the Navy officials think you're pacifists at heart. A number of divinity students have preferred to go to jail rather than be drafted into the Army."

"A Christian must fight," said Mr. Bell. "Joshua, David, Peter, Cornelius the Centurion—they fought. Brother, consider. Hell's on the loose. The Devil walks the highway. I don't know any of these fellows who gave up studying to be preachers to go to jail, but I do know you can't fight the Devil sitting in the county dungeon. Nobody yet put the Devil where he can't reach out and snatch him a sinner. When pacifists say they won't fight they're lying. They're fighting authority. They're fighting themselves. They know no peace. Their souls are in turmoil. God is authority and authority is the will of God. To me the policeman is a minister of God. Sometimes sheriffs too. God bids us obey. Read the first three verses of the thirteenth chapter of Romans."

Mr. Bell played a high-tailin', grandstand bustin' halfback at high school in Cooper, Texas. In so doing he had his jaw broken and his back badly wrenched. Nevertheless, he recovered enough to take up boxing and wrestling. The latter did his back no good, but he was making quite a lot of progress as a boxer when, one day while boxing with a heavyweight named Pickles Heinz, he allowed his thoughts to wander beyond the ropes into the realm of metaphysics. Mr. Bell does not say so, but other members of the California's crew told us that Mr. Bell's thoughts had roamed so far away from Mr. Heinz's left hand that it was plumb disastrous. Upon reviving, Mr. Bell hung up the gloves. A highly likely light heavyweight had retired. He worked at bicycle repairing, farming, carpentering, blacksmithing and tried his hand at cows. On Sundays he preached some, having given himself to God at the age of nine in the First Baptist Church in Cooper. And then five years ago, aged eighteen, he joined the Navy.

And one afternoon he, like others after him, was somewhat astonished to see several sailors marching off with Bibles under their arms. He hailed them. They led him rejoicing to Mr. Trotman.

When next we saw Mr. Murphy he was sitting in his quarters fanning himself although the weather was far from warm. Mr. Murphy had just come from a losing battle with one of Mr. Bell's fellow Navigators.

Prayer Won't Hurt Anyone

This Navigator was supposed to be shining—in other words, polishing brass. The lad was not shining brightwork when Mr. Murphy sauntered by on inspection. He was praying silently, one eye resolutely shut and the other focused upon the horizon.

"What is the matter, my boy?" asked Mr. Murphy. No answer.

"What's the matter, sailor?" demanded Mr. Murphy with a dash of spirit. No answer.

"Listen, you," said Mr. Murphy. "Are you going to tell me what's the matter or do I have to find out all by myself."

"Let me alone," said the lad. "I'm a-prayin'."

"Ah," said Mr. Murphy, his vast shoulders relaxing. "How about finishing your work like a good boy? Or what do you say to shining and praying at the same time. The good Lord knows a bit of prayer won't hurt any of us and it's lots better than what many a sailor says when he's shining brightwork. Who might you be praying for now?"

"For myself," said the lad, "and for you. I was praying for the executive officer, supply officer, the engineer officer, the communications officer, for the captain of marines."

"Ah," said Mr. Murphy. "And do you pray for all the officers while shining brightwork?"

"I do," said the Navigator. "I pray even for the captain."

"That's fine," said Mr. Murphy. "The captain has the lives of all of us in the hollow of his hand."

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"He has not," retorted the Navigator. "God has."

The discussion stopped there. The young Navigator fell to shining brightwork and into silence. His lips were moving. Mr. Murphy started to say something but he thought better of it and moved on. Back aft he spoke of his exchange with the Navigator.

"If I was you," said the man who was sloshing gray paint on everything within reach, "if I was you I'd give them Navigators a slap in the puss—or somethin'."

"You'll keep your hands to yourself," roared Mr. Murphy, who doesn't like to have his thoughts publicized like that.

John Emmett Murphy is a famous man. He joined up in 1911 and sailed the seas in the armored cruiser South Dakota. She was a holy terror to look at then with her four eight-inch guns, twelve sixes and twelve threes. "She's razor blades now," says Mr. Murphy. But many of his thirty years have been well spent in policing sailors ashore and afloat and making them like it. He swapped punches and bullets with bootleggers at San Diego, broke up the loan-shark and credit-jeweler rackets at Long Beach, won the lightweight and welterweight championships of the battle fleet, and when his legs would carry him to no more victories he turned trainer.

It's a Better Navy Now

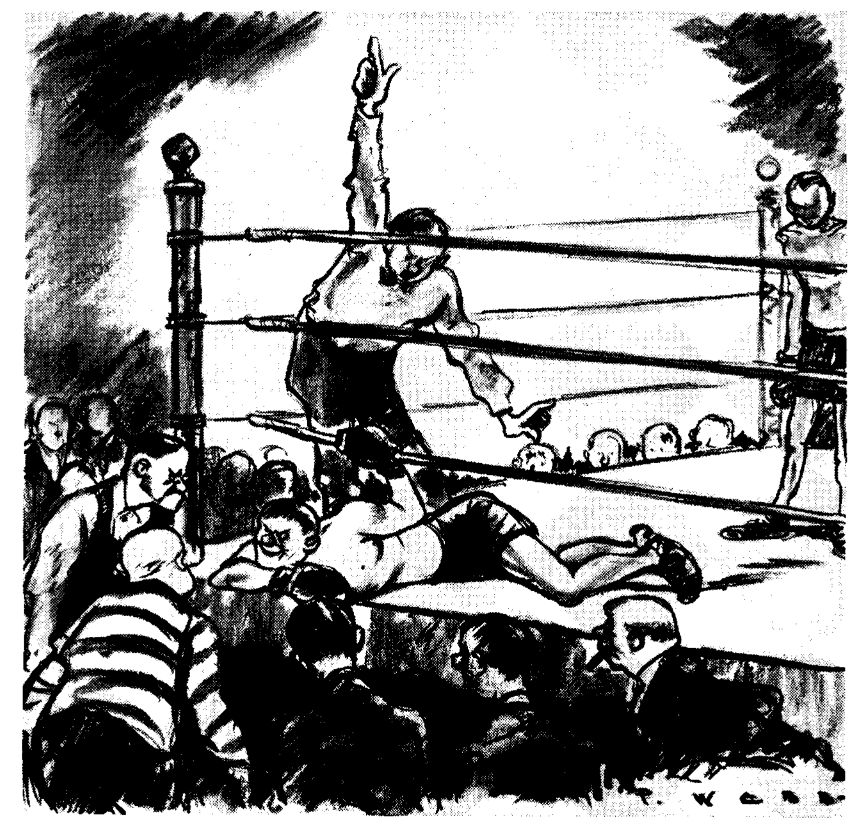
His training methods developed such fancy lads as Hotfoot Biff Bailey, All-Navy champion lightweight; Joe Browning, brother of Jim, the wrestler; Harry Cortesi, the featherweight; Buck Bryant, light heavy; and Bill Greble, the heavy.

Mr. Murphy is no bewailer of bygones. He's a happy man. He measures the Navy by its personnel, not its guns and tonnage. It's a better Navy today than it was yesterday and it's going to be better tomorrow. Mr. Murphy takes you to the rolls to prove it. The boys are bigger, stronger, wiser than they used to be. Their educational average is second-year high school. They drink less hard liquor than the old gobs did. The ship's library and reading rooms are always crowded—and look what they're reading: Mein Kampf, Marx's Capital, for example. Why, if anybody read books like that in the dear, dead gob days the government would have had him up on suspicion of sedition and would have had him in a concentration camp just to make sure. They read Joseph Conrad, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, Harold Lasky, John Marquand, H. G. Wells, Walter Lippmann, A. P. Herbert—stuff like that. The librarian is a college graduate reading for a Ph.D. Two third-class seamen and four petty officers are college graduates. And several more have had one, two, three years in college. See?

"Of course," said Mr. Murphy, "we got quite a handful of mugs too—guys who'd be gobs in any man's navy, any time. But wiser, wiser. Why, in the old days on the beach, if one gob got into a fight he'd have a hundred gobs helping him just for the hell of it. Nobody but the first gob would know what it was all about—just a fight. But today—n-o-o-o-o. Today they're bluejackets. If a bluejacket gets into a fight it's his fight—private. If he's in the right, okay. If he's in the wrong, he's a sucker. If he wins, that's okay too and everybody but the other guy's happy. But if he loses—well, he's a sucker. But don't get me wrong; these boys can fight. The big difference is, they ain't out there looking for it. Smarter. They've got to be smarter to get anywhere in the Navy today—to win promotion. Science has taken the place of pull and haul. To get anywhere, today's bluejacket has to know trigonometry. In the old days they called you professor if you knew the multiplication tables. Sure, you can see the difference watching them eat. Why, I've seen the day when a gob thought it was sissy to use a fork at mess. A knife was all he needed—shovel the food with the blade and stir your coffee with the handle. Things have changed," said Mr. Murphy. "And they've changed for the better."

When we left Mr. Murphy he had stopped fanning himself—completely recovered from his losing battle with the brightwork-polishing Navigator. But just outside his quarters we ran into Second Class Ship-fitter Bell. Mr. Bell told us he was glad to have met us. He smiled serenely, shook hands.

" 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,' " he bade us, " 'and thou shalt be saved.' Good luck, mister."



"That secret-punch stuff was all newspaper hooey, Boss—I kin see every one of 'em comin' "

PAUL WEBB

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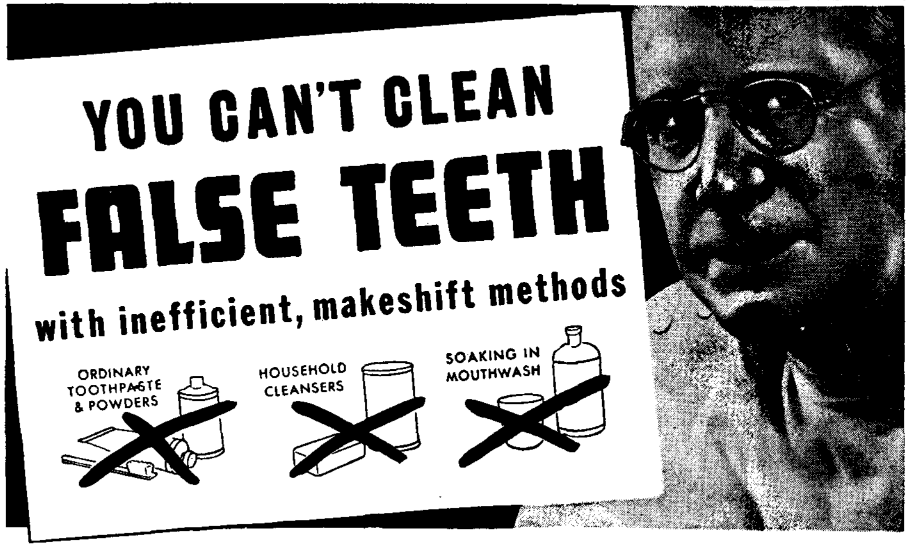

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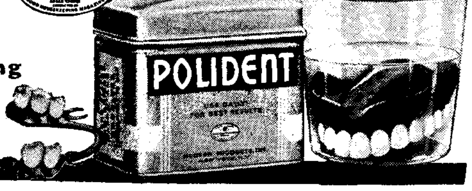

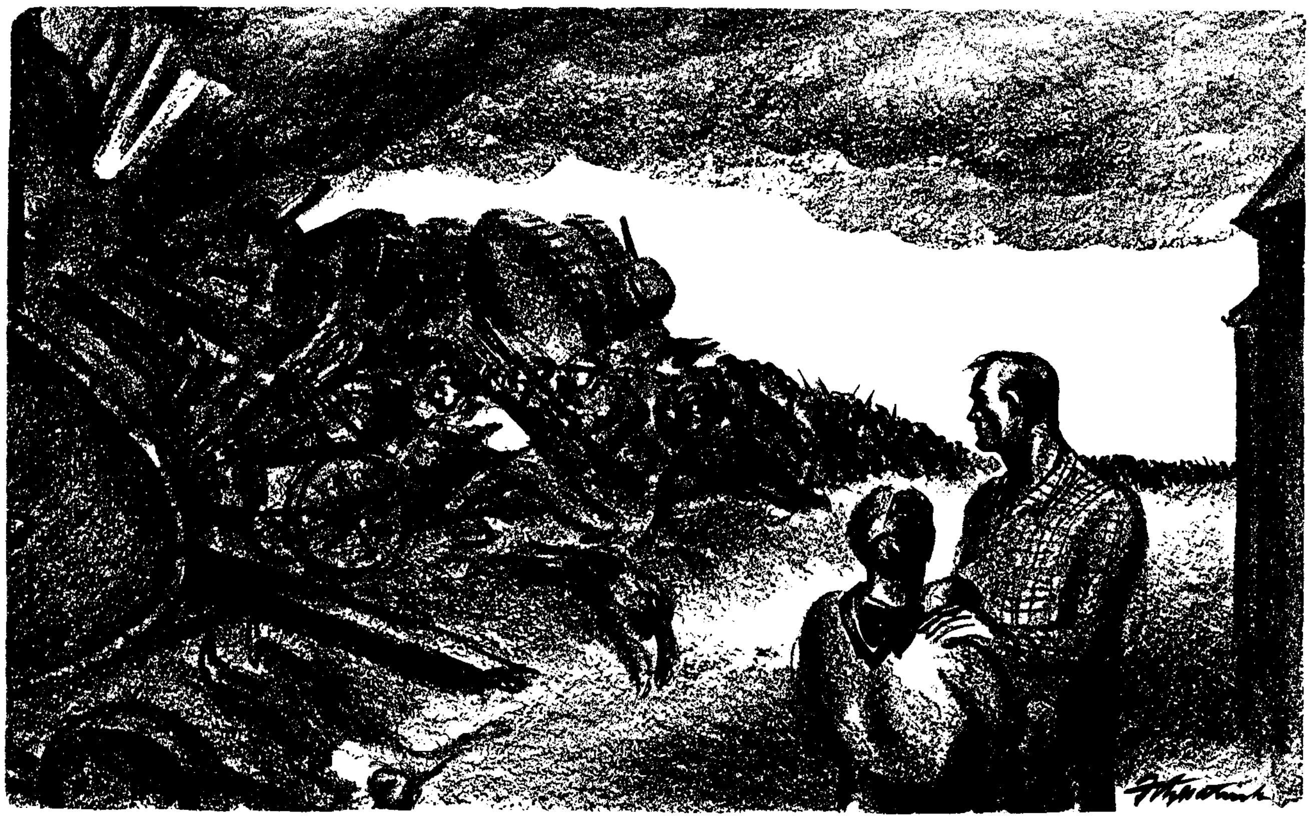

Collier's

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LET'S SIT TIGHT

WE'VE just read, somewhat belatedly, William L. Shirer's striking Berlin Diary (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1941, 605 pp., $3.00). All the compliments that have been showered on the book are all right with us. We think it's a masterpiece of day-to-day historical reporting.

The sharpest single memory we bring away from the book is of the tragic mistake made by the poor little people in Belgium, Holland and northern France who tried to run from the war. We're not reproaching them with wisdom born of hindsight. Maybe we'd have highballed down the nearest road, too.

But if those people had sat tight, taking their chances on being hit by bombs or plowed under by tanks or machine guns, and thus had left the roads free for their own soldiers, Hitler's soldiers might have had a much tougher and costlier time stabbing out to the Channel ports and down to the Loire.

That fatal civilian error of May and June, 1940, can't be undone. But the lesson of it can be taken to heart in countries still unconquered. It has been taken to heart in Great Britain, where the key instruction dinned into civilians' heads is not to run in case of invasion, but to stay put, let the soldiers have the roads, take your chances on death and destruction. Those chances will be no greater in your own home, in all likelihood, than out on the broad highway.

It doesn't seem likely that many of us in the United States will soon be challenged to put this plan physically into practice. The worst that appears to threaten us in this war is a possible "token bombing" of New York or Washington or both—in which case we hope civilians in the attacked areas will use their heads rather than their feet.

We can, however, sit tight mentally as this war roars along. And we believe that is one of the wisest things we can do.

We can, and should, refuse to be stampeded or driven to hysteria by politicians or propagandists, by crazy rumors, by the efforts of either our friends or our enemies to play on mass emotions for their own purposes.

In peace or war, there are few persons more valuable than the citizen who doesn't overheat easily; who holds his fire for the time when it is needed, meanwhile keeping his common sense tuned up and his reasoning powers on the job.

If, as a people, we can hold that frame of mind until this storm is over, we ought to come out of it in reasonably good shape.

Two Reforms for the Army

AS ALARMING a note as we've read in some time appeared recently in Collier's Our New Army department:

> Selectees in some Southern camps are being issued the old, broad-brimmed campaign hat, but most of the rest of the Army wear the overseas field cap—and don't like it. "We're developing crows' feet in the corners of our eyes and a perpetual squint," writes a Camp Edwards private. "As ex-Guardsmen we miss the old headgear, which made a swell sunshade, rain protector, water bucket and a pillow on bivouac."

It's the wear and tear on the men's eyes that worries us the most. Some people can take brilliant sunshine without suffering; others can't, though they may have normal vision. Some can get used to it, but, again, others can't. Those who can't are bound to incur temporary or permanent eyesight impairment from daily exposure to direct sunlight.

A modern army needs to be utilitarian above all things; so how about issuing both types of headgear throughout the Army, the campaign hat for regular use and the cap for Sunday best, reviews, parades, etc.?

Another Army reform which we thought was long under way now appears to be only under discussion. Col. Ralph C. Tobin, commanding the 207th Coast Artillery Antiaircraft Regiment, the other day told his men at Camp Stewart, Ga.:

> It's not beneath your dignity to do all these necessary details [kitchen police, housecleaning, etc.—Ed.], but much time needed for military training is wasted when you could better be learning the technique of fighting and the handling of equipment which necessitates technical training. . . . I don't believe a soldier should have to clean a dish.

Neither do we. What's more, it was freely bandied about when the draft first began to take hold that few soldiers in this Army were going to have to do any housemaiding as soon as things got organized. Labor battalions were going to take over the Army's housekeeping in large part.

When do we get going on this reform? After all, the draft is nearly a year old now.

Saluting Charles Edison

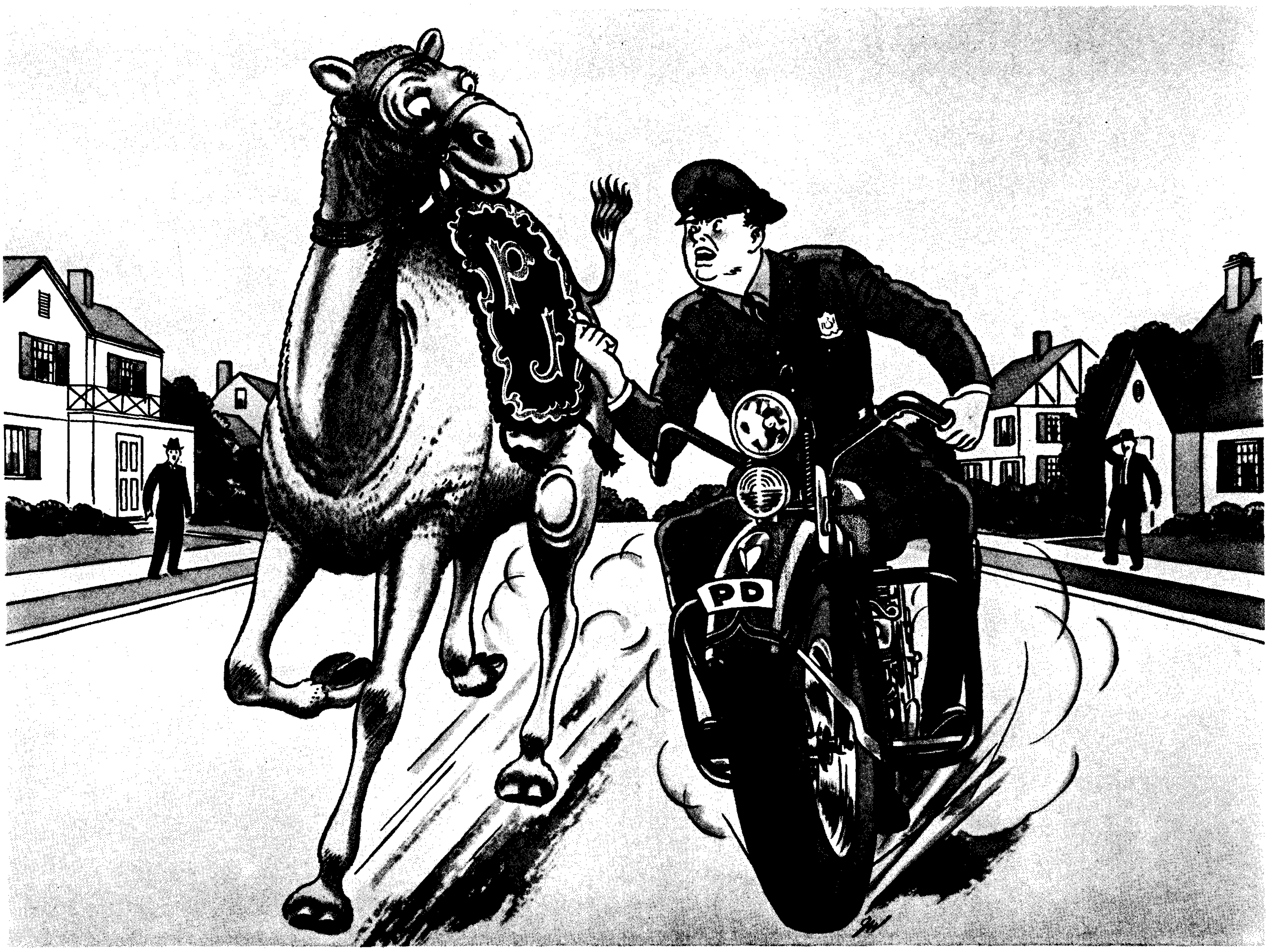
HEREWITH our first cheer, but we have a hunch not our last, for Governor Charles Edison of New Jersey. Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City has long been that unfortunate burg's nationally famous Lord of Misrule. Hague is an old-time boss of the Charley Murphy, Boies Penrose, Bill Vare school, who makes a loud show of standing up for the Peepul's rights while the Peepul's taxes keep going higher and higher.

Governor Edison recently called Hague on one phase of this game. Edison claims that Hague-inspired taxes are bankrupting various railroads serving New Jersey, whereas a sound scheme of taxation can easily keep these geese laying their annual golden eggs.

Edison addressed the citizenry of New Jersey with some talk that was loaded with common sense and realism, in brutal contrast to the rabble-rousing malarkey which has always served Hague well up to now. And to the general surprise, Edison got an enthusiastic response from those same New Jersey citizens.

The fight is still going on at this writing. What encourages us about it is the fact that Edison got to first base with an appeal to his public's intelligence instead of to its passions. Can it be that a new tide is setting in, in our political life, and that men of the Edison stripe are riding that tide, and will engulf the Hagues in due time?

We don't know; but we expect to follow Governor Edison's career with our best wishes.



"Pull over to the curb!"

POLICEMAN: And now, my perambulating Persian, will you be good enough to tell me just where you were going at such a clip?

CAMEL: To the country club, officer, to deliver a speech on—

POLICEMAN: Oho! Speeches is it now? And what would a camel like yourself be delivering speeches about, may I ask?

CAMEL: About a highly desirable quality in whiskey, gracious sergeant. A quality of which I am the living symbol and chief prophet. A—

POLICEMAN: So, my elegant Arabian! We're a symbol now, are we? And just what is it we're a symbol of?

CAMEL: Of *Dryness,* noble captain. *Dryness* in whiskey . . . the quality of truly great whiskies which permits their full, rich flavor to come through . . . clear and undistorted. Does the great captain not know that experts *demand* this quality in whiskey?

POLICEMAN: And pay a fancy price for it too, I warrant!

CAMEL: Ah no, Your Honor. There is, among whiskies, a rare and wonderful jewel, a whiskey of benign flavor and magnificent dryness, *Paul Jones.* A whiskey of such superb flavor and so moderate a price that wise men know it as a *great buy.* So magnificent a value that its popularity jumped five times in less than two years!

POLICEMAN: And you go about telling folks about this wonderful dry Paul Jones whiskey?

CAMEL: Even so, Commissioner.

POLICEMAN: It's sinning I'd be were I to hold you from your work, my fine and noble beast. Get along now, and behave yourself!

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